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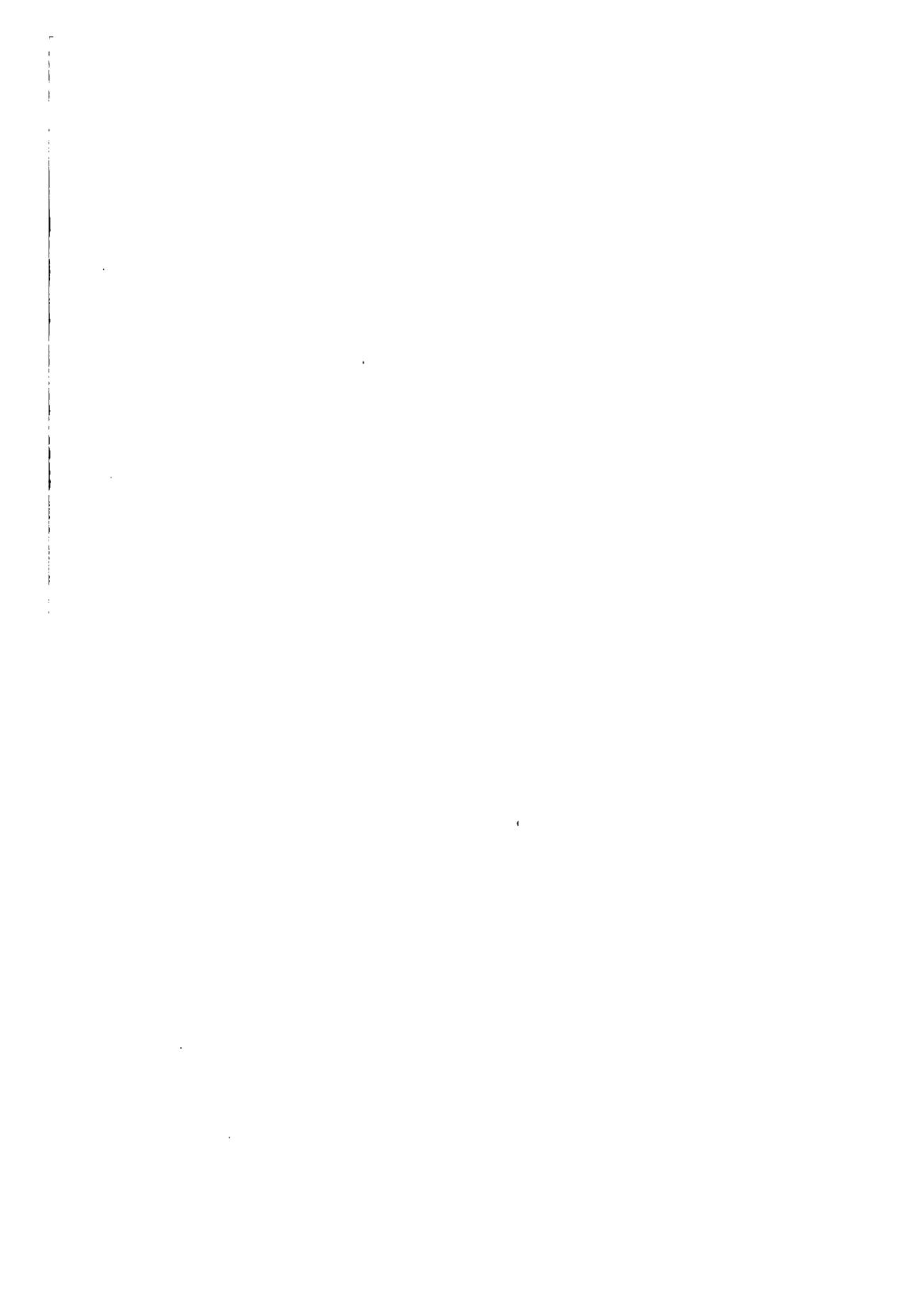
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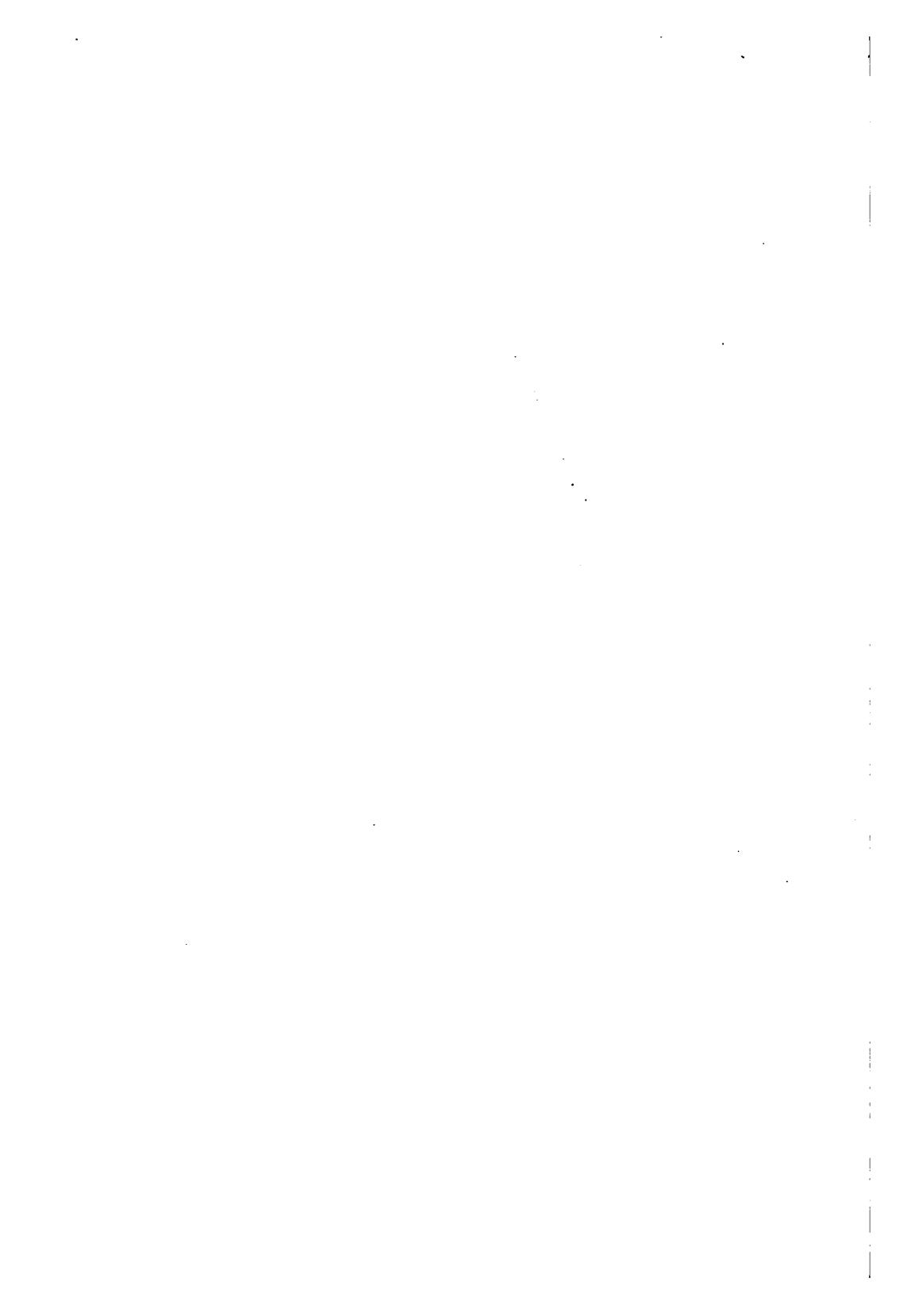
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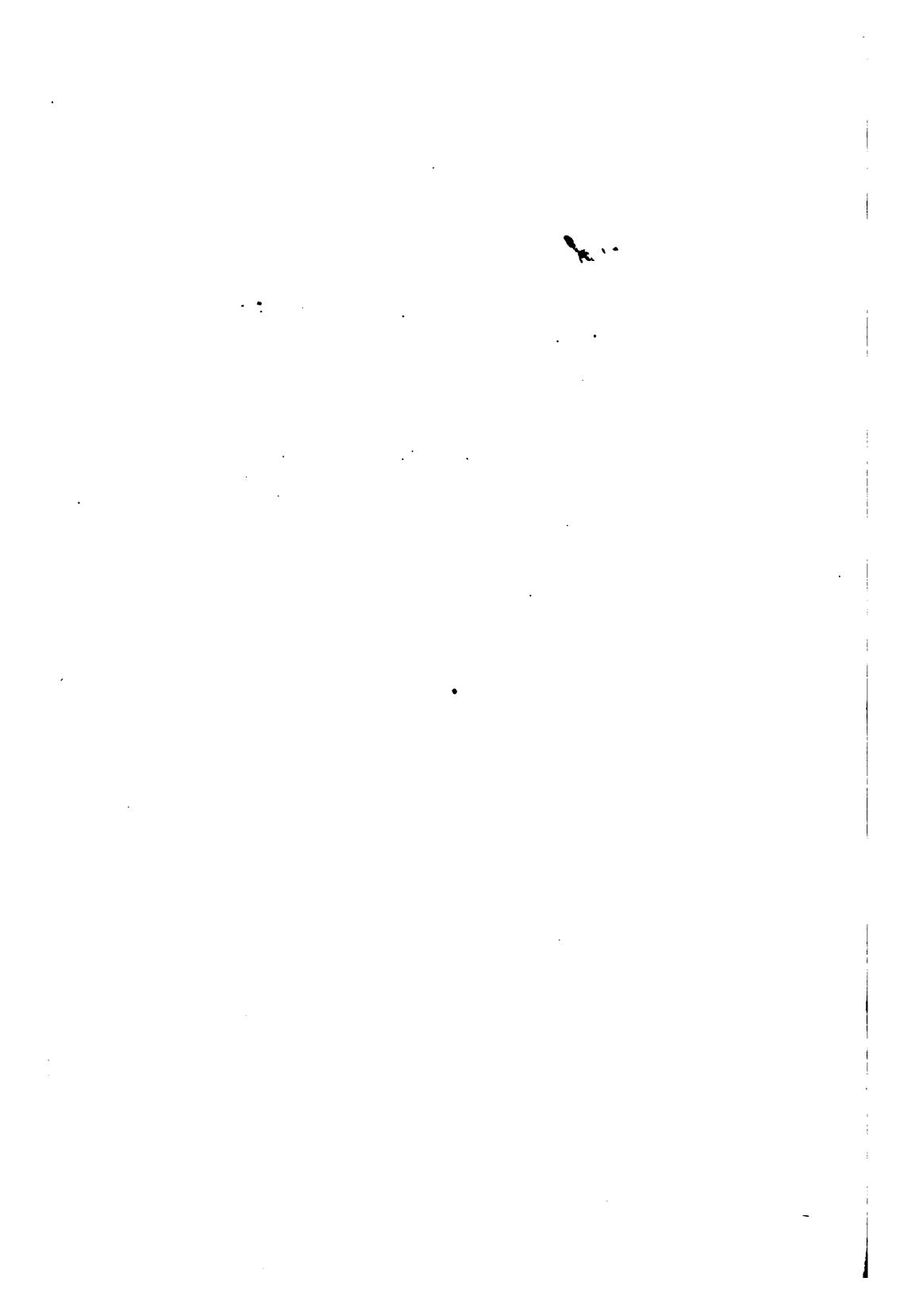




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Presented to
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of the
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L. B. Grant
Commander

RECORDED MICHIGAN COMMANDERY



WAR PAPERS

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THE MICHIGAN COMMANDERY

OF THE

MILITARY ORDER

OF THE

LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Michigan Commandery



VOLUME 2.

FROM DECEMBER 7, 1893, TO MAY 5, 1898.



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PREFACE.

At a stated meeting of Michigan Commandery, held June 2, 1898, the papers read by members from 1893 to 1898 were ordered published. In obedience thereto I have prepared for publication and herewith submit the same as Vol. 2 War Papers. (Vol. 1 was issued in 1893.)

The papers are published in the order in which they were read, and the author of each is alone responsible for the statements contained.

The seeker after the true history of events from 1861 to 1865 will here find valuable data and many interesting details not otherwise obtainable.

These personal experiences, so graphically related, are valuable, not only to the student of history as convincing testimony of actual participants, but are to the survivors pleasant remembrances of companions whom time in its flight will all too soon remove from our midst, and close forever all personal narrative.

Already three contributors to Vol. 1 have answered to the final summons—Companions Poe, McCreary and Lyster—and now respond “here” at the roll call of the Grand Commandery above.

These papers, born of experience, are an educator to the rising generation, their obvious tendency being to elevate all to that patriotic plane occupied by the boys who fought that the nation might live.

The fact that the sons of heroic sires have sprung to arms at their country's call in this historic year, proves them worthy successors, and assures us that the flag and country may be safely left to their care and protection.

That the “spirit of '61” prevails in our ranks is proven by the large number of Michigan Commandery, both veterans and members by inheritance, who have tendered their services in the present war.

CHAS. G. HAMPTON,
Chairman of Council.

Detroit, August 1, 1898.

THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.

BY WM. F. ATKINSON,
CAPTAIN 3RD MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

(Read December 7, 1893.)

In the summer of 1862 it looked dark for the Union cause. The armies of the Confederacy were making a desperate effort to retake Kentucky and then overwhelm the army in Tennessee. Kirby Smith had come through the fairest portions of Kentucky and was threatening Cincinnati, when the 22nd Michigan was hurried from Pontiac to Cincinnati, with other hasty levies, to do its share in keeping the Confederate army beyond the Ohio, and eventually to drive it step by step backward across the mountains of Kentucky and Tennessee, over the Tennessee river, until, among the hills of Northern Georgia, Bragg turned his face towards the North again, and the battle of Chickamauga became a part of the great struggle.

I do not admit that the Northern army was beaten at Chickamauga; some parts of it were broken, and some of its corps commanders lost their heads and their troops, for a time, forgot the coolness necessary to win a battle, but the whole army cannot truthfully be said to have been beaten.

When the last gun was fired September 20th, 1863, the two armies lay exhausted, the Northern, determined to retreat no further but hold Chattanooga, while the Southern, claiming victory, felt that it was not safe to trust itself in another tussle with the foe.

I claim it was not a victory for the Confederate army, because at the moment when success seemed sure, and it looked as if the army of Rosecrans was only a broken, flying rabble, and that Bragg was master of the situation, all the fruits of the apparent victory was snatched from Bragg by the desperate fight-

ing of two regiments, the 22nd Michigan and the 89th Ohio—and the Confederate forces were stopped in their victorious career long enough to lose all advantage they had gained in the two days' fight.

If the result is to be the test of victory, then it belongs to the Northern army. The battle was fought for the possession of Chattanooga, and the advantage to be gained by holding it. All of these remained with Rosecrans, to be handed over to his successor.

Now, who turned defeat into victory? Who stood and breasted the fury of the waves of war and hurled them backward? Where was the rock on which the fiery Confederate sea broke and lost its power? Who is entitled to be called the "Rock of Chickamauga?"

Before attempting to answer these questions, I will admit that I am a partial judge, filled with the love that a soldier always has for the regiment in which he first served. It is a very strong feeling, as all of you know, and no matter in how many others he may be, the first one, like a first wife, has a warm corner all its own in his heart.

Where was the Rock? It is conceded, I believe, that the last of the fighting was on the knoll next south of where the tower now stands, and about 80 rods from the Snodgrass house, where General Thomas was most of the afternoon, and that was the spot at which the Southern army lost the fruits of their hard and successful two days' fighting. From the tower you can see the beautiful country over which the armies fought. Lying in front and a little to the right, the Dyer house, Bloody pond, and the Widow Glenn's are easily recognized, while further on, Crawfish Springs and the Lee house can be seen. To the left, the Vineyard house, Lee and Gordon's Mills, Chattanooga creek and other points of interest, where great deeds were done, lie peaceful now.

This was the point where Longstreet's troops, veterans of

Virginia, every man a soldier tried and unflinching, made the forest ring with the wild Rebel yell as they charged four times up the sides of the Ridge, and four times had to retreat into the thicket at the base.

Some of you were there at the time, and can shut your eyes and hear that yell, as on those gallant soldiers came, and again in your ears will ring the clear, bell-like voice of your now silent Colonel LeFavor—as “Steady, boys, give it to them,” ran along the lines, and our answering shouts may come back to you as we drove them down the hill.

I was a boy then, but the memory of that afternoon stirs the blood in my heart until I can feel the wild impulse that hurled us on as we came to the rescue of our flying friends—I can see again, before us, our brave Lieutenant Colonel, William Sanborn, of Port Huron. Again I see our flag and catch it as the Color Sergeant falls, a bullet in his brain, and I hold it for a while, until another one of the Color Guard takes it, only to meet his death.

- The battle of Chickamauga was in many respects an unlooked for event. Neither army had expected to fight so soon, and both armies were weak because of the scattered condition of the various corps. Every one seems to have been lost in the woods and hills, and none so badly mixed as to his own and the enemy's location as the various corps commanders. Now that the woods are clear of underbrush and from the Tower can be seen the whole field, it seems strange, but the fact remains, that the troops marched for several days almost within sound of each other's voices and no one knew that they were near each other. On the morning of the 19th the various generals seemed to have waked up and discovered that an enemy was around somewhere, and soon the lines came together, but very seldom during the 19th did more than a division of the Union army meet the enemy at the same time. The Rebel line was a long one, and it gradually closed in, until by the morning of the 20th its various parts were

in supporting distance of each other. Not so the Union army; its corps were scattered from McFarlane's Gap to Rossville, and while Rosecrans made desperate efforts to get them together, there was no time during the fight when the whole of the army was engaged.. It was a series of brilliant dashes on the part of the Rebels and desperate fighting by the Union troops, until an unfortunate gap gave the Rebel forces the chance to cut the Union line in two and then by overpowering it, a corps at a time, break the right wing and send it almost demoralized to the rear. The right wing was fairly routed, but over to the left Thomas was holding his ground, or if he retired, only to take a new and better position, until at last the range of hills on one of which stands the Snodgrass house was selected by him for his last great effort.

How came the 22nd Michigan there?

Gordon Granger had for two days been rambling around the country with the Reserve Corps. On the 19th we were at Ringold, on the morning of the 20th we were on the Lafayette road, not far from Rossville gap, and there we would have remained if General Granger had been one of the kind who wait for orders. He had, I can truthfully say, been swearing his way through the woods and over the hills during the 19th, and on the morning of the 20th his temper was not angelic. He knew he was doing no good where he was, and that he could be of use over where Thomas was fighting, and over there he went.

It is a matter of history, the situation as he found it on the Snodgrass Ridge. As our troops marched along behind the hill past Thomas' headquarters, one company of the 22nd Michigan was detailed as a guard for the General and remained with him until he retired from the field. The rest of the regiment and the 89th Ohio marched on along the ravine until opposite the knoll on which they were soon to do such gallant fighting. Suddenly the order came, "By the left flank—march," and the columns were in line of battle, facing easterly.

Then the bullets began to whistle, and on the hill in front, men in blue were seen, a thin line retreating but firing as they fled. We could hear the Rebel yell, and in less time than it takes to tell it, we saw the gray coats on the top of the Ridge. "Fix bayonets—forward—charge" rang along the line, and up the hill, wild with the excitement of war, we rushed. Soon the hilltop was reached, and blue and gray met, and backward from that blue wall rolled the gray sea down the eastern side of the hill. We followed them to where you can still see the pits in which the dead were afterwards buried. By this time the enemy were in the thicket at the foot of the hill. They turned and the firing became terrific. Colonel Sanborn had led us in the charge far in advance of the line, and he fell, shot in the foot. His fall stopped our forward movement, and then on the hillside, by common impulse, the line closed in upon our flag, and answered Rebel yell and Rebel shot with Union cheers and lead, until the ground was strewn with dead and wounded.

It was here that the hero blood of Colonel Heber LeFavor showed itself. During the entire fight we could see him on his horse, the most conspicuous object on the field, everywhere cheering his men, as cool as if on drill, his sweet, clear voice ringing out, over the din of battle, like a voice from Heaven to the struggling sons of men, bidding them fight on the battle for the right.

Every tone of that voice gave us hope—every sight of that gallant man gave us courage, and if he had willed it so, that hillside would have been the last battle ground of the entire force. God rest his soul.

We crossed the Ridge on the first charge about half-past three o'clock. I do not know how long we remained on that bloody hillside after Colonel Sanborn was shot, but, when, at last, the order came to retire, we moved backwards to the top of the Ridge, and what took place there none of those who were left after the battle can ever forget.

On the top of the Ridge what was left of the 22nd Michigan was posted, with the remnant of the 89th Ohio on its right and the 21st Ohio to its left and rear.

Soon three divisions of the Rebel army were detailed to take the hill on which the 22nd Michigan was posted. Their movements are described by General Hill, who says they were three fresh divisions who had not been in the fight, who were eager to get at the enemy. They were veterans, every man, led by officers known and loved, and at their head came General Hood, then the gamiest fighter of the Southern army.

On they came, soon the foot of the hill was reached, up its side they went with the wild yell so peculiar to Southern troops, confident of victory, never doubting for a moment their ability to sweep everything before them.

Half way up they were allowed to come, but then from the top came a cheer from the fighting lads of the 22nd, and with that cheer a rain of musket balls so well directed that the Confederate line was checked. Another Union cheer, another leaden hail, and the Confederates turned and ran until the thicket at the bottom received their broken line.

Here they formed, and again they came up the sides of that bloody hill, charging over the bodies of men in gray and blue, but only to meet a repulse that sent them back again into the thicket. Four times that afternoon the three divisions charged that hill, and four times they were driven back, and they were never allowed to reach the summit, until at dark other Confederate troops coming up surrounded the hill, and the few who were left on the top were taken prisoners.

The end did not come soon enough for Rebel success. While they were charging up that hill and being driven back General Thomas had retired and his line was formed between Chattanooga and the foe, so that on the morning of the 21st the otherwise demoralized Union army rallied upon it and Chattanooga was safe.

Who is entitled to be called the "Rock of Chickamauga?"

I claim it for the 22nd Michigan Infantry. I claim it because in the charge that checked the victorious Rebels the 22nd struck the foe and drove them back from the Ridge. I claim it because during the four wild charges made by the three Rebel divisions the 22nd occupied the point for which those charges were made and held that point through that terrible afternoon. On the 22nd came the brunt of the battle, and while too much honor cannot be given to the 89th Ohio, who held our right, or the 21st Ohio, who for a time held the left and then retired to our rear, it so happened that on the 22nd devolved the duty of holding the key to the situation, and they were equal to the occasion.

If special mention for bravery must be made, I would give it to Lieutenant Colonel Sanborn, who led the charge, and who, notwithstanding the oft-repeated tale of "Bluff old Steedman seizing a flag," was the foremost figure in that great charge which changed the Rebel victory to a barren one.

If praise for a soul that never quailed, for courage that never flinched, for an iron will that held that hill in the face of fully ten times his force, is to be given, it belongs to Colonel Heber LeFavor.

But I will not concede the title to any individual. It was earned by, and belongs to, the 22nd Michigan, as a regiment, and on its old bullet-torn banner, which is soon to be returned to it, should be printed in letters of gold,

"THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA."

THE SOUTH IN WAR TIMES.

BY LYMAN G. WILCOX,
MAJOR 3RD MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

(Read April 5, 1894.)

The battlefields of our Civil War have a background of deeper interest to the student of history and to the patriot than the struggle of contending armies. The glow of the strife dims in the mists of passing years, but the causes and conditions which gave it birth and sustained it were living principles.

The military student will always find in the movement of armies a mine of great value. But to the statesman and citizen the moral, the mental and the physical conditions of the people behind the soldiers in the field, will be of dominating importance.

In considering questions arising from conditions of war, one is not confined to pictures of battlefields; although death struggles appeal more directly to the emotions, and thus seem the most interesting. Behind the actual struggle and intermingled with it, lie the causes of action and the motives of the actors. Individuals, the home circle, society and organizations give the impetus to war and color its action down to the close of the conflict. More than the method of war, back of the living confederacy, glowing or latent in the hearts of the people in the Southern section of our country and permeating the entire conflict, were personal ambition and moral forces which acted subtly and powerfully in shaping its currents.

Before and during the war the people of the South were throttled by a military force, or rather a mental and physical force.

So far as the Confederate army was concerned, it was but an enlarged and strengthened normal condition of the South, officered and directed by an imperious oligarchy. In peace the

South was a semi-military camp. Except as to a slave-holding caste, she had lost personal liberty, mentally and physically. Armed oppression had already awed and intimidated and enslaved the masses. Little wonder, then, that the South was so easily and speedily launched on a sea of strife and struggled so fiercely to destroy the nation's life. The exclamation of Lee when told of the surrender of Twiggs to the Secession authorities of Texas, "that the liberty of a great people is buried in the ruins of a great nation," was the expression of a desire. It was the object of the strife and the goal which the leaders of the rebellion wished to reach.

Slavery and liberty could not live together, and the Southern leaders had determined that slavery should live on the grave of liberty. The glowing embers of war flashed into flame and armies marched over the Southern land, carrying desolation and death to her homes. But floating in a clear sky, above the heads of the national combatants, was the banner of freedom, an emblem of mutual peace, liberty and union.

That the struggle gave rise to acts of heroism on either side which have become the pride and honor of a common country, is a fact of pleasant memory for the past and a guaranty of security for the future. Among those acts of heroism, I will relate a little incident, which for intelligent action in the performance of duty, and for personal courage, is, in my opinion, unsurpassed in the annals of war.

The actor is a resident of Bay City, a member of the Board of Education, and now and for the last five years engaged in the humble duties of letter carrier. I have known this modest hero several years. He is as honorable in the humble walks of civil life as he was brave in war, a typical soldier, patriot and citizen. Born in the town of Shelby, Macomb County, Michigan, the war found George W. Butterfield, a lad nineteen years of age, teaching a common district school in the township of Avon, Oakland County. He enlisted in the Twenty-second Regiment, Michigan

Infantry, left the State with his regiment, and soon after reaching the front was detailed from his regiment on special duty. He had been in the service but a few months, and had a short time before received his baptism of fire.

It was on June the 4th, 1863, about four o'clock in the afternoon. He was attached to the Signal Corps and stationed about eighteen miles south of Nashville, near Franklin, Tenn., on the Harpeth river. The point was occupied by a small force of observation distributed along the bank of the river and commanded by Colonel Baird. Pickets were posted at the end of the bridge on the opposite bank of the stream, not three hundred yards away. The signal station was an elevated platform near the bank, in full view of the river, and in communication with another signal station three miles distant towards Nashville, where there was a considerable Union force. The Rebels occupied Columbia, a short distance back from the river, with a strong force under Van Dorn.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the picket stationed at the end of the bridge across the river was attacked and retired, bringing with them a prisoner, who reported that the Confederate General Forrest was preparing to attack with 12,000 men. After exchanging a few shots with the enemy across the river, Col. Baird rode up to Lieut. Howgate, who was in charge of the signal station, and directed him to signal to the next station the presence of the enemy in force, and ask for reinforcements. Lieut. Howgate, after preparing the message, called for a volunteer to signal it. Private Johnson stepped forward and seized the flag and mounted the platform, but before he had attained a standing position the Rebels, not three hundred yards distant, fired a full volley and Johnson fell, pierced with six bullets. Another call was made for a volunteer to take his place, but the exposed position, the strength of the enemy and their evident purpose to prevent the signaling, made the attempt hopeless and certain death to the man who should venture it. A private then

suggested to Col. Baird, who was standing by, that it was but three miles to the next signal station, and a man might ride there in ten minutes. Col. Baird accepted the suggestion and dispatched a mounted man at once. After about fifteen minutes this messenger returned, hatless, his horse in a foam, and reported a strong force of the enemy between the stations.

Col. Baird then said the message must be delivered. Lieut. Howgate directed the five men of his station to draw cuts, and marked figures, one to five, on strips of paper, number one to flag the message. No. five was drawn first, then No. two, and then Comrade Butterfield drew No. one. It was nearly the first time he had heard the whistle of bullets, being new in the field. The next day he would be twenty years of age, and what seemed to him the certainty of death, made the situation a trying one, and for a moment unnerved him, but after a moment he recovered himself and signified his determination to make the effort. Taking off his coat and seizing the flag, he mounted the platform and was greeted with a storm of lead. But he waved his flag, received a response, then signaled the message, though before its conclusion a battery had joined the musketry fire and was hurling shells at the station. As the last words were delivered by the waving flag, the messenger fell in a faint from the platform and was picked up by his comrades as dead. An examination showed, however, that his body was unscathed. Four bullets had passed through his trousers, two through his sleeve, and the top of his cap was shot away. The flag used by him was struck by 142 bullets. It was more than a week before Comrade Butterfield recovered from the nervous shock he had sustained, but he was consoled by the fact that he had delivered the message without a single mistake, and that timely help arrived and drove Forrest from the field. Even the enemy recognized the heroism of the deed, through the vigorous expression of a prisoner who was brought in during the evening, and whose first words were, "I want to see the man who waved that flag. He is the bravest man this side of hell."

I will now turn to an episode somewhat relating to myself, but in my opinion giving a phase of the war unusual and, so far as I know the only, or at least the first, instance of mutual confidence and common citizenship manifested on both sides during the conflict. It was, as to my knowledge, the first instance of a citizen's hand shake across the bloody chasm. During the winter of 1862-3 the Third Michigan Cavalry, with which I was connected, served in West Tennessee and was camped a mile or so south from Jackson. One day in March four gentlemen, Mr. Harris, Mr. Hall, Mr. Pinkston and G. D. Penn, of Lexington, Henderson County, Tenn., called at my quarters on some business, and we indulged in a general conversation about the war. As the gentlemen were taking their leave, they joined in the expression that "if the people understood the question as I appeared to, it would lead to great good." Several days afterward I received the following letter from them:

Lexington, Tenn., March 28th, 1863.

Major Willcox:

Dear Sir:—After consulting several citizens in this vicinity, I found it met the approbation of all, that you should address them, and, thereupon, Thursday, April 2d, 1863, was fixed upon for you to do so, and was so published throughout the county. I would be much pleased to have you call, and make my house your home, while you are among us. The citizens are all anxious for you to be here on that day, and I hope you will make it convenient to be present.

Very respectfully,

G. D. PENN.

I took this letter to Gen. Kimble, who was in command at Jackson, and asked permission to accept the invitation. He said it would not do, I would have to take a large force with me. Lexington was twenty-eight miles distant, in a hostile country, and the invitation was probably intended as a trap. I replied I believed the invitation to be in good faith and that the people of Henderson County could not be guilty of such baseness as want of good faith implied; that if I went I would go as a citizen. He

replied that I could act my pleasure, but he feared the result. I then returned to camp and sent the following reply:

Camp near Jackson, Tenn.,
March 28th, 1863.

G. D. Penn, Esq., and others:

Gentlemen:—It will give me great pleasure to meet the citizens of Henderson County. I accept your invitation, not as a compliment to myself, but as an indication of patriotism, and an earnest desire on your part, to mitigate the calamity of this terrible war, and reconcile citizens, who are now in open conflict with each other.

I will lend my tongue as readily as my sword for the good of the cause; and I desire all, irrespective of political opinions, to be present, and assure you no person conducting himself peaceably at the meeting, whatever may be his sentiments or position, whether he be a Confederate soldier or a Union man, shall be molested, but will be permitted to depart as freely as he comes.

Let us have a good old-fashioned citizens' meeting, without an element of war about it.

Your fellow-citizen, L. G. WILLCOX.

I took an escort of only eight men with me, enough for witnesses to a catastrophe but not enough for a fight, although before a month had passed, April 26th, my brother-in-law, Lieut. Oscar Bingham, was killed on the same road under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. When I arrived at Lexington the town was filled with people, some of whom wore the gray. The meeting was held in the court house, which was packed. Mr. Penn, who presided at the meeting and introduced me, was said to have been a slave trader before the war, and to have served some time as a captain in the Confederate cause. It was probably the first time that many in the audience had heard free speech on the topics discussed, but the meeting resulted in strengthened Union sentiment and enlistments in the Union army.

The address itself will show, perhaps, better than any present words can do the lesson which this war paper is intended to convey. I spoke as follows:

Fellow-Citizens of the State of Tennessee, and of the United

States of America:—A soldier and an invited guest, I address you under very different circumstances from those I desire; but we will, for the time, drop the garb of war, and assume that of peace. To-day, for the first time in eighteen months, I feel like myself; war is not my element, I love peace, especially peace between brethren. We meet her to-day as citizens of our common country. We have assembled, with a continent in flames around us, to counsel together. Let us do so amicably, and as friends who would assist one another. I shall address you in language of truth. I shall call things by their right names, and sugar coat nothing; to do otherwise would be to insult your intelligence, and mock at your calamity.

In the year 1776, there was proclaimed and inaugurated in this country, a principle of government which, it was at that time fondly hoped, would be the basis of a permanent and liberal government, such as had not existed to any considerable extent, in any quarter of the globe.

The situation and circumstances of the people of that revolutionary period were peculiarly favorable, and, in fact, imperatively prompted an effort on the part of the people, to establish a government, which, resting upon the consent of the governed, would protect the rights of all and oppress none.

The sordid commercial ambition of Great Britain, stimulated by a bloated military power, which affected to control the affairs of two continents, and which deluged both hemispheres in blood, and had succeeded in wresting from France an empire, and in sweeping her sails from the sea, demanded of Americans, servitude, and of liberty, death. Notwithstanding the presumptuous arrogance of this demand, supported as it was by a military power, superior to any the world had before seen, the American colonists, strong in the justness of their cause, and in their integrity of purpose, braved the storm, and, after a terrible struggle, broke the chains which would have bound them, and erected the statue of liberty upon the pedestal of representative law,

wherein all were parties to its creation, and all were equally bound by its obligations.

Unity of interest led to unity of counsel, and the formation of a representative confederate government of the colonies, for their mutual defense against a common enemy.

This confederate government, resting upon the action of the several colonies or states, under the pressure of a common danger, was sufficient to repel the assaults of organized tyranny, but proved when European pressure was removed, entirely inadequate to the preservation of those principles which the struggle of the revolution had shown to be essential to individual security and national existence. The fear of a common danger being removed by the treaty of peace, national pride and national interests began to give way to local ambition and prejudice, until the whole fabric of confederate government began to crumble and totter, threatening to bury an entire people beneath its ruins. State pride and sectional bias seized the occasion, and a system of prejudicial and unfriendly legislation, prompted by jealousy and mercenary selfishness, began to develop itself. The statesmen of that day heard the muttering thunder, and saw the red cloud of civil war rising above the horizon of their national sky, threatening to overwhelm in a deluge of anarchy, their temple of hope, erected in the agony of a seven years' war, for the security and peace of the people. Like men equal to the task, whose souls were ennobled by patriotic feelings which reached beyond themselves far down to future generations, they resolved to avoid the catastrophe, and without trespassing upon the rights of any, to so strengthen the general government as to more completely nationalize the people of all sections, and secure them from the threatened antagonism of imaginary local interests. Knowing full well the maxim of liberty, that governments are free where the laws are obeyed, and the people are a party to those laws, and that only such governments are worthy of preservation, and can withstand the assaults of interested and unprincipled ambi-

tion; they, like men who loved not themselves alone, but others as well, boldly resolved to rest the national structure directly upon the people themselves, and make states and sections secondary and subservient to the will of the people in their national capacity. Accordingly they instructed the people to resume the powers granted to the confederate congress, which they, the people, did in a spirit of conciliation and amity, by the establishment of the United States Constitution, for the purpose stated in the preamble to the Constitution itself.

"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, secure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

What a glorious object, and how magnificently accomplished. The history of the world does not furnish a more brilliant example of patriotism, nor a more triumphant vindication of the right and qualification of a people to govern themselves.

The Constitution was unanimously ratified by the conventions of the people of every State. It contains within itself the elements of perpetuity, in the right of amendment, reserved to the people, which right is restricted to be exercised in a certain and peaceful manner, clearly expressed in the instrument itself, and resting as it does on the plighted faith and honor of the whole people, shuts out the right of violent change, or revolution, which is sometimes properly exercised in opposition to arbitrary systems, where the people are not a party to the laws, nor represented in the government. Under this Constitution the United States commenced a career of unexampled prosperity, which has for nearly three-quarters of a century been the envy and admiration of the world. Offering an asylum to the oppressed and down-trodden of all lands, recognizing general intelligence as the necessary basis of liberal government, and pos-

sessing a territory of vast extent, with a climate agreeable and healthy, the people have created States as if by magic, built cities, endowed institutions of learning, invented railways, steam-boats, telegraphs, cotton gins, and reapers, intuitively; and the liveliest imagination seemed inadequate to fully comprehend the height to which American power and greatness aspired. But in this rapid development, a striking difference was noticed, in the comparative velocity of different States. Some seemed almost stationary amid the general advancement. In growth of population, wealth, and general intelligence, the contrast is striking, between the old as well as between the new States. The State of Virginia, for instance, possesses a larger area of territory than the State of New York, a finer climate, and a more fertile soil; several hundred miles of sea coast and navigable waters; the finest harbors of the continent, magnificent manufacturing facilities; mines of iron, coal and gold, and all the natural advantages for building up a great empire. The State of New York has a cold climate, and but few miles of sea coast, and in every other natural facility is greatly inferior to the State of Virginia. One hundred and forty-five years ago the population of Virginia was 95,000, while that of New York was 31,000—Virginia having at that time more than three times the population of New York. In 1860, the population of New York had increased to 3,887,542, that of Virginia to 1,596,083, the relative population of the two States being almost exactly reversed.

Moving westward, we find Kentucky settled in 1770, with a population in 1860 of 1,155,713. Ohio settled in 1788, eighteen years later than the settlement of Kentucky, had in 1860, a population of 2,339,599. Arkansas settled in 1885, has in 1860, a population of 435,427. Illinois settled in 1683, has a population of 1,711,759. Iowa settled in 1833, has a population of 674,948. Minnesota settled in 1848, and Kansas in 1850, have respectively 162,022 and 107,110 population, and Florida, the land of flowers, settled in 1565, has but 140,439 inhabitants. A corresponding

difference is found to exist between the wealth, manufactures, commerce, agricultural products, institutions of learning, and the general intelligence, happiness and contentment of the people of the States. This difference is found to be constant and regular, and is most unfavorable to those States which appear to possess superior advantages of climate, soil and position. The dividing line is not geographical, on the contrary, it assumes from the Atlantic coast a westerly direction, following the irregular boundary lines of States, crossing mountains, rivers and plains, and is cut transversely by the commerce and natural lines of inter-communication between the States. The people of the Northern States saw all this, and naturally asked the cause. They asked why so great a difference in the development of the resources of the sections of the country? Why is the northern section the most prosperous, with natural advantages against it?

They found, fellow-citizens, but one answer. It is as easily discerned as the summer's sun at noonday.

The States of the South had adopted the institution of human slavery, those of the North had rejected it. One section respected labor, the other despised and trampled upon it. To say that the people of the free States are in favor of slavery, or are even indifferent to it, would be to misrepresent them, and lead you to despise them. On the contrary, they believe slavery to be a political and social evil, an evil which they consider it would be advantageous for any State in which it exists to suppress. They see that wherever slavery exists it is a mildew and blight, and hangs like a shadow of death upon the spirits of the people.

In a government like ours, where every man is part of the law-making power, it is thought to be essential that he should be sufficiently intelligent to understand the necessity for the law, the kind of law required, and the manner of making and executing it. To do this it is necessary to prepare the mind by education, and then leave it free to discuss all matters relating to it. But general intelligence and freedom of discussion, slavery does not

permit. It prohibits discussion, smothers investigation, and tolerates no opposition. All other interests must succumb to its blighting power.

The law of Louisiana not only forbids any person teaching slaves to read or write, but it declares that any person using language in any public discourse, from the bar, bench, stage or pulpit, or any other place, or in any private conversation, or making use of any signs or actions, having a tendency to produce discontent among the free colored population or insubordination among the slaves, or who shall be knowingly instrumental in bringing into the State any paper, book or pamphlet, having the like tendency, shall, upon conviction, be punishable with imprisonment or death, at the discretion of the court. Such legislation is not peculiar to slavery in America, but is the necessary law of slavery everywhere. Slavery does not address itself to the intelligence but to the cupidity of men. Why, then, should the people of the free States admire it? They can see nothing lovely about it. Go with me to the free States and look upon the granary and workshop of the world. You see around you commerce and agriculture, intelligence, refinement and happiness. There are in the public libraries 3,300,000 volumes; the whole country is dotted with school houses. In the State of Michigan alone, there are 207,000 children attending public schools.

What have you in the slave States? Worn out plantations, dilapidated cities, 4,000,000 men in chains, driven by an idle and purse-proud aristocracy, without schools, and a large portion of the people almost without homes.

I speak advisedly. I have been in southern Missouri and Kentucky. I have spent a year in Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, and have marched more than 5,000 miles in those States. I have conversed with rich and poor, white and black, old and young, male and female. I have visited the planter's mansion and the poor man's hut, and in all that distance and time I have found but one solitary school, and that in this county. I passed

it yesterday on my road to Lexington. What a commentary, fellow-citizens, on the barbarism of slavery. There are in the State of Georgia, the most progressive State of the South, 60,000 of the adult white population who can neither read nor write, and this, too, among a people whose liberty depends upon their intelligence. What other institution can boast of such results? What a ground-work, too, for civil war. Well might Jefferson say, as he did of Virginia, because of slavery she was fast becoming the Barbary of America. The same may as justly be said of all the slave States.

The people of the free States saw this and comprehended it, but were not disposed to arbitrarily interfere. On the contrary, they were disposed to allow each State to determine for herself, the question of domestic slavery. They conceived slavery to be a political and moral wrong. Yet they were not disposed to dictate its suppression, nor even its restriction within the States permitting it, believing with Jefferson, that error of opinion may safely be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it.

The people of the free States are a law abiding people, desiring peace with all men. They thought slavery an unfortunate inheritance, and earnestly sympathized with the people upon whom it was fastened. Yet, disliking slavery as they do, and desirous of its removal as they were, the people of the North stood by the laws recognizing it, believing that restriction and emancipation should come through the regular, legitimate legal channels, by the peaceful and constitutional action of the people of the slave States themselves. They admitted to its full extent, that obligation of the Constitution which declares that "no person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." They submitted to the fugitive slave law, a law harsh in every feature, and a terrible outrage upon every principle of justice

and humanity, a law which if a panting fugitive, (he might be much whiter than I am, I have seen many such slaves in the South, you have them all around you,) were to come to my door and ask for bread, and I should give it to him, which I assuredly would do, and which of you would not, I would make myself liable to fine and imprisonment.

You have among you men who are slave traders by profession, whose business it is to buy and sell men, women and children; you despise them and will not associate with them. If a planter wishes to deal with one of this class, he takes him under the cover of night, into his garret or into an out-building, secure from observation, and in whispers that blister his tongue and smother conscience, hurriedly transacts his business, pockets his gold, delivers the trembling chattel to the trader, and with a sense of shame and humiliation returns to his family. If such be your feelings holding slaves, what must ours be who believe slavery to be immoral, anti-christian and barbarous. Yet contrary to this feeling, we delivered up your fugitive slaves, because of the legal obligation to return them, believing that the good sense and justice of the American people would in time lead them to remove the necessity for the law or change it so as to comply with justice. Our determination to obey law was so settled that the streets of Boston were dyed with the blood of her citizens in its enforcement. Yet the moderation, amounting to subserviency, of the free States to the interests of slavery, was construed to be pusillanimity, and was met by demands which, clearly, did not rest upon a constitutional basis.

It was demanded by the slave States, that Congress should become the patron of slavery in the Territories of the United States, by virtue of its power under the Constitution to make all needful rules and regulations respecting them. This demand was met by a counter claim of a large party in the free States, that Congress should, by virtue of its power under the Constitution, prohibit slavery in the Territories, slavery being merely tolerated

in the States as a municipal institution. There was still a third party which held that as the territorial question of slavery in Congress gave rise to interminable disputes, and sectional strife, the proper and best course would be to allow the people of the Territories to determine for themselves, whether they would have slavery or not. Such was the position of the political parties of 1860. The political campaign of that year, terminated through the action of the slave States, by breaking up the Democratic party in convention at Charleston, and, in the triumph of the Republican party, which demanded the prohibition by Congress of slavery in the Territories. Each party, by presenting these issues to the people, virtually bound itself to abide by their action. The people pronounced against slavery in the Territories, and it is no longer an open question. Congress has acted upon the people's expressed will, and the Territories are free and must ever remain free. I heartily indorse the sentiment of Henry Clay, when he declared he would lose his right hand before he would, by his vote, consign one foot of free territory to slavery. Peaceful and constitutional action on the question of slavery here terminated. The triumph of the Republican party, and consequent overthrow of those who would nationalize slavery, precipitated a crisis which had long been foreseen, and even desired by many of the leading men of the slave States, who hoped by the destruction of the National Government, to establish a more consolidated one, the basis of which should be slavery, and which should include all the slave holding States, and such Territories as they might possess. Perpetuity of slavery, and a more arbitrary form of government, controlled by a slave holding aristocracy, was the leading idea.

A party somewhat corresponding to this existed in the free States, the primary object of which was the destruction of the National Government to effect the emancipation of slaves. Their idea was embodied in their "Resolution, that the abolitionists of this country should make it one of the primary objects of the slavery agitation to dissolve the American Union." They pro-

fessed to believe, "That the only exodus to the slave to freedom must be over the remains of the American church and the grave of the present Union." Thus were parties on the opposite sides of the slavery question agreed upon the destruction of the Union, as a means necessary to the accomplishment of their several designs; and thus, notwithstanding the mighty power and unparalleled progress of the Republic she rested upon a volcano, the heat of which, perhaps, approaching the surface had given an unnatural brilliancy to her genius. But the great mass of the people, north and south, were not actuated by the sanguinary purposes of the extremes. The heart of the people was loyal, they desired the perpetuity of the Union, the only safeguard to their liberties. However desirous the people of the free States may have been to procure what all consider an eminent good—the removal of slavery—they were not disposed to procure it by unlawful means. All parties, and men, who addressed themselves to the American people with a hope of success, did so with professions of loyalty to the Union. Those men in the south who were before the people in 1860, and are now chiefs in the rebellion, were loud in their professions of loyalty to the Union, and bitter in their denunciation of those who would assail it. You are aware of this, for I find scattered broadcast over the south campaign documents of 1860, asking, in flaming capitals, "Who are the disunionists?" "Breckenridge and Lane, true Union candidates." And, to prove that John C. Breckenridge and his colleagues were the only men with whom the Union could be safely entrusted, a speech is quoted of Breckenridge's, made in Washington City, June 26, 1860, wherein he says, "Is there an American who will deride his country's laws, pervert her Constitution, or alienate her people? If there be such a man let his memory descend to posterity laden with the execrations of all mankind. Let us devoutly trust that another Senate, in another age, shall bear to a new and larger chamber this Constitution, vigorous and inviolate, and that the last generation of posterity shall witness the deliberations

of the representatives of American States, still united, prosperous, and free." Again, at Frankfort, Kentucky, July 18, 1860, "I am an American citizen, a Kentuckian, who never did an act or cherished a thought that was not full of devotion to the Constitution and the Union." So true and loyal were the people of the south, that such expressions as these were necessary to gain their confidence. Think you that John C. Breckenridge, had he shown his heart and let the people look down into the deep blackness and treachery of his soul, would have received a single vote aside from those who had predetermined to disrupt the Government? No! the people would have shunned him as a monster. They see in him and his coadjutors at Richmond

— “Men most curs’t of all below,
Who but assume the friend to act the foe;
Who, like the viper lurking in the breast,
Ensnare our peace, then stab, and stand confes’t.”

Even Jefferson Davis, the archfiend of this bloody carnival now enacting around us, was compelled to wear a mask of patriotism. To hide the hideous deformity of his naked soul he assumed

“A smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace,
A devil’s purpose with an angel’s face.”

On his way to Boston, on the 4th day of July, 1848, he was called upon to make an address, and complied, using this language: "This great country will continue united. Trifling politicians in the south, or in the north, or in the west, may continue to talk otherwise, but it will be of no avail. They are like the mosquitoes around the ox—they annoy, but they cannot wound, and never kill. There is a common interest which runs through all the diversified occupations and various products of these sovereign States; there is a common sentiment of nationality which beats in every bosom; there are common memories sweet to us all; and though clouds have occasionally darkened our political sky, the good sense and good feeling of the people has thus far averted any

catastrophe destructive of our Constitution and Union. It was in fraternity, and an elevation of principle, which rose superior to sectional or individual aggrandizement, that the foundations of our Union were laid; and, if we, the present generation, are worthy of our ancestry, we shall not only protect those foundations from destruction, but build higher and wider this temple of liberty and inscribe perpetuity upon its tablet." Such were Jefferson Davis' professions when a candidate before the people for their confidence and support, and the people

"Full oft the false profession have believed,
And still, when most assured, were most deceived."

He knew but too well the course to pursue to accomplish his aim of arbitrary power. His history is the most ungrateful and shameless of any in the long list of traitors who have attempted to ruin their country. Born and reared under the freest and most benign government that ever existed; educated, protected, supported—yea, his very nakedness clothed by that government—honored by the people with their confidence and enjoying a position in the National Council, prouder and more gratifying to a just man than a kingly crown or an imperial sceptre, and bound by a solemn oath before God and man to support the Constitution of his country, he sat daily in the Senate chamber, with falsehood on his lips and treason in his heart, and with a solemn baseness, unparalleled in the annals of crime, labored to effect his country's ruin. He toiled steadily and remorselessly onward, regardless of the Nation's tears. He and his fellow-conspirators determined to effect their object in a manner unexpected, and at a time when the people were lulled to repose by their unbounded liberty and prosperity; when the whole Nation was resting in peace, and honored and respected as no people on earth had been before. For thirty years the conspirators had assiduously labored to undermine public virtue and respectful obedience to law. They cultivated sectional prejudices and State pride. By degrees they accustomed the people to contemplate a divided country; insidi-

ously taught their constituents that their allegiance was first due to State governments, contrary to the express provisions of the National Constitution, and that the general government possessed no restrictive power over a State, but that a withdrawal of a State from the Union would necessarily be peaceful and advantageous; that there was a hopeless antagonism between the institutions, systems of labor, agricultural products, and commercial interests of the States, and that a harmless remedy lay in the disaffected States withdrawing from the Union. An absurd idea—for a great government cannot fall without crushing all beneath it. But the intelligence of the people could not wholly be deceived, and the conspirators resolved to precipitate a conflict which, aided by the sectional pride and dislike, they had succeeded in cultivating, would precipitate the slave States into a revolution, and involve them all in the gulf of rebellion, from which they hoped to extricate themselves by the assistance of their cotton staple and European intervention. Slavery, and its great product, cotton, were the means they used to accomplish their infernal design. Deliberately they compassed the destruction of a great political party, for the purpose of placing into power a party which they had already taught the people of the slave States it would be lawful to resist, and to whom it would be unmanly to submit; a party which they represented to be determined to interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, and trample upon their personal liberty. In this they succeeded, notwithstanding the fact that there were thirteen hundred thousand men in the free States who stood between the South and all unconstitutional action of the Republican party, had it been disposed to take such action, which it was not; for the Republican party itself was pledged not to interfere with slavery in the States.

There was not a shadow of a just cause for the revolt. The nation was at peace; property was secure, and slave property the most secure of all. The loathsome fugitive slave law was enforced in all the States, even the City of Chicago, the strongest Repub-

lican city on the continent, has, since that party came into power, returned fugitive slaves without a murmur. No people in the world held a prouder position; occupying a continent washed by two oceans, watered by the most magnificent navigable rivers and lakes on the face of the globe, upon which floated an internal commerce equal to that of all Europe, with a flag which was respected throughout the world as an emblem of national power, liberty, equality and justice; the people reposed secure under its protection, and as unsuspecting of danger as did our first parents in the garden of Eden. From this repose, the people were aroused by the attack on Fort Sumpter, and called to a banquet of death. The national flag was assailed by armed treason; the flames of civil war circled around it. I heard the traitor guns of Charleston at my northern home on the banks of the beautiful Detroit. You heard them, and as the terrible sound vibrated among your hills, your hearts sunk within you, as at the second fall of man, and a whole people stood appalled, and for the moment breathless at the enormity of the crime. The conspirators had so far succeeded. The temple was on fire, and they hoped to profit by its destruction, but a nation sprang to arms, and treason was throttled. From the moment the people came to the rescue, the government was safe. However the flames of civil war may encircle the pillars and lick the walls of the national edifice, they will but consume the cob-webs and rubbish left by the builders, and when the smoke of battle clears away, and the people again rest in peace, the unrivalled beauty of their government will be equaled only by its justice, tempered with mercy.

The history of the last two years is too familiar to require recapitulation. You well know the claim set up by a few to a fortress built by all for the protection of all; the seizure of forts, arsenals, mints and custom-houses, by a faction; the closing of the Mississippi river to the commerce of the nation; the betraying of the national forces by the Texans, whom the United States had nourished, and whose very homes were protected by the national

army they betrayed; the insulting threat that the national flag should no longer float over the Capitol at Washington; that the cities of New York and Boston should become slave marts; and, finally, plunging our country into a cruel, bloody, fratricidal war, which has desolated American hearthstones, and bathed every woman's face in tears. All this was done that slavery might be made the foundation of a new empire, and a class become the rulers and titled aristocracy of the land. What have we now, fellow-citizens, for the peace and security we once enjoyed? Let a distracted people answer; let the cries and prayers of a nation for its existence answer. There are three hundred thousand new made graves in our land, prematurely filled by this unholy rebellion. How are those dead men to be returned to their families and country? Oh, my friends, our country as it was is passed away forever, but in the agony of her travail she will give us a more perfect heritage of liberty and security. She will arise from her labor a dignified matron, and a more loving and watchful mother. We may save the Constitution as it is, but not the country as it was, with treason gnawing at her vitals. When this agony is passed no cause of danger or relapse must be permitted to remain. The blood now being shed must drown the force which causes it to flow. The Union men of this nation are determined to transmit the National Union and Constitution unimpaired to their children, or they will transmit to their children's children, and to their posterity, an eternal war. Organized war is preferable to anarchy, which necessarily results from established secession. Peace may be had at once by those in arms against the government resuming the condition they were in in 1860, and returning to their plantations, and obeying the laws of the land. Unless this be done the only road to peace is through war. War is violence, and the more active and determined that violence, the sooner peace is found, and the more real humanity is shown.

The rebels chiefs hold up their hands with an affectation of outraged humanity, when, to crush them, we propose to use all

the effective means in our power, even to arming the blacks. They forget that they have hurled the slave in fetters against the government, and that he merely rebounds a freeman and a soldier. They forget the savage Indians in their service, tearing the scalps from the dead on the plains of Arkansas. They forget even their own laws relating to the negro. I find in the "Public acts of the State of Tennessee, passed at the extra session of the Thirty-third General Assembly, April, 1861," which was the first secession Legislature of the State, and the one which voted the State of Tennessee out of the Union, an act entitled an "Act for the relief of volunteers," passed June 28, 1861. I give the words of the Act, "Section 1st. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, that from and after the passage of this act, the governor shall be, and he is hereby authorized, at his discretion, to receive into the military service of the State, all male free persons of color between the ages of fifteen and fifty years—or such number as may be necessary, who may be sound in his mind and body and capable of actual service." "Section 7th. Be it further enacted, that in the event of a sufficient number of free persons of color to meet the wants of the State shall not tender their services, then the governor is empowered, through the sheriffs of the different counties, to impress such persons until the required number is obtained, and shall direct the sheriffs to determine by lot those that are required to serve." Thus, by their own record, were the anarchists, themselves, the first to call the negro into military service; but when the weapons are reversed and turned against themselves, they denounce it as barbarous. The only evidence I can find of barbarity in using colored soldiers is the fact that the rebels employ them. But what will kill a Yankee ought to be equally fatal to a rebel, and a rebel dead is one traitor less. They ought not to make wry faces in swallowing their own prescriptions.

This is a defensive war, and was entered into on the part of the Union men for the single purpose of preserving the National

Government, under the Constitution, which is being assailed. There was no design, nor desire to interfere with the institutions of the States nor the property of citizens; on the contrary, we entered the service, determined to protect the persons and property of all citizens, as completely as is possible in a state of war. And I believe there has never been a civil war, nor a national war, since the creation of man, conducted so gently, and in which persons and property have been so carefully respected as in this conflict, on the part of the national armies. On our part there has been no personal animosity whatever; and it is the same with the masses on the part of the Confederates. I remember an instance in point. During our advance on Corinth, when the place was invested and the hostile lines approached each other, a Confederate captain, who was on picket with his company, discovered some Union soldiers opposite, and called out to the Federal captain, "What are you doing there?" "I am on picket," was the reply. "Do you shoot pickets?" was asked. "No," said the Yankee. "Let us talk, then," said the Confederate, and both parties advanced to a rail fence midway between them, and leaning upon the fence the two captains shook hands, and stood talking with each other for half an hour, while their men played poker together on the fence rails. The two parties then separated in the same spirit of personal amity in which they had met.

Yet, notwithstanding an entire want of personal animosity, and any attempt to disturb property, we were constantly accused of designing to interfere with slavery.

A planter, in Mississippi, said to me, that if we would whip negroes when they came to our camps, and send them back to their masters, they, the masters, would have more confidence in our protestations of non-intervention. I replied, "You mistake, sir, we are here not to whip your slaves, who have done the government no wrong, nor to catch them, but to whip their rebellious masters, and compel obedience to the laws." I have frequently been told by wealthy slaveholders, both in Mississippi and Ala-

bama, that there is but one issue between us, that slavery or the Constitution of the United States must fall. Thus we have found slavery rising on every side against the government. What could we do? What should we do but strike the chain, and free the slave? Not as the object of the war, but as the means of securing peace, by destroying that which disturbs it.

The moral sentiment of the free States is offered as an excuse for the rebellion. The moral sentiment of Europe, and of the civilized world, is equally opposed to it. Will treason and civil war make the crime of slavery more lovely? I speak this much of slavery, because I have yet to meet the man in the South, be he secessionist or Union, who does not in slavery recognize the cause of all our misfortunes.

But the rebels are as unscrupulous in their means as in their object. Commencing the rebellion by deceit and perjury, they continue it by the same means, supported by cowardly violence. I know of no more sententious and comprehensive expression, than the one I have often heard from Confederate soldiers, when asked the meaning of the war: "It is the rich man's war and the poor man's fight." The rank and file of the Confederate armies are not composed of men who were instrumental in its commencement, they are men who were precipitated into rebellion unawares; whose hearts were fired by wily traitors, and who were told that their homes were endangered; that their States had withdrawn from the Union, and that their patriotism and southern birth should lead them to go with their States. Every means was resorted to to drive them into the field. Coercion, falsehood, appeals to their military ambition, and threats of social ostracism. Hooped skirts and petticoats were sent to backward young men. Young misses in a mincing manner, and with a coquettish flirt would declare that none but a volunteer should wait upon them. Thus every passion and bias of the mind was appealed to, to inveigle young men into the army. And when once secured by military chains, they were as unscrupulously used by those who

had deceived them, as they had been in being taken from their homes.

There is no more special community of interest between the border slave States and the gulf or cotton States, than there is between the slave and free States. Establish the Confederacy, and Tennessee would constitute a part of the northern section of the southern Confederacy, and there would, eventually, the same jealousy and sectional prejudice arise between them, as now exists between the North and South. In fact, this feeling already exists, and the frontier slave States are merely used by the gulf States as barriers and battle grounds between the sections.

The cotton planters hoped, after commencing the war, to confine the crimson torrent to Tennessee and border State hearthstones. This feeling and desire is clearly manifest in the treatment and evident suspicion of soldiers from the border States in the southern army. The border State men and those who have engaged in this rebellion with great reluctance, and contrary to their convictions, are the men who are compelled to do most of the fighting.

Last fall I received orders from General Rosecrans, to take the cavalry regiment I then commanded and watch the movements of General Price, who was moving on Corinth. I found him at Ripley, moving northward. The troops I came in contact with were from the gulf States, and the most determined in their secession proclivities of any in the southern army; not a soldier was found from the border States. When the Confederate army arrived in front of Corinth, the cotton soldiers moved to the rear, and Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri came to the front, and were hurled on to our lines in the most pitiless manner; regiment after regiment was thrown into the very jaws of death. I saw a whole brigade thrown en masse upon our batteries. The men moved steadily and splendidly to their work, but were doomed to destruction. The engines of death opened upon them, and in a moment they passed into eternity; in a moment that mass of

living valor was crushed into horrible deformity and lay a bleeding corpse. I passed over that field, and visited the hospitals, and without a single exception, I found your sons and brothers from Tennessee, Kentucky and Missouri, cursing the men who had brought this calamity upon their country, and forced them into treason. I was told by many a young man on that bloody field that they were drawn into the army contrary to their better judgment; that they had been cruelly deceived, and that they were pushed on to their deadly work by gulf State soldiers, who, in times of danger, formed an army in their rear to drive them into battle. It was the same at Iuka and Shiloh, and has been so everywhere. Oh, how different would it have been had Tennessee followed the dictates of her nature and remained true to the Union. Instead of being as she now is, a house of mourning and desolation, peace and plenty would have smiled upon her, and her noble sons would be living monuments of her greatness and glory. Now she is clothed in sackcloth and ashes, weeping over sons lying in dishonorable graves.

Fellow-citizens, take your noble State from the slough of treason into which she has fallen, and place her again amidst that splendid assemblage of sister States that made our country great. Like an erring, but misguided sister, she will be welcomed back to the family circle which she so hastily and inconsiderately deserted. Rescue her from the thieves and ruffians who have seduced her, before the last vestige of virtue has departed, and while there is yet room for her at the national fireside. Save your State from the desolation which must surely overwhelm her, unless she returns to the Union. The decree has gone forth from the hearts of all liberty-loving and loyal men that this nation shall be preserved; that no new nationality shall be carved out of the territory of the Union; that if there is a class determined not to live under the laws of the people, they must find homes in another land or fill traitors' graves. In loyalty there is security, peace and happiness; in persistent treason there is death.

But two years ago to be an American citizen was a prouder name than in the palmiest days of the Caesars to be a Roman. Now Americans blush for their country, because of the treason which disgraces it. The nation burns with shame at the fact that there are men like Mason and Slidell, whose wealth and all they possess, and whose influence and the little respectability they have, they owe to the Republic, dodging through the back alleys of London and Paris, and crawling into the ante-chambers of princes, and with hat in hand and mouth in the dust exclaiming, "I am a Confederate."

But, fellow-citizens, when this our national agony is passed, and our countrymen are again at peace with one another; when she emerges from this cloud of civil war, and her skirts are cleansed from the bloodstains of the strife, our country will appear clothed in robes of liberty and virtue, and resume her place among the nations of the earth, more powerful and glorious than her most sanguine friends had dared to hope.

American citizens, then resting in peace and happiness under their own laws, will wonder at the madness of this hour, when the very pillars of the Constitution, framed by wisdom, and consecrated by the heroes who gave birth to American liberty, were shaken to their foundations. Then in truth may it be said:

"What glory crowns fair freedom's darling son,
The boast of men; immortal Washington."

Then will the mission of the Father of his country have been accomplished, and the temple which he erected for the protection of liberty, and the happiness of man, be complete in all its parts, and the indwellers of that temple will bless him as its architect, and thank him for placing it on its sure foundation. "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that temple; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."

THE FAMOUS OLD THIRD BRIGADE.

BY RUFUS W. JACKLIN,
MAJOR 16TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY

(Read November 1, 1894.)

I have been requested to prepare a paper, and herewith present to you some recollections of "The Famous Old Third Brigade."

In accepting the request I do so with mingled pride and pleasure, with only this regret, that I am not possessed of the requisite ability to do justice to such a subject. I trust, therefore, that you, my companions and friends, will bear with me, while I recall in a matter of fact manner some of the many incidents and reminiscences that occurred during the long years of terrific war, and also pardon me if I appear too personal in relating my experience, as one who participated in nearly all of its engagements, and who took part in fully as many in number.

I do feel a special pride in having been permitted to devote nearly seven years of my early life to the military service of my State and country—three years in the military companies of the City of Detroit, and four years in the service of the Nation. I was just fitted for the war and ready to fight at the command forward. But I am digressing somewhat—"The Famous Old Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac."

1. The brigade that fired the first guns on the right at Yorktown.
2. The brigade that formed the left of the 5th Army Corps lines at Gaines' Mills or Chickahominy, and checked the tide of battle against us by charging the enemy at the proper time.
3. The brigade that supported the batteries on the left of our

lines at Malvern Hill, and assisted in repulsing General Magruder's forces in three successive attacks during the day.

4. The brigade that charged up the railroad cut at "Second Bull Run," and thereby developed General Longstreet's entire force in readiness to annihilate the 5th Army Corps, if possible to do so.

5. The brigade, with the first division in reserve, at the battle of Antietam, that was in readiness and eager, had General George B. McClellan's orders to subordinate officers been promptly executed by them, to have crossed the Antietam creek and forced the center of General Lee's lines, which, in my opinion, would have resulted in annihilating his army.

6. The brigade that charged across the railroad cut and up to the banks of the canal, and finally covered the retreat of the army at the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg.

7. The brigade that won the battle of Middleburg, driving the Confederates from the field, and their cavalry through the mountain pass at Ashby's Gap.

8. The brigade that defended "Little Round Top" at Gettysburg.

9. The brigade that crossed with the division, corps, and army, and participated in all of the great battles from the Wilderness through to Petersburg; in General Grant's memorable campaign of forty-two successive days, in which the grand old army of the Potomac sustained a loss of about sixty thousand men.

10. The brigade, with the division and corps, that occupied the lines crossing and along the Jerusalem plank road in front of Petersburg, and built the line of works from the left of the crater to the Weldon Railroad and to Hatcher's Run, and, while in the vicinity of the Jerusalem plank road, built what was called and known along the lines as "Fort Hell," which name reminds me of a short story: A soldier on picket captured a prisoner. The soldier stuttered in his speech. The prisoner was a keen, bright young fellow, and asked many questions that somewhat confused the soldier. Finally, upon their arrival in camp, and when sur-

rounded by many of the comrades, the prisoner turned to his captor and said to him, "What state are you 'uns from?" Answer: "F-f-f-from Michigan." "Michigan, Michigan," said the prisoner with some surprise, "That State pretty far up north; cold country up thar? Why, what do 'uns raise up thar?" Soldier, quick to reply, but with some difficulty of speech, "We-we r-r-raise Hell sometimes, which we are going to do in th-th-th-these parts before we quit." And which we succeeded in doing with "Fort Hell" by torturing our enemy until the close of the war.

11. The brigade, with division and corps, and the cavalry corps under the gallant Phil Sheridan, that annihilated General Pickett's entire corps at Five Forks, capturing about six thousand prisoners.

12. The brigade, with the division, that received the surrender of General Lee's army at Appomattox C. H. What think you? Is this truly a famous brigade to pass through all this in the long years of terrible conflict to preserve the Union of States, the Constitution of our country and the starry flag unsullied. Emphatically you will answer "Yes."

Now let us turn our attention to its early organization, which was effected during the fall of 1861, in the month of October, at Hall's Hill, Virginia, and consisted of the 12th, 17th and 44th New York, 83rd Pennsylvania and Stockton's Independent Michigan (16th) Regiments. Later, about February 1st, 1862, the "Brady" Sharp Shooters were assigned to the brigade and attached to the 16th Michigan; about September 1, 1862, the 20th Maine Regiment was also assigned to the brigade, and both remained, performing heroic service until the close of the war. The brigade was first commanded by General Daniel Butterfield, of New York, a gallant and a good soldier, a thorough organizer, a severe disciplinarian and a good drillmaster, all of which every regiment, and, in fact, every member of the Old Brigade seemed to appreciate. He originated the bugle call of the Old Third Brigade—"Dan-Dan-Dan-Butter-

field-Butterfield." And this same call was sounded for the Old Brigade at Appomattox Court House by Comrade Theodore Hoeninghausen, of Company E, 16th Michigan, "The Little German Boy Bugler," and who still survives to repeat the call.

General Butterfield originated the 3rd Brigade headquarters' flag, which was first carried at Fredericksburg for the Old Brigade by Comrade George D. Sidman, of Company C, 16th Michigan, who volunteered to carry it. Colonel Stockton, then in command, admiring his pluck, but deprecating his youth, finally gave his consent. He originated The Army Corps badges, which we all wore with so much pride and which was so much appreciated by the entire army. He was commander at one time of the 5th Army Corps, chief of staff for the Army of the Potomac under Generals Hooker and Meade, and commander of a division under General Hooker in the Western Army, and for "gallant and meritorious services during the war" was promoted and by the Congress of the United States presented with a medal of honor.

The succeeding brigade commanders were as follows: Colonel H. L. Lansing, 17th New York; Colonel T. B. Stockton, 16th Michigan; Colonel Adelbert Ames, 20th Maine; Colonel Strong Vincent, 83rd Pennsylvania; Colonel Henry A. Weeks, 12th New York; Colonel James C. Rice, 44th New York; Lieut.-Colonel Freeman Connor, 44th New York; Brig.-General J. L. Chamberlain, 20th Maine; Colonel Ellis Spear, 20th Maine; Colonel Norvel E. Welch, 16th Michigan; Colonel Joseph Hayes; Brig.-General Joseph J. Bartlett; Colonel James Givin; Lieut.-Colonel C. P. Herring; Colonel Alfred L. Pearson; Colonel J. C. Edmunds and Lieut.-Colonel Eli G. Sellers. All officers of less prominence, perhaps, but equally brave and efficient.

Upon the arrival of the brigade before Yorktown, April 4th, 1862, I was ordered with the company of "Brady Sharp Shooters" to reconnoiter to the right and communicate with the gunboats on the York river. I performed the duty by deploying the company as skirmishers, crossing the Bayou, driving back the enemy

and firing the first guns upon the works at Yorktown. The brigade occupied the next day and built the line of works from the York river to the westward, and was on siege duty for about thirty days. At the crossing of the Bayou I witnessed the first officer wounded, Captain Chandler, of the 5th New Hampshire, commanding company, who attempted to cross in support of the line of skirmishers, and was shot in the left arm and side.

At Hanover Court House an incident occurred that made the bond of comradeship so strong between the 44th New York and the 16th Michigan, that it remains to this day, and will so long as life remains and any members of the regiments survive. It was this: The 16th, deployed as skirmishers and supporting their line in the direction of Fredericksburg—the 44th left at the intersection of the roads—were attacked by General Branch and driven back. The 16th was ordered “to the rescue” of the 44th, which was promptly obeyed, attacked General Branch on left and rear and drove him from the field.

At Malvern Hill one of the most desperate and determined battles of the war, the 12th, 17th, 44th New York and 83rd Pennsylvania Regiments repulsed the attacks made upon the left of our lines with gallantry and determination, charging and counter-charging the enemy. Our regiment supported battery “B,” 5th U. S. Artillery, and directly in front of Company C, post No. 1 of the battery lost his left arm by a premature explosion. He took a handkerchief from his pocket, tied it around the arm above the elbow with his right hand and teeth, reloaded his piece, remained for some time loading and firing, and then walked back to hospital for amputation. Superb heroism this. At Fredericksburg the gallant charge of the “Old Third Brigade” up to the base of Marye’s and Willis’ Heights will live in history to the end of time. The masterly retreat made by General Butterfield, in command of the 5th Army Corps, and his “Old Third Brigade” without the loss of a man or the firing of a picket shot, are evidences of what discipline did and will do for a command.

At Middleburg the old regiment lead the brigade in support of the cavalry, and many of the officers distinguished themselves by the display of marked ability and bravery, and were so noticed in the official report.

At Gettysburg the old brigade bore a very conspicuous part in this the greatest battle of the war, the turning point of the rebellion. The brigade had been depleted in its ranks by the muster out of the 12th and 17th New York Regiments a short time before, they being two-year regiments, and by the severe marching and counter-marching that we had endured for some time. But I can much better express the condition of the old brigade when approaching the battlefield by quoting from the diary of one of our companions, Z. B. Graham, a lieutenant of the 16th Michigan:

"Wednesday, July 1st.—Day after day we had been marching until every soldier seemed exhausted, and now we felt that the coming day was to be an important one to us; we needed rest. Many were the speculations as to the probable results. The animation of our march of the forenoon as we entered the State with the sun shining, flags flying, music enlivening us, seemed in the darkness of the night to have been lost in our tired condition. Confidence seemed to be lacking and hope almost to have forsaken us. We were experimenting with a new commander. We were fearful. For miles we marched on in ominous silence until we filed into the little village of McSherrystown where the troops at the head of the column began cheering—we all seemed to be moved by the desire to cheer if we only knew what to cheer for. Soon the news reached us, 'McClellan has been reinstated—he leads us into the battle to-morrow'; the news must be true; it comes from the head of the column; cheer after cheer rent the heavens. Wearied boys now were delirious with joy. 'Little Mac' has come—all will be well—was the universal cry. Old patriots who had been identified with the army shouted and cheered until tears came to their relief. Citizens who lined the

roadsides carried away by the cheers joined in the chorus. Old men whose sons were now marching to victory cheered us while tears trickled down their wrinkled faces: 'God bless you, boys.' 'God bless your leader, "Little Mac." ' Women lined the roadside administering to the wants of the hungry and thirsty, cheering us on and encouraging us to do our whole duty. Truly it was a sight never to be forgotten."

Now the soldiers of the old "Third Brigade," the division, the corps and the army, entered into the fight of July 2d, 1863, believing the midnight news, and I fully believe it was this inspiration, the name of General George B. McClellan, "Little Mac" as he was lovingly called by the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, that helped to win for us, our country and the world, the great battle of Gettysburg.

The turning points, in my humble opinion, were "The Little Round Top," held by the Old Third Brigade, the gallant Colonel Strong Vincent commanding; Culp's Hill, held by the division, commanded by the gallant General Alpheus S. Williams, of Michigan; Cemetery Ridge, held by General Winfield Scott Hancock, "the Superb," against Pickett's grand charge on the afternoon of the third, and finally the extreme right of our lines held by the Michigan Brigade of Cavalry, and commanded by the gallant General George A. Custer, "the Dashing Custer," who drew saber and commanded, "Now Chester, now Clark, now Kinney, Woodruff, Hamilton and Pennington—sweep them with cannister—don't stop to sponge;" and "Now, now, Wolverines, now is your time. Forward—Town—forward with the First Michigan—strike for all you are worth, and Michigan is immortal!"

"Stuart's grand assault was turned into naught," his squadrons broken and driven from the field. What soldier lives who does not envy Michigan that day? It was the cavalry combat of the war.

Again I am digressing. Let me turn back and repeat what I have said on former occasions with reference to occupying Lit-

tle Round Top at Gettysburg. I do this for the purpose of maintaining the rights of the Old Third Brigade, as I discover in the public press, the soldier papers and in some of the magazine articles, the claims made that others are entitled to the honor of defending Round Top.

In the disposition of General Daniel Sickles' Third Army Corps on the second day of battle, along and parallel with the Emmettsburg road and Peach Orchard and reversing or refusing the left of line at right angles and extending through the "Wheat Field" and to the "Devil's Den," it was found that the forces were not sufficient to cover Little Round Top. Sickles was attacked about 4 o'clock in the afternoon by Longstreet's corps and overpowered, his lines being enfiladed by the artillery fire of the enemy and driven back, fighting very stubbornly and contesting every inch of ground, when the Fifth Army Corps was ordered "To the rescue," our corps was massed between the Emmettsburg road and the Baltimore Pike, the First Division on the right, the Third Brigade on the right of the division, and the Sixteenth Michigan on the right of the Brigade, and while marching in column in the direction of the "Peach Orchard" we were met by General G. K. Warren, who said to Colonel Vincent, "I take the responsibility of detaching your brigade; double-quick to the Round Top yonder, and ride forward with me." The commands were given, the regiments did double-quick, we climbed the side of the mountain, moved right into line, and formed on top. The ranks were closed up. General Warren took his position on the large rock, where the bronze statue of himself stands to-day, and pointed out to Colonel Vincent and to Colonel Welch the movement of Hood's column of attack. It was my privilege, while standing near and awaiting orders, to hear General Warren order Colonel Vincent to "hold this point at all hazards, if you sacrifice every man of the Third Brigade, I will bring you reinforcements," which he did, as soon as possible. They were General Weed's Brigade.

The disposition of the regiments and battery was made as

follows Battery "D," Hazlett's Fifth United States Artillery, on top of the mountain and on the right of the Brigade. Sixteenth Michigan moved forward, the right resting under the guns of the left section of the battery, with two companies, "A" and "Brady" Sharp Shooters, detached and deployed as skirmishers, leading over and on the "Big Round Top." Forty-fourth New York, 83rd Pennsylvania and 20th Maine in somewhat of a semi-circle formation facing in the woods and low rocky ground between the "Round Top."

We remained in this position but a very short time, when we were attacked by Hood's column. The "Brady" Sharp Shooters firing the first shots down upon their advance column from the "Big Round Top" was the signal of attack.

Now, no other troops were there when the Third Brigade made its grand charge up the side of the "Little Round Top;" no other troops came as a reinforcement until the desperate encounter for the possession had been fairly won by the "Old Third Brigade" and the head of the column had been turned towards the "Devil's Den" and the "Wheat Field," thus saving the left wing of our grand old army from disaster and assuring a victory on the third day. No other troops are entitled to the first honors. The loss sustained in this desperate encounter, as reported the next day, July 3rd, by the commanders of regiments, companies and battery was 491 officers and men killed and wounded, 62 per cent of the commands actually engaged. I have been thus explicit, as I was present and took an active part.

In turning the head of the column of attack towards the "Devil's Den" and the "Wheat Field," the enemy encountered the left and rear of the gallant but fated "4th Michigan Infantry," of the First Division, which was overpowered, and all but annihilated, losing 28 killed and 80 wounded, missing and prisoners. It was here that the gallant Colonel H. H. Jeffords, commanding, rushed to the rescue of the battle flag, and in the desperate struggle for its safety, fell by a rebel bayonet being thrust

through him. The only officer killed on the union side by a bayonet thrust.

"From his bosom that heaved the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar;
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming—
That melted in love, and that kindled in war."

The Old Brigade was in the front and participated in the minor battles of 1863, and to the opening of the campaign of the Wilderness of 1864, took part in all of the battles of that severe contest, arriving in front of Petersburg in June and remaining along the lines, and in that vicinity on siege duty until April 1st, 1865. At the battle of Peebles' Farm and in the charge on "Fort McRea" with the division, it particularly distinguished itself.

General Warren, commander of the Fifth Army Corps, said: "A more magnificent charge was never made by any brigade or division in any war."

In this grand charge the "Old Sixteenth Michigan" had the center of the line, striking the angle of the Fort, first, climbing up and over the works and engaging the enemy in a hand-to-hand fight for some time, while the other regiments came in on the right and left, and thus carried the entire line of works. It was here and on the works that the gallant Colonel Norvel E. Welch, of our dear old regiment, fell. I see him now, in memory's picture, bright. With sabre drawn, leading forward the old regiment and brigade, mounting the breastworks, a little to the right of the fort, with right foot resting on top and left foot down a short distance, sabre swinging over head, cheering and encouraging the men of the entire command to come forward. "Forward, men,"—and with his last words, "A commission to him who first mounts this parapet with me" he fell. Honor to his sacred memory, for his gallant and dashing conduct on this field.

"Where the flag waved the proudest,
And the bullets came fast,
All covered with glory
Death claimed him at last."

The survivors of the old regiment bow with reverence to the Divine will.

Having been detached from the "Old Regiment" and appointed chief of sharp shooters for the Fifth Army Corps by General Charles Griffin, with headquarters at division headquarters, I organized a battalion of sharp shooters, composed of 200 picked men from the companies and regiments in the corps, and remained on duty with this battalion until the close of the war.

At Appomattox C. H. the "Old Brigade" was on the advanced line, having relieved the cavalry, and I was directing a part of the skirmish line when the flag of truce from Gen. Lee's headquarters appeared. I at once ordered the line to halt, firing to cease, and directed the flag back to headquarters, Fifth Army Corps. General Gordon, in passing back, bore to the left instead of to the right as directed, and reached General Custer's headquarters, and it is he who is accredited in orders and in history as having received the flag. I make this statement to protect the "Old Brigade" and division, which was honored by being appointed to receive the surrender of Gen. Lee's army.

In conclusion, the losses sustained by this gallant "Old Brigade" during the four years were about 4,000 men in killed, wounded and unaccounted for. Of the old regiments, the 12th, 17th and 44th New York maintained their organizations, but with heavy losses. The 20th Maine, coming into the brigade nearly one year after its organization, maintained its place as a fighting regiment. The old 83rd Pennsylvania was second on the list of fighting regiments, in losses sustained on the battlefields, in the armies of the United States.

And the "Old 16th Michigan" the eighth on said list. Think of it for a moment. Only one, and seven other regiments, in the armies of the United States in the war of the rebellion that lost more men killed, wounded and died of wounds, than two of the old regiments of this brigade.

Companions, have we reason to be proud of the record? Is the "Old Third Brigade" entitled to be called famous?

While rejoicing at the victories won, let us not be unmindful of God's great blessings in crowning our efforts with success, and let us cherish the memory of brave comrades who laid down their lives upon the battlefields of their and our country. May their names ever be enshrined in the hearts of a loving and a grateful people.

FROM THE GULF TO VICKSBURG.

BY HARRISON SOULE,
MAJOR 6TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

(Read December 6, 1894.)

April, 1862.—Our troops are encamped on Ship Island. This is one of the numerous small islands which constitutes the southern boundary of Mississippi Sound off the main coast of Mississippi about twelve miles.

Ship Island is about seven miles long and from one to three miles wide. The eastern side is crossed with a heavy growth of timber and plenty of good water may be had anywhere by digging three or four feet in the clean white sand. It is situated about midway between Mobile and New Orleans, and is considered a very important position.

The defence of the island consists of a fort located at the west end, on a point of sand bar extending into deep water, commanding the approach to the harbor, and with a couple of heavy swivel guns on top of the fort almost the entire west and north side of the island is within easy range.

The fort has an armament of six guns mounted in case-mate, which are supposed to be shell proof, and eight heavy brass field guns; also two field Howitzers, twelve-pounders.

The main structure is built of brick, and the top is covered over with heavy pine timber; that covered with plank and with piles of sand from twelve to fifteen feet deep.

Water batteries outside, and at angles with the fort, of heavy nine-inch shell guns sweep all points of the channel. These, with the gunboats which keep vigilant watch over the movements of the enemy along the main land, make the island secure from surprise.

Such is the condition of our surroundings. This position is

the only foothold we have on the so-called Confederate soil at this date.

The daily routine of guard duty has been fairly learned, and all our effort now is centered in trying to master the mysteries of a brigade drill. This is no holiday task, our drill ground being on the southern side of the island, not a tree, shrub or bush; not even a tuft of green grass. Overhead the bright hot sun with its summer scorching heat and the dry, hot sand underfoot. Soldiers ankle deep at every step and the encouragement of a regular army officer to hurry us up in the way we should go.

That courtly gentleman and accomplished officer, Brigadier General Thomas Williams, whom we afterwards learned to respect and revere as one of the brightest of our bright lights that was forever extinguished by the rebellion.

All hailed with joy the orders that came to us that bright April morning to pack up and embark on the good ship, Great Republic, then laying at anchor off the landing.

Only a couple of hours were required, for heavy marching order was the word and our good brigade was snugly stored away. Our own, the Michigan Sixth, Wisconsin Fourth, and Indiana Twenty-first, fully three thousand men on board. However close the quarters, the change is quite agreeable. We can now empty the sand out of our shoes and have solid footing once more.

. One of the Navy boats take us in tow and we turn our backs upon Ship Island and gladly bid her farewell forever.

The troops we leave behind us gathered along the shore waving and cheering us good-bye, and doubtless envying the good fortune that took us from that desolate land of sand and fleas.

We are now headed towards the great future, to us the great unknown, and as the shades of evening draw around and envelope us in a long quiet twilight, groups of men, comrades, gather here and there and for long hours talk and surmise as to

the future. Past scenes of home life form too tender and loving a theme for common discussion and we are almost unmanned in bringing them vividly to our own mind, so we bury our hopes, our wishes, and our home thoughts deep in our hearts and talk of the dark future, and surmise as to what that has in store for us. We have no intimation as to our future destination. Some think Mobile Bay, some suggest Galveston Harbor, and others are quite certain we are bound for the Mississippi Delta.

Thus the hours wear on far into the night, but gradually the hum of voices cease. Officers and men alike on the floor below, middle and upper deck, and under the clear midnight skies, with the bright moon shining almost straight down upon us, the myriads of stars seeming brighter and more beautiful than ever before with the gentle rippling of the water as our huge vessel is quietly hauled along by the little gunboat far ahead, towing us with her long line and with the steady tramp, tramp, tramp of our faithful sentinel, which is the only sound coming to our ears; thus there in that far off clime, under the bright canopy of heaven, with loving faces of our dear ones at home before us, in mind, we pass into restful sleep which only a tired soldier knows.

Early dawn, the hauling and pulling of ropes and the noise of the sailors working the ship, call us to our feet, and we are made aware that a new state of affairs surround us. We are at sea. No land in sight; our partner, the gunboat, has disappeared, and we are moving along before a good sailing breeze, the sails are being hoisted by the sailors and we are afforded considerable amusement in watching them and listening to the various orders and sailor talk connected therewith, for this is the first time we have ever been on a real sailing ship at sea. The rattle of the drum at guard quarters and the smell of hot coffee soon bring us to a realizing sense that grub is ready. The pint of hot coffee and the plate of boiled rice soon disappear and the weak remembrance is all we have to remind us that we have indulged in such a luxury as a breakfast.

The coffee was very thin and the rice scarce for our first morning meal on the Great Republic. Our dinner is of a more substantial sort, the old army bean is welcome. Hard tack is present and puts us all in good humor.

We have changed our course, and are now sailing directly north, the pilot says, towards the Southwest Pass of the Mississippi. A gunboat or two is seen in the distance, which belongs to the blockading fleet of the gulf squadron. Towards night we sight a number of other vessels and ships, and at sun-set drop anchor amongst them, and in the midst of the fleet of the old commodore, at the Southwest Pass.

The commodore's ships bear a different appearance now from what they did a week ago when they left their anchorage at Ship Island. Then they were clean, bright and shining, everything trim and tidy as only a man-o'-wars-man looks. Flags were gaily flying from every conspicuous place. What a change in appearance! Now not a piece of canvas in sight, not a flag to be seen, the rigging and top gear all down and stowed below; even the long, slender masts are down and short stumpy ones in place. Instead of bright, shining sides, as of old, they are daubed with mud from end to end, as though they had spent the last week wallowing through the mud slough along the shore for which the Delta is noted, thus being disguised so they cannot be so readily seen while lying along the muddy levee in the river where their destiny next takes them.

The fleet are now all ready and during the night, at high tide, all up anchor, pass over the bar and slowly move on up the river. A couple of gunboats give us each a line, we up anchor and take our course in the middle of the channel; all goes smoothly for a time, when our ship's bottom grinds in the sand—slower and slower, and now coming to a full stop; stuck hard aground on the bar.

A beautiful bright morning, April 16, 1862. Hard aground on the bar, Southwest Pass of the Mississippi River.

As we stand on the broad deck of our good ship Great Republic, away to our right across the low marshy plain, almost as far as the eye can reach, we can see the dim outline of a couple of gunboats. They are on blockading duty, and are laying off the Southeast Pass. To the front, and directly north, extends a low marshy plain now covered with a luxuriant growth of pampas grass only known to the great salt marshes along the gulf coast. No tree or shrub in sight to relieve the monotony of this broad waste; deep muddy lagoons winding and twisting all through, with here and there and almost everywhere muddy ponds with not enough solid bottom for grass to get a foothold and not enough water to get a rowboat through.

Here is the home of the alligator, his paradise, where he lives and thrives, only dividing the honors with the mosquito. Here they are on their native heath. Winter and summer it is all the same to them, and woe to any living thing who visits their home; they are always there and on the lookout for company. It is said that the terrapin can't stand the pressure and is speedily driven to deeper water.

A half mile to the west and north we can just see the top of several houses, so low down are they nestled in the tall weeds, that only the roof and chimneys are to be seen. Sand has been dredged up from the bar at the mouth of the river and taken up on flatboats to make the foundation on which those houses stand; this is Pilot Town, and the dozen little houses are inhabited by the pilots and their families, whose business in life is to pilot shipping into the Delta and across the bar, coming in, or going out. the fickleness and ever-shifting bottom of the old father of waters making constant watchfulness necessary in order that any use can be made of that great highway. At this time, as may be supposed, Pilot Town is not inhabited, the occupants having taken their lot in the ranks of the confederacy.

Still farther to the north and west, away beyond the little houses, and far across the sea of grass, as it now waves in the

gentle morning breeze, may be seen the long line of woods whose tree tops at this distance seem not much above the tall grass, yet we plainly see the dark line which fringes the western bank of the river, and behind which lies Fort Jackson; her heavy armament of large guns and full garrison of troops, the chivalry of the Crescent City, have heralded to the world the invincibility of this stronghold.

Across the river and a mile further up stands Fort St. Philip; she, too, with her heavy guns covering the channel of the river for miles in either direction, flies the rebel flag and bids defiance.

Away to the west as far as the eye can reach, the broad wavy grass only in view, the same wide bayous and deep lagoons for miles and miles along the coast. To the south is the gulf into whose deep blue waters we can plainly see the course of the river tracing it as far as the eye can reach, the clear waters of the gulf repudiating and refusing to mingle with the black muddy river water.

A gunboat away in the distance slowly steaming along off the outer bar or entrance to the Southwest Pass is seen and indicates to us that the blockading fleet are there on duty also. A half dozen small transports with the other troops of Butler's army are in our neighborhood at anchor, waiting for us to get over the bar in order that the entire force may be together when a forward movement is made.

The whole of Farragut's fleet have passed over the bar and gone on up the river, also Porter's fleet of mortar boats have been towed up and are lying in position along the shore on either side of the river ready for business.

This mortar fleet consists of about thirty-five schooners carrying one gun, and each a huge fifteen-inch mortar, the largest size then known, and a gun crew of twenty men each; now, with her many tons of ordnance stores loaded down most to the water's edge, sides hanging with evergreen and bushes even to the top of the masts, they are so trimmed, and can hardly be distin-

guished even at a short distance as they lay along the grassy and bushy river bank.

April 17th, 1862. This is the day set for the bombardment to begin. Breakfast is over, and all hands set to and arrange as best they can to enjoy the day as soldiers have learned to do, to kill time—can't do anything but wait for high tide, when we hope to get off and up the river.

The story-tellers begin their yarns; the card-players are at it since daylight, and the fishermen get out their tackle and are out in small boats getting clams for bait, clams are thick among the grassy bogs, and notwithstanding the warning of the sailors of alligators and sharks, the swimmers are overboard taking a morning souse in the waters of the Delta.

Ten o'clock. The air reverberates with the shock of the heavy guns. Then another, and still another, which are promptly answered by heavy guns whose sharp report tells us their line of fire is directly towards us and we know the fort has answered. Now the heavy shock of bombs bursting in air, the mortar fleet have opened, and the incessant roar of artillery filling the air, plainly tell us the bombardment has begun.

Stories, games and fishing are laid aside and all eyes are turned up the river. The highest place on the vessel brings a premium. The rigging is filled with officers, men, sailors and cooks, all eagerly striving to get a high place, where they hope to see something of what is going on at the front. No satisfaction is to be had even from the main-top. Nothing can be seen but the clouds of powder smoke, which the gentle winds slowly drift across the distant horizon. And so all day the steady thundering of the distant guns is heard. About three hundred guns in action, the heaviest known in this country are now at work doing destruction and death, and so for long hours, until the daylight waned and night closed in around us; gradually the firing ceases its din, fewer guns are served and finally only the occasional discharge of a bomb as minute guns over the dead, seem, if possible, to deepen the stillness of the night.

We sit up late and the low voices of the men talking of the probabilities of the future and trials of the past, of our prospect in getting across the bar, and as to the probable doings of to-morrow. It is a late hour when the hum of voices cease and balmy sleep covers us with her peaceful wings.

Three o'clock in the morning. All is bustle. Again two of the strongest navy boats are here, each with a stout line hitched to us, ready to take advantage of the high tide and try to take us over the bar.

At a signal they start with a long pull, and a strong pull. We move a little, the bottom of our ship grinds through the sand. We are off with a cheer given all too soon, for again we strike hard and solid, and are now fast, the whole length on the bar. Each boat with a broken line. It is no use. They give it up as a bad job and leave us as before to undergo another day of suspense, just out of the reach of the excitement of visible battle, and not far enough off to be free from its anxieties. Thus a long week is passed, day by day, and night by night, the same thundering of the great guns, the bursting of huge mortar shells continually at work. The same ineffectual efforts to get off the bar, and up into the river. Every expedient has been tried, the shift of the men and freight to other vessels, but all to no use; our ship is too deep draft and cannot be got over without her entire load is put off, and that is not possible for there is no vessel here on which to transfer our cargo, each being fully loaded with their own stores.

Cheerful news. Word has come that Farragut, with part of the fleet, have run the batteries and are above the forts. Yet we still hear the same incessant roar of the guns and the prompt answering from the fort indicates that we shall have solid work to do before our mission here is ended.

A change of base. Transferred from the deck of our ship to a light draft old river tow-boat with two days' rations and the ever present forty rounds of ammunition. We are taken in tow

of a gunboat and are out into the gulf and around the Eastern Passes, up the shore back of Fort St. Philip.

Six miles away across the marshy waste from our upper deck we can see plainly, with the aid of a field glass, the dark outlines of Fort Jackson and more plainly Fort St. Philip and the rebel flag flying from her flag staff. Our ship runs in towards the shore, which is only a sea of long marshy grass growing out of the mud and water, until we stick fast on the bottom. Here we lay during the night, and at early dawn all hands are up, coffee and hard tack for breakfast. Now business begins; the numerous surf boats which we had towed behind and had on board, are hauled to the side of the ship, filled with soldiers stripped for action, one day's rations and forty rounds in the boxes: thus twenty boats are loaded and shoved off. Through deep lagoons and bogs, and marshy places where the water is not deep enough to float boats, muskets and haversacks are deposited inside, and the men take to the water, pulling and shoving the boats over the bogs, through the grass and mud to deeper water, when all hands are in the boats again and shove along with pole and oar, and so the long miles are covered in our slow progress towards the main land.

The middle of the afternoon has long since passed and gone when hard ground is struck, muskets soon in hand, and the foremost, with a cheer, give notice that they are on land.

God's green earth is under our feet once again. Other boats are soon up, and lively the men spring ashore and swing into line, and we are on the levee of the Mississippi, above the forts, which are now cut off from all communication with the outer world.

The navy boats which have run the batteries and are now lying in the river above the fort have already destroyed the telegraph lines along the levee, and on our appearance we are welcomed with cheer after cheer in the old-fashioned way. They are now lying at anchor just off our landing place.

Immediately a couple of boats shoved off and bring us a bountiful supply of provision, hot coffee, soft bread, baked potatoes, and fresh meat, which said meat was found straying along the river bank, and fearing it might get lost, they took it in.

Thus after a long day of fasting, we spent a long evening in feasting, and in cleaning and drying our clothes, cleaning guns and making all things ready for a prospective day of activity on the morrow.

Picket lines were put out as usual and it is a late hour when the low hum of voices cease, and the long rows of upturned faces show that tired nature is being reinforced. No firing during the long hours of night, and we rested as peacefully and quietly under the watchful care of our tried pickets and guard line, as though under the skies of far off old Michigan.

At an early hour in the morning we are aroused by a detachment of our pickets from the western shore, who are bringing across the river, with the assistance of the navy boat, a detachment of Rebel troops, who during the night left Fort Jackson and came into our lines, saying there was no use, they had held out as long as they could. Many of their guns had been dismounted by the bombardment, their powder magazine had been blown up, and many of their case-mates fired and burned out. Seeing our troops had surrounded them, and the forts entirely cut off from the upper country, and expecting an assault in the morning, with no hope of a success for them, they had spiked the up-river guns and come over to the Lord's side. Our breakfast, with which the Navy again supplied us, we share with our new converts, then send them aboard the shipping to await developments, which are now close at hand. Having washed up and breakfast over, at sun rise, skirmishers are selected and advanced to positions and our faces turned with determination on Fort St. Philip. The part of our fleet above as agreed open their batteries on the fort, and our storming party are stripped for action and now take the front. As we advance not a shot is fired from

the fort in answer to the guns of our fleet, or upon the advancing lines, and we begin to dread the shock of their first opening. We are treated to a surprise. As all eyes are turned towards the fort, a dense volume of smoke and flame bursts into the air, a deafening report, which makes the very earth tremble under our feet, they have blown up their magazine, and as the smoke rises above the parapet of the fort, we see the rebel flag suddenly drop to the ground. They have hauled down the flag. The fort has surrendered. The gunboats stop firing and send off small boats loaded with officers, and men with the old flag. Our troops advance with a cheer over the intervening space of ground, across the parapet and into the fort.

Fort Jackson surrendered at sun rise, Fort St. Philip at ten o'clock, and at half past ten the Stars and Stripes are flying over both forts, and our sentinels posted on the walls. We find Fort Jackson has an armament of seventy-four guns in all, mostly of the old smooth bore pattern, but a few long range rifle guns of heavy power form a very effective water battery.

Fort St. Philip has fifty-two guns mounted and their long range rifle guns cover the river both up and down stream, and is altogether a very substantial and effective fortification. Upon examination we are more and more convinced that in her capitulation we are saved much desperate fighting, for an assault seemed the only thing left for us to do, and we had made all preparations to that end.

With the Union flag flying from the forts, all the shipping from below hauled up and anchored in the river off the landings. Troops are put off in boats and landed to occupy the fortifications and man the batteries. My own company is transferred to the gunboat Wissahickon, and we leave the forts behind and slowly steam along in the wake of the navy boats toward Crescent City.

During the night we are lying at anchor in the middle of the river, finding our beds on the soft side of the deck, resting our tired bones from the fatigue and excitement of the day. At day-

light we are slowly moving along up the river, the Rebels having full confidence in the strength of the forts, had expended all their energy in strengthening them and their out-lying batteries, fully believing that no force could capture them; therefore, no preparation has been made to check our advance above the forts or along the river bank, until near the city, where a few field guns are placed to check our approach, and they take wing at the first sight of our advancing fleet of gunboats, without firing a single shot.

As our foremost boats sight the old battlefield at English Bend—Chalmet Battery—where it is understood we may expect trouble, a puff of smoke is seen, then another and another, and a few shots come plunging amongst us. Our advance boats open fire, one by one, as they come around the bend of the river, in range, and the guns of the enemy are soon silenced, and without a halt we pass directly on up the river.

On turning a long bend in the river, we see before us the Crescent City. A dense sheet of black smoke hangs over the city, almost obscuring it from sight, and as we get nearer, we can see the vast sheets of flame and fire all along the river front. The work of destruction and desolation has been going on since the news of our capture of the forts. Thousands of bales of cotton and goods along the levee, piles on piles all along the seven miles of river front has been fired. Ships loaded with cotton lying in the river; steamboats, ferry-boats, almost by the hundred and are mostly burned to the water's edge, the hulks still smudging and smouldering. Scores of steamboat wood, piles of coal, the huge dry-dock, the ship yards, everything which might fall into the hands of the dreaded Yankee has been put to the torch, and millions in value are destroyed, wreathing the city with a thick dark smoke like a funeral pall.

About mid-day we steamed slowly along the seven miles of Crescent levee. Water street, now lined with a living mass of humanity, who view our coming, doubtless, with different emo-

tions, a very few silently welcome the old flag we are bringing to them. The masses look with sorrow and anger illy concealed, and we can hear their low mutterings of disappointment and rage. Now groans for Lincoln and cheers for Jeff Davis; a sudden hustling as a dozen men pounce on one poor darkey, who spoke for the Union flag.

All these scenes come brightly before me after these many years. History can tell, much better than I can hope to do, the situation there in those days. One scene is pictured vividly on my mind after these long years of peaceful life, and will remain with me until the end.

Our good boat moving slowly along the levee, which is packed with the multitude as close to the edge of the charred and smouldering wharf as they could get. Our guns all shotted and run into battery. Gunners at their posts ready for instant action. Amidships our heavy 11-inch Columbiad loaded with shell, in battery, as we slowly moved along, her muzzle passing almost in the faces of the people, sponge and rammer in hand stand the gunners, as if made of blocks of granite. The sergeant of the gun, a short grizzly old tar, with primer inserted and lanyard in hand, points at the old flag flying from the mast's head and pats the big gun even now almost hot from the bombardment of the forts. A pantomime speaking in actions plainer than can be expressed in words: Take whichever you choose—but one you must—the flag or destruction; and from these later years I look back on that scene and think those moments were the most eventful of the whole war. One misguided action; a single pistol shot from that infuriated crowd; even an accident at that time, and the horrors of Moscow would have grown pale beside the horrors that would have befallen the Crescent City.

Of our landing; our march along through the packed streets; our occupation of the United States Mint. The detail to bury our dead comrades, among them one of my own company, whom we had brought off the boat with us, and whom we gave a sol-

dier's burial in the street, just outside of the high iron fence which encloses the mint property. Of our first night of occupancy there, with a section of field battery at each of the four corners. Guns covering each street, our pickets stationed a short distance down each street approaching the mint and the entire regiment under arms. Of our weeks there and our first mail from home. Dear old home—bearing dates of two months before and the latest war news from the north with its uncertainties and doubts, I pass over all these, and a week later finds us again on the wing, ourselves and our little belongings.

Now we are on board the large old river steam boat, Lawrell Hill, clumsy old craft as compared with the trim built sea-going ship we have heretofore honored with our patronage. We are bound for up-stream, wherever that means we do not know, and but few of us care, only that to be headed up stream is north, as the boys say, towards God's country. At an early hour we get off convoyed by several gunboats and line of battle ships. How well we remember them all; the Hartford with Farragut, the old commodore, in command of the fleet; the Brooklyn, the Richmond, the Kineo and our old friend Wissahickon, with half a dozen other gunboats and two other river steamers with troops and supplies on board. Thus we bid the Crescent City and our comrades, the balance of the brigade, good-bye. Soon, turning the point of the river above and even the tall chimneys and spires have faded from view; we are as glad to leave them behind, as we were to welcome them to our vision so short a time before.

In passing up the river we find that with the fall of New Orleans, the villages and towns are ablaze with the patriotism of defiance. Guerrilla bands are formed and line the shore on both sides of the river, firing into all passing boats that have the Stars and Stripes flying. After a short experience with the advance of our navy boats, they have enough of it and remain quietly out of sight behind the levee, and hid in the dense growth of weeds and underbrush until the navy boats have passed by, when they

again show themselves and are ready to bombard every transport or passenger boat that passes. Thus our journey proceeds slowly along, convoyed by the gunboats from daylight to dark. Towards night we lay up, the gunboats at anchor in mid-channel and our transports run alongside the shore and tie up to a tree, shove out a gang-plank and our pickets are put out from a mile below to a mile above and around the approach to our steamer. The cooks go ashore and cooking progresses as regularly as clock work; many of the men go ashore and with sheltered tents for a cover, try hard to enjoy the company of the numerous varieties of bugs and mosquitoes who seem to be at home along the shore, and on the lookout for company.

Our reserve guard for the picket line usually selects some elevated place or clear ground and enjoy their snooze under the mossy old oaks and magnolia trees of this southern land, unless their slumbers chance to be disturbed by a few shots exchanged along the picket lines.

Halting at the little cities and villages along the route, a patrol is put ashore while the officer of the day calls upon the officials, but few of them express Union sentiments. Yet no resistance is made to our putting up the Union flag. They say if you want it up, you must put it up, we have no force to hinder you. Our force is with Van Dorn and we can't help ourselves. So we put the Stars and Stripes upon the public buildings or on the flag staffs where there were any in the public parks and places. At many places we could not find such a thing as an American flag and we supplied the deficiency from the ample stores of the navy. Thus day by day we passed on up stream; some of the bright moonlight nights the lightest draft of the gunboats would continue onward part or all the night, but such progress was necessarily slow, as sounding had to be continuously made in order to keep the channel of the old muddy river, and our deep draft boats and their navigators are new to such inland navigation. Thus onward we slowly progress until, rounding the bend of the river, the bluffs of Vicksburg with her frowning batteries are in sight.

The advance of our fleet lay at anchor in mid-channel about three miles down stream from the lowest battery. Our transports are soon hauled alongside of the levee and on the west bank about half a mile lower down and just out of range of the batteries. Camp guard and picket are at once put out and our first night before Vicksburg is peacefully and quietly passed. A day or two and others of the gunboats arrive towing some of the mortar fleet; one by one they report and drop anchor along the western shore.

A week passes and we are only waiting for troops which were promised—but never come. Meanwhile, as summer is advancing, the water in the river is fast lowering; already one of the deep draft boats has found the bottom and has to be towed out into deeper water in mid-channel. It is quite certain that whatever is done here, must be done at once. A consultation of the commanding officers is held on the flag ship, and an attack upon the city is agreed upon.

A flag of truce is dispatched to the commanding officer at Vicksburg demanding the surrender within twelve hours, or in the event of a refusal a suggestion is made to remove the women and children as an attack would be made. The reply is come,—if you want Vicksburg, come and take her.

During the night our picket lines on duty on the western bank of the river are attacked by a light force of the enemy. The right wing of our regiment, who are on shore as a reserve, immediately rally to the front on the picket line, and go into action. A sharp but short skirmish routs the enemy, who leave the ground, taking their few wounded. Their dead are gathered in by our forces with our own, and at the same time buried with ours early the next morning under the old mossy oaks which line the river banks, and the three volleys which are fired over their last resting place, that bright May morning, heralded many and many weeks of bloody strife, which was to be enacted so soon in the future around the bluffs of Vicksburg.

May 19, 1862. This is the day decided upon to make an attack; reveille at three o'clock—just at dawn of day a hasty breakfast from yesterday's cooked rations and a tin cup of hot coffee. Details are made and all the small boats in the fleet are ready and alongside of our steamer; hardly enough boat room, but a hundred men are crowded into them and with canteens filled and haversacks packed with two days' rations and the ever-present forty rounds inspected, they are off with muskets in hand for the sacred soil of Vicksburg.

Landing is made about three miles below the city and the boats at once returned for another load of troops. Pickets are put out and at once advance through the little hamlet of Warren-ton and are soon out of sight in the dense woods beyond.

A shot or two, and now a full volley, then the rattle of musketry along the entire line, proved the enemy are in full force in the woods in front of our pickets. The fleet can not open fire, as our own men deployed through the woods would be in as much danger as the enemy; therefore, can only await the result of the skirmish. We are not long in suspense, for our entire advance is forced back out of the woods by the enemy, who have a force ten times larger than our own. Our skirmishers now take cover under the levee and the gunboats open fire on the woods with shell, doubtless with very little effect, for the Rebels can disperse through the underbrush and in the ravines which cover the country around Vicksburg, and thus they are comparatively out of danger from the guns of the fleet.

The small boats are sent off with orders to bring us on board again, and by midday we are once more on the transports. Our loss in this engagement is light, owing, in part, to the armament of the enemy—mostly shotguns. It is, however, demonstrated that with our handful of men, scarcely three hundred for duty, and nearly twice that number on the sick list to care for, that we cannot expect to successfully cope with the large force of the enemy, and even if we could meet with success in our attack,

assisted as we would be by the fleet, the army must furnish the force of occupation and we cannot occupy, even if we silence their batteries. As the summer advances the weather is getting warmer and our sick rolls are growing frightfully longer; daily we are burying our comrades, and the little head boards are getting thicker and rows of graves growing longer under the old oak trees along the western shore.

Another general consultation among the officers. The commodore insists that the large ships must be gotten down, or they will be stranded in the river, as the water is fast falling, and they must at once start for New Orleans. The order is issued and on the morning of May 26th, our transports steam up, haul away from the shore, and we take our departure for down stream. The gunboats having left their anchorage and preceded up, they leaving at daylight, the Richmond and the flagship Hartford leaving at the same time with us, but being faster, they soon leave us behind. The Brooklyn, being the last one of the fleet left to bring up the rear, and with orders to keep behind us during the passage down, we turn the long bend in the river and the bluffs of Vicksburg are lost to sight. Of course no one knows what may be our destination or fortunes for the future. A dispatch boat was forwarded a week ago, when it became evident that our force was far too light to cope with the fortifications of Vicksburg. Daily we are expecting orders to meet us from General Butler, which will then determine our immediate action.

Slowly we steam along the shore, keeping a sharp lookout for wood; our fuel is getting low, and we have to get our supplies along the shore at the different towns, all of which usually supply the river steamboats.

Grand Gulf; this town we called at on our way up, and the officials put up the Union Flag on their town hall and professed strong Union feeling. The gunboats are far in advance of us and are doubtless supposed to constitute the whole upper fleet; one of our transports being a faster traveler is with them, and ours, the

steamboat Lawrell Hill, being short of wood, slow up as we near the little village and head in for the boat landing. We are nearing the shore and almost abreast of the landing and headed in towards it, when a masked battery of six guns opens fire upon us from the levee in the main street, and at this short range the shot and shell comes plunging through the frail old steamer in all directions. Our steam boilers are disabled, and the sound of escaping steam, the shrieking of shell, with the crashing and tearing through the woodwork of our old boat and the rushing of men here and there, all form a picture long to be remembered. Our boat can only drift down with the current, which now we find is altogether too slow, but gradually we are drifted out of range around the bend of the river below the village. Just here we meet a couple of the gunboats returning up the river; they have heard the firing and returned to see the cause.

A towline is put off to us and made fast, and we are again headed up stream rounding the bend of the river and coming in sight of the village again. Here we meet the Brooklyn, our rear guard; having heard the firing she steams along, and is now coming in sight from above.

Having communicated by signal to the gunboats the fact of our being bombarded from the village, and also the fact that we desired to land under cover of the guns of the fleet and if possible capture the battery and troops supporting it.

As we sight the village on our return, we see white flags being hung out from many of the houses, and now one is run up from the flag staff on the town hall. One hour ago and all was different. Then, they were firing into us from their battery and we could hear their loud cheering. Now, peace is suggested by the white flags displayed and silence prevails. Being on duty as officer-of-the-day, I stood by the general when Captain Craven, senior officer of the fleet with us, boarded our transport and with astonishment looked at the condition of things which surrounded us, being literally riddled with shot as we were. Wounded men

gathered on the cabin floor and the dead on the deck below. "This is awful, General Williams! What would you advise?" The response came, "I would shell the town until the Stars and Stripes appeared on every white rag now flying over it." "Then open your batteries and I will land the troops." The signal, drop anchor, was made and the order, clear the deck for action, and as the captain regained the deck of his own ship, the signal to commence firing was made, and shots from his 11-inch battery of shell guns went plunging into the doomed town. Women, children, men and animals, all through the streets, were seen hurrying to the hills back of the city, carrying bundles, bales and baggage of all sorts; all rushing for the hills. Shot and shell went plunging and tearing through the town from the thirty guns of our fleet. Our old boat was hauled alongside the levee, and a detail of skirmishers was landed to look for the Rebel battery which fired upon us. It was my fortune to take command of these troops, and as we landed and proceeded from the levee into the town the gunboats ceased firing.

I hope never to see another such scene of desolation, destruction and death as was spread before me. In one place, a house in which a shell had struck and burst was completely shattered. Here a dozen of houses in line, all crushed into kindlings by a single shell; a large brick block crumbled to a heap of debris and ruins, and so all over the little village.

I will not mention the scenes of death before us on that occasion, only say a fearful retribution came upon that little city for their action towards an unarmed and helpless transport that sunny May morning. We found nothing of the battery which had fired upon us from the street. We learned that at the first sight of our returning they had limbered up and taken themselves back into the country. Although our skirmishers patrolled the fields for several miles, we could only learn they were far ahead of us and beyond any possibility of our overtaking them; so we established our picket line over the hills and listened to the noise of our troops

all through the dark hours of night, sacking and destroying what remained of the village of Grand Gulf, and when the signal gun was fired to call us in, as we returned through the streets at daylight little could be seen to convey intelligence that a prosperous little village had so recently and defiantly made an assault upon a defenceless transport.

At an early hour we were all on board of our boat, which had been somewhat repaired during the night, and again we head for down stream. Thus we pass on during each day, and at night as usual tie up along the shore until daylight comes. One of the gunboats is now constantly in sight, so we meet with no further trouble. Arriving at Baton Rouge, we overtake the entire fleet, and orders are there for us to disembark and until further orders make ourselves at home. We are soon ashore, our little remnant of baggage snugly stowed away, and we begin housekeeping in the old United States Barracks, which for a brief time is our home, and is the first comfortable quarters we have had since we set foot upon southern soil.

Thus ended in failure one of the best planned and most important campaigns of the war—failure for want of troops.

REMINISCENCES.

BY HENRY R. MIZNER,
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL 20TH U. S. INFANTRY, BREVET BRIG.-GEN. U. S. V.

(Read January 2, 1895.)

At the last stated meeting of the Commandery, I was requested to read a paper before you this evening, and in response to that invitation I am here to discharge the duty assigned me. Participants in the struggle for the suppression of the rebellion, and the preservation of the Union, will remember the difficulty with which military organizations and military instructions were sustained, prior to the year 1861, the expense falling mainly upon the individual members, for rent, bands, etc., etc. Nearly fifty years of undisturbed peace, with the exception of the decisive conflict in adjacent Mexico, had lulled the people into a sense of blissful security, insomuch that military parades were regarded with derision and pronounced an unnecessary and useless interference with business pursuits.

My first experience was with the Grayson Guards, from 1849 to 1852, under Captain John B. Grayson of the regular army, the armory being at one time in the yellow brick seminary building, where now stands the City Hall, the city then containing about 21,000 inhabitants. It seems magical "en passant," in noting the transition from periods in my boyhood, prior to the introduction of coal for fuel, of gas, of kerosene, of stone-flagging walks, of paved streets; carriages were almost unknown, and ladies attended church and discharged their social obligations in the primitive cart spread with straw or hay, beneath buffalo robes, with carpet covered ottomans for seats; when upon the east the city extended but little beyond Orleans street, with the toll-gate near the present Joseph Campau avenue; the reservoir or water

works being near the foot of Orleans street, there being no wharfage upon the river above that point; when "Bloody Run," the scene of Pontiac's bloody battle, flowed undisturbed across Jefferson avenue near the present Michigan Stove Works, and emptied into the river opposite "Hog Island," where hogs were once turned loose to destroy the rattlesnakes; where the only steam sawmill in the city was conducted by Buckminster Wight at the foot of St. Antoine street, assisted by Nicholas Greusel, who made a grand record in command of a brigade during the war of the rebellion; when the illumination of the city upon the admission of Michigan into the Union, was accomplished mainly by the use of tallow candles, in three-cornered tin sockets, inserted into the window sashes; when a three-story structure was hardly known; when upon the northeast corner of Jefferson and Beaubien stood the home of the parents of an eminent jurist, the lamented Chief Justice James V. Campbell; when in the so-called Patriot rebellion, the barracks in Canada opposite Hastings street, were burned by that party, and John Harmon, through the instrumentality of my father, secured employment with the Baggs, conducting the Detroit Free Press, at the southwest corner of Congress and Woodward, subsequently becoming one of the proprietors of that enterprising journal; when on the night of January 1st, 1842, the square now known as the Phoenix Block was destroyed by fire, consuming a somewhat pretentious hotel known as the "New York and Ohio House," on west side of Woodward avenue; when, on the 9th of May, 1848, flames swept the space from the Chester and Stringham warehouse, near the foot of Bates street, to the corner of Jefferson and Brush, destroying in its path the Steam Boat Hotel at the northwest corner of Woodbridge and Randolph, the American Hotel, where now stands the Biddle House, the residence of E. A. Brush, and the dry goods establishment of Fortier & Berthelet, where now stands the water works department, presided over by that genial soldier and efficient secretary, Commander of Detroit Post;

where a few doors below Fortier & Berthelet's, stood the residences of Barnabas Campau and the lamented Judge Henry Chipman; when the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches were located upon the east side of Woodward avenue, between Larned and Congress, and Louis Davenport, conducting the ferry, making half hour trips, lived directly opposite; when M. W. Birchard lived upon the southeast corner of Woodward and Congress, Dr. Hurd on the northwest corner and the Methodist church stood upon the northeast corner; when business was largely conducted upon Jefferson, before Woodward became our Broadway, and before Griswold became our Wall street; when at nine years of age I lived at the southwest corner of Grand River and Woodward, and the toll-gate near the present Adams avenue controlled the corduroy road, there being no houses beyond; when the Bank of Michigan occupied the building at the southwest corner of Griswold and Jefferson; when DeGarmo Jones, Dr. J. L. Whiting, B. B. Kercheval, John Mullett, John S. Abbott, H. T. Backus, and Governor Woodbridge lived on the river road between Third street and May's Creek, then the western boundary of the city, and where now the track of the Michigan Central is found as it curves from the river to the west; when we drove upon the ice along the river shore from Third street to the Rouge; when the depot of the Pontiac railway was in rear of Andrews' Railroad Hotel, where now stands the Detroit Opera House; when the depot of the State railway, extending to Ann Arbor, was located where now stands the City Hall, the rail being of flat or strap iron, and fastened by spikes, and after much use would sometimes bend up at the ends, so that the end being struck by the wheel would form what was termed "a snake-head," and be forced up through the bottom of the car, in the most penetrating manner, to the intense consternation of all present. To-day this beautiful "City of the Straits" has an energetic population of 250,000; thoroughly paved streets, attractive parks, a grand boulevard, massive structures, palatial residences and

electricity, furnishing light, heat and rapid transit, annihilating space.

In 1850 an arrest under the Fugitive Slave Act resulted in calling out troops from the barracks, at the corner of Russell and Gratiot; the Scott Guards, the City Guards and the Grayson Guards, for the preservation of the peace, the arrest being openly denounced by the late Senator Chandler, the late Alanson Sheley, and that grand citizen the Hon. James F. Joy, still spared to celebrate his eighty-fifth anniversary, in mighty intellectual vigor. The Fugitive Slave Act was but a prelude to the aggressive spirit of the institution of slavery in the attempt to secede from the Union and establish a Southern Confederacy, submitting the issue to the arbitrament of the sword. The arch traitor John B. Floyd, as Secretary of War, occupying a position of trust and emolument, having scattered our small regular army to the far west, and transferred all valuable munitions of war from northern to southern arsenals, proclaimed in post prandial exuberance, in the city of Richmond, that he had performed his part in the then approaching treasonable program.

In November, 1855, the "Detroit Light Guard" was organized, of which I was an original member. It was thoroughly instructed in company, battalion and skirmish drill by the bugle, and when the grand army of volunteers sprang to arms to avenge the indignity to our National colors at Fort Sumter, the Light Guard was found ready, every member being competent to drill recruits and fit them for active service, the company ultimately furnishing upwards of fifty officers for the war. Having early in 1861 received a commission as captain in the regular army, I was placed on duty in the City of Detroit, mustering into service some 10,000 of Michigan's brave volunteers, whose record for patriotism and valor is unsurpassed in the war history of our country, among them our Commander, who so gracefully presides over our deliberations. With my regiment in the regular army I went to the field, participating in the battles of Perryville

and Murfreesboro, or Stone River, the latter being one of the most sanguinary of the war, my regiment losing nearly fifty per cent of the number engaged, these battles occurring on open ground, prior to the universal adoption of the trench and head log. In September, 1862, as an old Detroiter, I was the guest for several days of General Grant, at Corinth, the general manifesting much attachment for Detroit, as a former home, making kind inquiries for his old friends, the Bradys, Trowbridges, Strong's, et al., showing me through the freshly constructed earthworks, and remarking that the way to take Richmond was from the south of the James. The next month came the victory under General Grant at Corinth, at which fell a gallant spirit, the colonel of the 43d Ohio, Lieutenant J. L. Kirby Smith, well remembered here when attached to the Lake Survey, of the Engineer Corps, an elite corps that has given us that immortal name, Orlando Metcalf Poe. Where now stands the palatial mansion of our munificent townsman, the Hon. James McMillan, upon the corner of Jefferson and Russell, there lived in 1849 and 1850, the silent man, Lieutenant U. S. Grant, 4th United States Infantry. In 1851 he went to California, and in 1854 resigned from the army, taking up his abode on a farm near St. Louis. When the clouds of rebellion burst upon the country, his star appeared at Belmont, upon the Mississippi, increasing in brilliancy at Fort Henry, Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, and through the Wilderness, until it culminated in splendor at Appomattox; twice President of the United States, the reward of a grateful people; making the tour of the world, the recipient of ovations such as never had been accorded to man, and arriving upon the golden shores of the Pacific; he was greeted with the wildest demonstrations of gratitude in banquet at the Palace Hotel; Frank M. Pixley, formerly of Detroit, being a conspicuous factor in the reception. Those who have never visited the golden city, can form no conception of the regal splendor of such scenes, with the menu engraved upon silver

tablets to be preserved by each guest as souvenirs of the occasion. The communistic element being rampant at the time, one Dennis Kearney had given out that he would hang General Grant in effigy upon the sand lots. In San Francisco there are many who have worn the gray who cherish the recollection of the magnanimity of General Grant at Appomattox, and they immediately assembled in council with those who had worn the blue, and by resolution declared that they would march armed and equipped to the point designated for the indignity; that there they would fire a national salute in honor of General Grant, and if Dennis Kearney or his associates appeared upon the scene they would blow them from the face of the earth. In February, 1863, through the courtesy of Michigan's grand War Governor, the late Austin Blair, I assumed command as colonel of the Fourteenth Michigan Infantry, at Nashville. Shortly after occupying the line from Franklin to Columbia, Tennessee, being furnished with cavalry equipments and revolvers, and authorized by General Gordon Granger to mount my regiment, I seized some 700 horses, capturing in about five months as many prisoners as my regiment numbered, supplying my command with forage from the country, and receiving the following expressions of commendation from the headquarters of Major-General Rousseau:

Nashville, Tennessee, October 11th, 1863.

The General is in receipt of your telegram with reference to the capture of Perkins. He is highly gratified with the energy and efficiency displayed by your command. Accounts from all quarters extol the 14th for its superior discipline and soldierly and gallant conduct. He directs that you send a brief resume of your operations since your arrival at Columbia to the capture of Perkins, and a detailed account of the conduct of Campbell and Sayers. They will be mentioned and your command complimented in General Orders from these Headquarters.

(Signed) THOMAS C. WILLIAMS,
Captain 19th U. S. Inf., A. A. A. G.

and the following:

(General Orders No. 38.)
Headquarters U. S. Forces,

Nashville, Tennessee, Nov. 8th, 1863.

The General commanding compliments the officers and men of the 14th Regiment Michigan Volunteers.

The late brilliant scouts through Lawrence, Giles, and Maury have done credit to our arms, and taught the people of that section that our flag is carried by men who mean that it shall be respected.

The General commanding feels assured that every portion of this command will emulate the energy, zeal, and gallantry of this regiment.

By order of Brig.-Gen. R. S. Granger.

(Signed) W. NEVIN,
Captain and A. A. G.

At Franklin, in July, 1863, in the town hall, I secured the first Union meeting held in the south, addressed by Parson Brownlow, Governor Andrew Johnson, afterwards President, and Judge Maynard, of Nashville. At Columbia, in January, 1864, in the town hall, I secured a second Union meeting, addressed by Judge Frierson, Judge Hughes and myself. In 1864 a grand program was to be carried out by General Grant and General Sherman, the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the West to move simultaneously to prevent the enemy from transferring forces by their short interior lines, and while I have always conceded to the 16th and 24th Michigan a prominent part in putting down the rebellion, co-operative service was rendered by Michigan regiments in the west. On the 5th of May, General Grant crossed the Rapidan, and soon followed the sanguinary engagement in the "bloody angle" at Spottsylvania, which for patriotic valor was unsurpassed, if equaled by any record in ancient or modern times. The campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta, 138 miles, was known as the 100 days' battle, for the army was continually under fire from May until September, a series of flank movements forcing the enemy from impregnable positions. I commanded the 14th Michigan and accompanied General Sherman. Rocky Faced Ridge, which could not have been carried by ten times the number holding it, was secured by a flank movement. An assault upon Kenesaw Mountain, June 27th, cost our army 2,000 men, in killed and wounded, in about thirty minutes. Soon the scene changed, Jeff Davis relieving General Joseph E. Johnston, one of his most able generals, and placing General J. B. Hood in command, who

at Peach Tree Creek, July 20th, rushed upon our army, suffering a loss of 6,000. July 22d our advance cavalry brought word that Atlanta had been abandoned. All was joy and exhilaration that hardship was at an end, and the objective point gained. The very air was full of inspiration in the sublimity of victory.

With brigade bands at the head of the brigades, we moved forward to occupy the city in triumph, the Army of the Tennessee having the advance. Soon the boom of artillery fell upon our ears, quickly followed by the roll of musketry, and we knew that a ruse had been practiced. Our army being enroute had been struck at a disadvantage, but soon passed into line of battle, only to be struck in flank by a second corps. During hurried movements, at a gap in our lines, the accomplished and brave McPherson fell. It was a desperate and sad day and cost the Confederate Army 10,000 men. Then taking to the trench, head log, and earthworks, our army settled down in front of Atlanta, which was heavily fortified, its works being capped with Cheveaux de frise, with strong lines of abatis, all being secure against attack in front. July 27th and 28th General Hood made repeated furious assaults upon our entrenched position and was handsomely repulsed with a loss of about 9,000, having lost to the Confederate army from the 20th to the 28th of July inclusive, about 25,000 men. Those who have witnessed a rebel charge, with the spirited yell, will never forget it. As Atlanta could not be taken at the front, it was decided to take it by the flank. All but the southern tributary, the Macon railway, having been destroyed, late in the month of August, the 20th Corps under that grand soldier, the lamented Major General Alpheus S. Williams, was drawn to the rear, and placed in position, in the form of a crescent—entrenched on the south side of, and with flanks resting on the Chattahoochee river, to protect our line of communication. Our army then crumbled away from the left to the right and rear. The enemy, confused by this movement, sent a corps up the road, only to be severely punished by the 20th Corps

at the Chattahoochee. General Hood telegraphed to Richmond, "The siege is raised, the Yankee army in full retreat; I shall pursue and destroy them." The bands in Atlanta in jubilation, were distinctly heard within our lines. Imagine his consternation, upon discovering our army in possession of the Macon railway, his only remaining tributary, the struggle for which, at the battle of Jonesboro, twenty miles to the rear, and south of Atlanta, September 1st, resulted in the 14th Corps, under the lamented Major General Jefferson C. Davis, charging the enemy's works and driving them from the field. In this charge, the 14th Michigan, loaded and with fixed bayonets, at the right shoulder, moved in double time, passing other regiments, and dashing upon the enemy's works, using the bayonet, seized Swett's battery of four twelve-pounder Napoleon guns, enfiladed and secured a second similar battery, in a curve in the works, reversing the guns upon the enemy and capturing General D. C. Govan, his adjutant general, Captain Williams, Major Meaks of the 2nd Arkansas, and the battle flag of the 1st Arkansas, bearing battle marks from Manassas up to that date, and about 300 enlisted men; my loss being less than 30 men, while other regiments advancing less rapidly, lost upward of 100. The enemy burned their supplies and munitions of war, passing out to the east and south, and Atlanta was ours. In a communication to the Secretary of War, General Davis stated as follows:

"Colonel Mizner and regiment joined my command early in the campaign against Atlanta, and served with distinction to its close. This regiment was one of the best in the corps under my command, and upon every occasion where the enemy was met, invariably signalized its courage and discipline. In the assault of the corps upon the enemy's works at Jonesboro, which resulted in the fall of Atlanta, the colors of this regiment were among the first carried over the works."

General Govan, being asked the next morning to name the regiment first piercing his line, stated as follows:

"This is the first time our line was ever broken. The 14th Michigan was the first to enter my works. They came so quickly and with so little noise, that I did not know they were coming until they were right on me, and when they entered my works, there were no troops within seventy-five yards of me. My lines being broken, I surrendered my brigade, of Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, with a sword bearing the name of Major Sidney Coolidge, 16th United States Infantry, that I obtained at the battle of Chickamauga in September, 1863."

You will observe from the foregoing, the value of entrenched lines, and grand tactics, in flank movements. You are familiar with the grand march from Atlanta to the sea with the invincible Sherman; the fall of Savannah, and the flank movement upon Charleston, which fell without the firing of a shot. With General Grant in front of the Army of Virginia, and General Sherman coming up in rear, the rebellion was strangled.

How many gallant sons of the National Guard reaped the laurel, and participated in the final triumphal review at the National Capital, I cannot say. Their name is legion. It is known that the 7th Regiment, New York, furnished upward of 600 officers for the war, and that aside from the regular army, nine-tenths of the officers were furnished by similar organizations. To-day the National Guard is the bulwark of the "Republic," invincible among the nations of the earth. I refer with pride to the grand old "Light Guard," the dashing Light Infantry, the soldierly 4th Regiment, the chivalrous Naval Reserve, and that Spartan soldier, who graces the office of Adjutant General of our beautiful Peninsular State. Proud names crowd upon the scroll of fame; among them a beloved Past Commander, General Russell A. Alger, whose princely munificence has won the public heart, and the choicest blessings from grateful recipients, struggling with poverty in the severity of winter. To-day our National colors wave from the staff of every school house in the land under our blessed educational system; the recipient

each morning of peans of joyful homage from the rising generation, and as each succeeding day the rising sun shall gild the eastern horizon until the setting of the same, "Old Glory" will receive the enthusiastic salutations of a brave, loyal, and free people, to the latest period of time. And should portentous clouds now appearing in the east finally disclose assault from a foreign foe, the former followers of the "Lost Cause" will hail with enthusiastic satisfaction the opportunity of signalizing their devotion to our reunited country, by joining with their northern brethren in rallying around the flag, with the old war yell, in the defense of our national honor.

ONLY A BUTTON.

BY CHARLES E. FOOTE,
1st LIEUT. 22d MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

(Read Feb. 6, 1895)

A man, grizzled and gray, sat musing. In his hand he held an old-time photograph, the likeness of a youth scarce twenty years of age, standing with sword in scabbard thrown gracefully across his arm, clad in the uniform of an officer of the United States Infantry; a youth, proud, erect, every inch a soldier. As the man mused he looked upon the picture, and his thoughts went back through the misty years to the days from '61 to '65. That youth had then followed the flag of his country; he had seen it go down in fire and smoke of battle, bathed in the blood of its defenders, and as often gallantly raised again. He, himself, had gone down in its defense, had lain upon the field amidst others, some dead, some sorely wounded, where swift messengers of death sped thickly and the storm of battle raged and surged. From that field he had been carried to weary days, weeks and months in the hospital. As the man, grizzled and gray, sat musing, his eyes lifted to a mirror opposite, and he wondered if it were possible that the face that he saw in the mirror could ever have been like the one represented in the picture he held, and if it were possible that he and that boy were the same; his eyes moistened as he thought of those far-away days and their peril.

What the result, and what to show for all those days of peril? Only a Grand Army of the Republic button! And what of this button? It stands for beardless boys, the remnants of whom are now heavy-bearded and gray, who with youth's fondness for excitement of life, looking forward to the adventures of a soldier, filled with mingled patriotism and high anticipations of honor, with tears left weeping mothers and happy homes to stand bravely

up in the swirl of battle, to rush in with the foremost in wild charge, to receive the shock of battle as bravely as the bravest. These boys met death with bold front and unflinching nerve. They consecrated the nation's flag with the sweetest, bravest blood in all the land, dying, that from its bright folds no star should go out, that no dishonor should stain the glory of its history.

It stands for years of young manhood given to a country's service, given at the seed-time of life, when aspirations ran high, when through the rosy dawn of that young manhood were seen the great possibilities of life, the honor, the wealth, the power that high and noble ambition hoped to reach, all surrendered that "Government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

It stands for voluntary sacrifice made by fond husbands and loving fathers, who with last embrace drove back the tears, tore themselves from weeping wives and clinging children, abandoned the loving duty of home for the greater duty, obedience to a nation's call in distress. Stands for wives and children surrendered to the care of others that the nation might live. Stands for business ambition suppressed. Stands for merchants who left their counters, bankers who shot back the bolts of their vaults and gave their business interests into other hands, lawyers who surrendered their clients, all to cement by blood and sacrifice the unity of the nation. It stands for sacrifice made by men from every avocation of life; by men of low and men of high degree; by men whose financial interests were small; for voluntary surrender of what man holds most dear, homes, wives, sweethearts, sisters, brothers, fathers, dear and weeping mothers. Ambition and hope of success in the chosen business of life, surrendered that every star should remain in the constellation of the nation. Stands for sons who in bitter tears left fathers and mothers whose last support they were, that "Old Glory" should waive undimmed throughout this broad land. Stands for years of anxiety, years of tears and prayers at every fireside in the land, for orphaned children, for

wives made widows, and homes made desolate, that posterity should enjoy a free and united country.

Stands for forced marches by day and night, marches through sunshine and marches through rain; the tramp, tramp of long and weary columns through the heat of Southern sun, and through the cold of Southern sleet and storm. Stands for the hasty encampment at night in fair weather and in foul, with shelter and without; the startling Long Roll of the drum at midnight, the stirring strains of the bugle calling to arms. Stands for long lines of battle held in reserve, waiting the dread uncertainty, while men came slowly and painfully back out of the smoke of battle wounded and exhausted, painful reminders of what awaited a forward movement. Stands for the anxious watch and strain of the picket line, for visible and invisible dangers of the skirmish, the ting of the rifle ball as it sails overhead, its short, sharp z-i-p, as the enemy's firing becomes more accurate, the thud, as a comrade by one's side is struck and sinks down, silently passing to the great unknown; the shriek of shot and shell. Stands for the times when every man felt that the supreme hour had come, when the belt was tightened, when a glance down the line showed the tension and strain resting on every man, when a look from face to face showed a whiteness about the mouth, drawn and firm-set lips, revealed a glance from eye to eye that encouraged each to duty. Stands for the sharp command that sent men into the mouth of hell, sacrifice to a nation's honor.

Stands for the shock of battle where death, clothed in lurid flame and thick smoke, stalked forth in grim and awful victory, amidst the roar of carnage, the shouts of victory, the cries of defeat, where the living pressed on over the fallen dead, heedless of hurtling shot and shell, where the blood of Northern and Southern mingled and they each gave up life in the cause for which they struggled; where in that wild havoc of battle that in its awful rage drove demons of the air in fear away, the hope of fathers, the support of wives and children, laid the greatest gift

man has upon the altar of his country; from whence souls of brave men took flight to meet the reward of sacrifice, went out to hear the judgment of the Creator upon his creatures, who through suffering surrendered life that the living might have more abundant life and a more glorious freedom. Stands for all this havoc upon havoc of battle, and more; stands for the suffering of grievously wounded upon the battlefield, in the silent watches of the night, with no kind hand to soothe, with none of the loved and now forever lost to comfort, who upon that Southern soil, underneath the cold light of the moon, or underneath the pitiless rain in agony of soul, with unquenched thirst and scorching wounds, poured out their lives in the cause of freedom for mankind.

Stands for long and weary days of suffering in field and in hospital from wounds and final death, for maimed and broken bodies, health broken from exposure of camp, battlefield and march, lives through suffering and sacrifice rendered of little value in the struggle for existence, to finally succumb in what should have been the full strength of manhood; these sacred lives gone out daily along the nation's pathway, continual reminders of man's sacrifice for his country.

Stands for that awful nightmare, the life of prisoners of war incarcerated in rebel prisons, constructed for the cruel and brutal safe-keeping of men captured in battle while defending their flag. Men who by rules of war were entitled to honorable usuaige. Stands for that living prison death, made such by skulking cowards who dare not face an armed foe, who were given the power they held by still greater cowards, the chosen representatives of that fraud of frauds, Southern chivalry of that date, whose sense of honor and bravery were satisfied in starving prisoners and heaping indignities upon men whom the fortune of war had placed in their power.

Stands for such a degree of horror in rebel prisons that is past the power of words to describe, that, to the terror of which the most vivid scenes in Dante's Inferno can do no justice. Stands

for thousands upon thousands whose souls went out in misery from these prison pens; for thousands upon thousands who dragged out years of suffering to end in death, and still other thousands who are now living broken and painful lives caused by needless cruelties.

Stands for Appomattox, where notwithstanding all these cruelties the most liberal and gracious terms ever granted to traitors were given, almost without the asking, as became a great and noble conqueror, and black treason was let go without further punishment, to purify itself in the ashes and destruction that it brought upon its own hearthstones.

It stands for a nation redeemed, a nation respected and feared by all the earth, which, except for the wearers of this button, had been torn asunder, despised and disgraced among nations.

Stands for more than thirty years of national progress heretofore unknown in the history of the world. Stands for a great nation endowed with such measure of freedom and equality among men as no other ever possessed; a nation demanding for its preservation a pure and high order of patriotism among all of the people. Stands for all the probabilities and possibilities of the future that self-government makes for the good of man.

Stands for four millions of slaves made free, millions of men given the right to own the products of their labor, millions of women given the power to dispose of their own persons. These millions given the right to select husbands and wives, and to call them their very own, given the right to provide for, protect and care for their children, without fear of the auction block and the slave-driver's lash. By the power of wearers of this button, the nation, granting freedom to all men who had a strain of negro blood in their veins, was made free indeed.

By its wearers it has again been proven that this people is capable of self-government, and that within all the borders of the land, Justice, Right and Humanity must in the main prevail.

This button stands for a great and conquering army, flushed

with victory, an army inured by years of training and battle to all the arts of war, an army that knew and felt its awful and conquering power; an army of citizen soldiery showing its still larger measure of greatness—more than by its victories—in disbanding without disorder and quietly melting away among the people, grasping upon all the industries and arts of peace as though war had never been its profession. This disbanding, this melting away among the people, this quiet and modest assumption of peaceful pursuits by more than one million of victorious warriors, contrary to the predictions of all Europe, was a surprise to the nations of the earth and furnished to the world additional evidence of the great ability that lies in man for self-government.

And the man, grizzled and gray, said, "Yes, the button of the Grand Army of the Republic stands for much. Stands for the glory and power of a great people, brought triumphantly through much tribulation to go before all the earth in the way that leads to the complete emancipation of mankind."

And the result is worth the great cost.

SOME OF THE WRONGS OF CUBA.

BY ZIBA B. GRAHAM,
FIRST LIEUT. 16TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

(Read Nov. 6, 1896.)

It has been a great desire of mine, in view of the rise of the Cubans against the Spanish Government, since last February, to give to my friends some of the reasons why all lovers of liberty and good government should extend heart and hands, as well as more substantial aid, to the poor, down-trodden natives of beautiful Cuba.

History has shown us the peculiar traits of the Spanish nature. Early Spain was made up of at least thirty kingdoms, and for nearly seven centuries they fought the Moors, who were on their southern borders. The Moors were to them barbarian infidels, and in the eyes of the Spaniards only fit food for powder. They were hunted as we hunt wild game. After hundreds of years of fighting they succeeded in wiping them from their southern holdings, and only then by the united force of the several kingdoms. All of the art and architecture that Spain has to-day, came from these Moorish barbarians. It is not my purpose to take up your time in showing how they came fresh from their Moorish victories, overran Germany and the Netherlands, and by the discovery of the New World, held all of South and Central America under their feet, using the natives to delve the rich mines of those countries, to add still further to their wealth and power. No wonder that in those years of greatness Spain grew proud, arrogant and aggressive! What a sad ushering into the new era of Cuba was the fate of the poor Caribs, who, by the fertility of its valleys had thrived and multiplied until upon the arrival of the Spaniards, there were millions of them on the island, living a peaceful and contented life.

The eastern end of Cuba was in the early part of the sixteenth century in a volcanic state, and the Spaniards settled first the islands east of Cuba, such as Hayti and San Domingo; they would land in Cuba, near Cape Maysi, and hunt the Caribs to make peons of them, shipping them to the other islands. The proud Castilians, always bloodthirsty, enjoyed the sport—like the tiger who has tasted blood, they were hungry for more—and the hunt for peons to till their soil became a hunt for blood and sport, and the number killed per day would be the subject of boast at the bivouac at night.

They settled in Cuba in 1511; in thirty years from that time they killed more Caribs for the sport it afforded them than there were men lost during all of Napoleon's wars. Their first settlement was at Santiago de Cuba; it became the first capital of Cuba. Here they lived a life of indolence and ease. The native Caribs being annihilated, they went to Africa for their slave labor. Through Cortes in Mexico, Pizarro and Algomora in South America, the Spanish took possession and held these countries for nearly three hundred years, until the colonies grew strong enough to cut away from the parent stem and became governments in themselves, stopping the toll for existence exacted by the home government. Spain always played the baby to its colonies, sucking the pap, instead of giving succor. In all these contests in South and Central America, the Royalists were either driven back home or landed in Havana, the capital of the last holding of Spain on this continent, outside of poor Porto Rico. With two exceptions, Spain has held Cuba continuously in her grasp. Havana fell into the hands of England in 1763. She held it but a year, when she relinquished it for Florida. Again in 1803, when England gave it up for the Bahama Islands, since which time poor Cuba has had a hard struggle to keep pace with the extortions of the home government, and live itself. Many struggles they have had during this century, notably that of 1868 to 1878. Ten long years they fought for independence, not only with the home govern-

ment, but with the large nest of Royalists that had been driven from South America and Mexico, who, too lofty for work, sat in the soft places in the cities of the island, and helped the home government and themselves to a living off the poor islanders. They were not subdued, but had to fly to other countries, and watch once more for a favorable opportunity to shake the Spanish yoke from off the island.

A CUBAN'S COMMENT.

We never surrendered to a victor, but made treaty of peace with another power.

Spain had to make a treaty of peace with the insurgents, by virtue of which the Cubans laid down their arms, in exchange for reforms stipulated for in the contract called "Agreement of Zanjón."

The treaty was signed on behalf of the Spanish Government by General Martínez Campos, and on his return to Spain, the Government refused to recognize and fulfill its part of the contract.

The Cubans then sent deputations to Madrid, and for seventeen years have tried hard by all legal and peaceful means to have Spain grant the reforms promised.

This constant disregard of Spain to Cuban rights is one of the many causes that led to the present revolution.

New York, Nov. 16, 1895.

Mr. Z. B. Graham, Detroit, Mich.:

Dear Sir:-

I received your telegram this morning and, try as I could, I was unable to get a copy of the Agreement of Zanjón. It was entered into on February, 1878, by General Campos on the Spanish side and some Cuban officers on the other. General Campos, invested with full authority from Spain, promised the Cubans that if they laid down their arms, he would, in the name of the Spanish Government, grant the Island of Cuba liberal reforms akin to home rule. After ten years of heroic fighting and amid all kinds of privations and torments, more than imagination can conceive, the Cubans believed that the reforms would be given them. But in vain did they wait; and after seventeen years of sending their deputies to the Spanish Cortes trying to obtain from the government

the promised reforms, we believe that our uprising is justified and opportune. I say opportune because it had been said by the Spaniards that we were ungrateful because the reforms were going to be given to Cuba when the revolution broke out.

This is true: But said reforms were worse than their traditional tyranny; because the administration of the island was to be in charge of thirty deputies, fifteen of whom were to be appointed by the government itself, and the other fifteen elected in Cuba according to the electoral laws in force to-day, which give absolute power to the Spanish conservative element; besides this, the Captain-General was to be the President of this Board of Administrators with power to veto (without appeal) and to put out of the board no more than ten deputies! What an infamous farce! What an unnatural mother!

There is more, much more, besides, viz: Spain reserved for herself the power to negotiate commercial treaties for Cuba with any other nation. With these reforms, Cuba was soon to be a new Arcadia. And they call us ungrateful because we declined with thanks such a reformatory system.

But behind all this, there was something much more frightful for us, viz: Spain was negotiating with foreign syndicates a loan of \$270,000,000 on Cuba, and once the reforms were planted in Cuba and the Colonial Government was in full operation, Spain counting with a great majority in the Board of Administration of the Island, would not have had any difficulty in having this loan approved by said board, imposing in this way a new and enormous debt on the Island, which, in case we ever became independent, could not refuse to pay because it had been sanctioned by our Colonial Government (?), while at present, if we succeed in our struggle, we will refuse to pay the enormous debt that Spain has put on our shoulders so undeservedly.

Excuse this digression. I will keep looking for the copy you desire, if found will forward it to you.

Yours truly,
(Signed) JOSE R. VILLALON.

The population of the island is about one and a half millions—including negroes and Chinese. Eight hundred thousand of these citizens have to bear all the burdens of taxation. The budget of last year was \$27,000,000, or \$33.75 per person on an average. The corruption of officials is so great, and the exactions being made at the muzzle of a gun, it is readily conceded that as much more is taken by officials as the demands of the home government call for, or an average of about \$70 per person. I do not know all the devilish ways in which these poor people are bled to keep

up tottering Spain, but during my frequent visits I have learned a few, any one of which is enough to make the blood boil in the veins of an American, and far outstripping anything England ever attempted on its colonies. It would seem as if Spain's whole object was to stifle ambition, and to kill and cripple industries. As is well known, Cuba has no manufactories; she pays these millions yearly to Spain and her officials out of the product of her soil.

Is it any wonder that they grow heartsick, and, looking across the Gulf Stream (only six hours from the United States), seeing the freedom of our people, our prosperity, the natural protector of so weak a child, knowing full well that they are the sole survivors of the greediness of a past history nation, the last on this continent, they look to us for at least moral support, and say to us, as a weak child to a strong man, "Will you not put out a protecting arm and help us?"

Boys of 1861, how I wish we were boys of 1895!

But to detail some of the various methods of taxation. The government exacts a crown due of \$7 per head on cattle killed on the island, no matter if you raised it, and wished to kill it in order to feed your family, you must first get the permit and pay the dues, even if you have to travel forty miles for the same. The birth of even a calf or colt has to be registered, and 25 cents must be paid for the stamped paper on which the registration is made. Also when a horse is sold \$2 must be paid for the transfer. The penalty of trying to evade the law is very great. The experience of hundreds of years has taught these Spaniards the most complete methods of carrying out their aims.

You wish to sell a piece of property on the island, we will say a home you value at \$15,000. The government exacts a crown due of three per cent; a civil government due of one per cent, or four per cent on \$15,000, equal to \$600; the Notary, another government officer, \$750 to make the transfer; and your lawyer and ecclesiastical dues about \$150 more—or a total of \$1,500 for the

transfer, or ten per cent on total valuation of the property. The same transfer in this country would not exceed five dollars. After you have bought this property, you desire to make a garden in the back lot. In this country the desire to do so is but the act. In Cuba, before you put a spade in the ground, with hat off and in a humble demeanor, you must go to a government official, state your desire, pay for a permit, and then go ahead. A pane of glass is needed; you find one broken. In this country you go to your merchant and order it in; in Cuba, off goes your hat again, and in the august presence of the government official, again pay for a permit before you can move in the direction of repairs. Again, your wife asks for better sanitary work; she desires a bath-room put in the house. In this country we telephone for a plumber; in Cuba off goes the hat again, we pay \$150 for the permit alone, and then we are a man once more.

You may wish to marry, and the Senorita is willing. In this country a mantle is thrown around such a contract, as a future protection to the home life and the prospective family. You call for a license from your County Clerk, for which you pay one dollar. You hurry to the squire or an ordained minister, and are made man and wife, with no other fee exacted than your own jubilant feelings and the state of your pocket-book may warrant. In Cuba you strike the ubiquitous notary, pay \$15 for the permit, go to the priest, who has special rights to marry (all do not have it), and give him \$25 more to solemnize the marriage, a clean \$40. To you it may not seem much, but to many of the poor of Cuba it means a fortune. No wonder that so many grow tired in trying to hoard up the amount, and agree to live together in what they call "casasa," hoping that if issue follows, they can in the future acquire jointly wealth enough to legitimatize their children.

(This is only among the colored and lower class.)—Comment by Villalon.

You wish to go into business—we will say drugs. You go to the inspector of your district; you are obliged to give him a com-

plete schedule of every drug you expect to deal in, and the amount you expect to make per month; and when permit is granted, they exact a government tax of five per cent in advance on what you state to be your probable gross sales. That is not all; he is liable to bob up at any time, look over your books, examine your accounts, and if he finds your sales and profits are in advance of your expectations when you started, he extracts the extra pound of flesh. If he finds you had enterprise and push (two bad elements outside of government officials), and desire to put in your store more saleable drugs, and had neglected to notify your inspector, you are liable to big fines, and monthly extortions. One government inspector, Pascall by name, told me that he got \$100 per month from the government, and made independent of that \$20,000 in six months. Twenty thousand dollars as his share of plunder. Country merchants—where ignorance might be expected in the laws governing fines and extortions—was his bone, and he sucked it like a true Spaniard as long as there was anything on it.

Every landlord on the island has to stick a 5-cent stamp on his daily register, opposite the name of every customer. An American going on the island, thank God, lands free, and without cost; but when he wants to see his mother and gets homesick, he has to pay 30 cents government dues for the privilege of leaving the island. Even worse, he may be in Havana, or any seaport town; two days before his steamer leaves he goes to get his passport vised. The custom officer is too busy; call to-morrow. He calls; too busy. He goes to his hotel; they smile at his simplicity and economy, blandly tell him they will care for it and will only charge him a dollar. His steamer may sail at 10 o'clock in the morning. He has accosted his landlord at midnight the night before. All is well. He has hung around the Custom House several times in the last forty-eight hours, and has been unsuccessful, but presto! the peso paid the landlord does the business. The landlord may get but a peseto out of it, but the balance catches the eye

and greed of the official, where the bare crown dues of 30 cents had no charms.

I have had some dealings with the Spanish Government. The stamps upon the paper is the largest and most prominent feature. No agreement can be made and binding without government stamps. They have what they call "Private agreements" and "Private contracts," such as we have here, and which here are considered legal. They have no effect in Cuba, in law, as the paper is not stamped. This system of extortion and corruption permeates, and naturally, the whole island; even the judges are not exempt or even modest.

Otto Reimer, the American Consul at Santiago de Cuba, came into the French Club of that city, and in heat told me he had just had a conference with a judge in regard to a suit before him, where a man owed him \$500. Reimer said, "Graham, this darned judge asked me \$300 to decide the case in my favor. What would you have done?" As I had my eye on a good Carom, I said, "Compromise—split the difference." "Just what I did," he said, "and won my suit." You hear frequently when parties are telling of their law suits, that they have no fear of the final results, from the fact that the judge is an old family friend, or when boys together and "back in Spain" they went to school together.

Taxes upon all improvements, in all industries, are enormous and unjust; on uncultivated lands the taxes are light, but scratch the soil and the government is after you with a sharp stick. Some sugar plantations having to pay as high as \$10 per acre. What a romance of revenge, theft and despair could be woven about the history of Cuba! But the reality is far more pathetic and cruel than the imagination could conceive. Everything is taxed; a tax is put upon the table; upon the rack; upon the cart; and upon the fruits of the field. The skull and cross-bones of government exactions appear at every feast and are above every doorway. Is it any wonder that Spain hates to yield up the Golden Calf? Any wonder that Cubans who pay this enormous tax spend their

strength and blood to lift this heavy burden off their shoulders?

The colleges of America have had many Cubans among their number. They go back to their homes of perpetual summer, rich in learning, and with lofty ideals of life, but they can hold no place of trust or emolument on the island of their birth. These are only for the natives of Spain. Their parents may have been born in Spain, but if they do not themselves go back to the home country and there receive their education, there is no place of political preferment for them in Cuba.

When last on the island, the Cubans were enjoying some of the benefits of the reciprocity treaty with the United States. Where the home government had taxed them \$6 duty upon a barrel of flour, it was then coming in practically free. Spain was getting nothing out of it. The Cubans were gaining their second wind after another death struggle. Intercourse with the Cubans at that time was exceedingly interesting. A study of their strange change of heart, illustrating how easy it is to nerve to a purpose, when necessity, grim as an ill-fed hound, stands at the door.

Less than one-eighth of the island is under cultivation, and yet, with all its depressing conditions, it raises more for mankind than any equal number of acres on the earth, and exports more than any other equal number of inhabitants on the earth. It gets all its riches from the soil and practically picks its living from the trees.

Spain does nothing for the island, improves no harbors, builds no railroads, makes no highways, sustains no schools. It practically has very few wagon roads, not as many miles of road on the island as we enjoy in Wayne County alone. The money in the railroads belongs to Germany, France, England, and considerably to the United States. The Spanish Government only puts its leeches to work to collect tithes on every passenger who may get aboard a train. At the gate of every railway station, side by side with the railroad gateman, stands the government official

to gather in his coupon—half a cent on every mile they ride, and three per cent of the freight charges (gross income).

To cite another instance of extortion. Parties desired to build a railroad out of Santiago de Cuba, a distance of twenty-four miles, to their mines, for the purpose of getting ore to a seaport. After a great deal of time and money was expended, they finally got their concession. To-day they cannot take a passenger on a train, or a crew of their own employees, without a notice to the government, and only after paying for the privilege do they get a special permit, as the grant was only given for the transportation of ore, so you can readily see that all Spaniards are cunning in the law. No layman has any right to make a prayer for a concession in a Spanish county. He will be unable to cover all he wants. The last time I was on the island, this same company, who in the hurry to build their railroad, put up across a small stream a wooden bridge, by the concession granted they had the right to replace it within five years by an iron one. Thirty days after the five years had expired, they applied to the government for the privilege of replacing it with an iron one.

A new Governor had just been sent over (at times they make short work of them, no Governor leaving Spain before he writes his resignation), and being fresh from home and probably realizing that his time might be short, and the harvest must be secured, demanded a toll of \$20,000 for the permit—think of it—to make a permanent improvement of a small bridge to insure the safety of life and property—only \$20,000 as a lining to the pocket of the new official was demanded.

To illustrate more fully the Cubans' devotion to the cause of free Cuba:

Early this month (October) I noticed that the insurgents who had forced their way into the Province of Santa Clara, swooped down upon the sugar plantation of the Marquis of Azpeitia, about twenty miles from Cienfuegos, the largest sugar plantation in the world. Last year, from that plantation alone, over

100,000 tons of sugar were produced, or about one-eighth of the entire output of the island. It was a grand property. The mills alone cost a million and a half dollars. The entire plant, the fields, and the railroads running through them for miles, were brilliantly lighted with electricity.

This Marquis was born in the island. He was Cuban, but thinking that he was in the reach of the Spanish stronghold, and their arm was all-powerful, he gave his allegiance to them, and then patriotic Cuban insurgents made him pay dearly for it, by laying waste the entire plantation, notwithstanding he offered them money, ammunition and arms, all of which they greatly needed. The lesson taught this Tory and the world, was greater than their needs.

Why need I take your time to add still further to the list of extortions that have come under my observation. Enough has been given to show under what a load they have to suffer. This last rebellion shows their spirit. From a handful of men in February last, in the most easterly part of the island (Guantanamo), they have grown and spread westward until at this date they are in force in all of the six provinces, and the Spanish government, with their greatest general, and a complete blockade of war vessels surrounding the island, has been unable to stop their growth and spread. They have to-day 40,000 men in the field against 80,000 regulars and 70,000 volunteers on the Spanish side—150,000 soldiers. If they had arms and ammunition they could raise an army of 100,000 men, but as it is, their small band of patriots is more than a match for the goths.

In times of peace this island, with only four-fifths the area of Michigan, and with about half its population, had forced upon them a standing army of nearly double the number the United States maintains with its 65,000,000 of people. It has not crushed or overawed them. They have shown a courage and heroism in the face of all this power that should quicken the pulse, and warm the heart of all freedom-loving people.

Poorly equipped, short of ammunition, they have shown what they are fighting for, every day since last February. If our government would recognize their belligerent rights, they would in a short time wipe the last remnant of Spanish tyranny from off our western hemisphere, and pluck the brightest diamond from the crown of Spain forever, and lay it at our feet, even without the asking.

No courtesy is due from us to Spain. We well remember the echoes of the firing upon Fort Sumter had not died away in the Republic, and that the three months' men who came in response to the first call of President Lincoln to the defense of the country, were still under arms, when the Spanish government made indecent and unfriendly haste to recognize the Southern Confederacy. It was on April 19th, 1861, that the Massachusetts troops were fired upon in Baltimore, and it was on June 17th, 1861, that the Spanish government issued its proclamation of neutrality, which gave to the Southern Confederacy belligerent rights. The present insurrection in Cuba has been in progress for fully twice three months, and the United States, with much better cause for it, has not yet retorted in kind to Spain for the great embarrassment which that country caused to the United States by the speedy recognition of southern belligerency.

"May that recognition be speedily given, is the prayer of every Cuban, and all freedom-loving Americans, and hasten the day when America, from the frozen zones of the north to the most southern point of South America, will breathe the air of freedom, and cease paying tribute to any European power, for the right to live, acquire property and the pursuit of happiness."

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY LUTHER S. TROWBRIDGE,
COLONEL 10TH MICHIGAN CAVALRY, BREVET MAJ.-GEN. U. S. V.

(Read Feb. 6, 1896.)

Through the generous partiality of some of my friends, I had supposed I was requested to read a paper this evening on some of the Lights and Shadows of the Civil War. Alas for the innocence of youth!

It did not occur to me that under this courteous request was hidden an appeal to a great physical law. It is said that nature abhors a vacuum. In that she differs from some of my friends, who rather favor a vacuum, provided there is in sight something with which to fill it. It needs no poetic fancy to appreciate how greedily the parched and thirsty earth greets the coming rain.

Were the earth human, it would not be an exaggeration to suppose that it would gladly endure a season of drouth for the pleasure of getting full. So it has seemed to me, that it may have been a thought of my generous friends that a very dry paper would suitably prepare the way for blessings yet to come.

In attempting to speak of the Lights and Shadows of the Civil War, I am met, at the outset, by some embarrassment. My first information as to the objects and purposes of our noble order was received from our late beloved companion, General Poe, who told me that the principal business of the order was to sit around and swap lies. But those of us who have been in the order for some time are all swapped out. We have traded around so much that our stock in trade has become musty and stale. If any member, in good standing, can tell a story which has not been told at least fifteen times, by some of our friends of vivid imagination, I would like to hear it.

Then again I am embarrassed by the thought that as to Lights and Shadows there are many here much more competent to speak than I am. Indeed, I presume there are many who have forgotten more than I ever knew on the subject. It might conduce to the truth of history if they would forget a good deal more. I have long been of the opinion that it is better not to remember much than to remember so much that never happened.

Perhaps it has dawned upon the minds of those of our guests who are eligible to membership in our order, why they are invited here to-night.

The fact is that we have traded ourselves out so completely that we want some new blood in our ranks. We want some new stocks of jokes and army stories. We want some "fresh fish, fresh fish!" Great heavens, what a black cloud of horrors will come crowding upon the minds of some of you at the mention of those words. You are back in the prison pen. Death is staring you in the face, not honorable, glorious death on the field of battle, but death by starvation in a land of plenty; death by disease generated by the foul miasma of your surroundings, and by the scant and tainted rations given you, not to sustain life, but to prolong death. There runs the dead line, and daily, aye, almost hourly, are seen men marching deliberately to it to gain by the swift bullet of the sentry relief from the intolerable burden of life.

Oh! the agony of those bitter, bitter days. Oh, the horrors of those days and weeks and months of sickening hope deferred. No tongue can speak them, no pen can portray them. It cannot enter into the heart of man to conceive them.

There is no risk in saying that in all the sad chapters of human wrong and suffering in our history, there are none darker or more appalling than those which contain the record of suffering in the prison pens of the south, and such, I am sure, must be the verdict of impartial history.

But back of that horrid picture and rising over and above its dark shadows, there shines a light, the radiance of which shall

gladden the hearts of men for generations yet to come. It is the light which shines from matchless fidelity to duty, from unswerving loyalty to a great cause. Well indeed, can the survivors of those horrors in the full triumph of faith exclaim, "neither principalities nor powers, neither life nor death, neither height of suffering nor depth of sorrow, could for one moment move us from our devotion to the cause of our country and the glorious flag of the free. We have fought a good fight. We have kept the faith."

Well, my friends, you may think that a pretty sudden plunge into lights and shadows, I think so myself, but you must charge it all to the "fresh fish."

It is a common mistake with many people to think that a soldier's life, in time of war, is constantly in the dark shadows of hardship, suffering and danger. There is surely a great abundance of such shadows, but the soldier's life is not always in shadow. There are frequent rays of sunshine when the merry jest, the sparkling wit, and the inspiring song go round and the labors of the day are forgotten.

The somber shadows which, in popular estimation, enfold the soldier's life in time of war, are often broken by quaint bits of humor or by scenes of jollity and fun. Sometimes a good practical joke successfully played, will enliven a camp for many weeks.

The average American citizen, whether in civil life or in the army, has reasonably quick perceptions. In the rapid transformation of quiet and peaceable citizens into soldiers, it often happened that the brightest men did not always wear the badge of authority, and as all were about on a par as to the actual knowledge of military matters, the rank and file sometimes learned faster than their officers. At all events they very quickly learned of any weakness or lack of knowledge on the part of their officers, and did not hesitate to take advantage of it. Many of you are familiar with the story of the major of cavalry, who, after in-

structing, with great emphasis, his videttes on the picket line that they should never permit a man to approach their post at night while mounted, and that the order to dismount should be insisted upon immediately when given, was soon afterwards halted in the middle of a stream, and obliged to dismount and wade to shore.

That story ought not to be stale yet. I think it has been told only eleven times in this commandery.

Moreover, it is a true story. I know very well the officer on whom the joke was played, and it was not myself either.

I have in mind another incident illustrating the same thing. Two field officers of a cavalry regiment, then recently mustered in, had occasion to go out of camp to get their supper. They did not return until after night had closed in, and had omitted to get the countersign. When halted by the camp guard, they did not know how to get in, and under the dire threat of having their heads blown off, they were compelled to sit on the ground with their backs to the sentry for nearly two hours until the guard was relieved.

That may not sound funny to you. It was certainly not so to the wearers of the gold leaf, but it made entertaining matter for the camp fire for many weeks.

Most of you, I suppose, have heard of the capture of General Stoughton, but in the hope that the story may prove new to some of you, I will tell it or perish in the attempt. General Stoughton was an educated soldier, a graduate of the West Point Military Academy, in command of a brigade of infantry at Fairfax Station, about three and a half miles from Fairfax Court House. He was fond of society and good horses. He did not fancy staying in the woods with his command at Fairfax Station and so took a house in the suburbs of the little village of Fairfax Court House, which was approached by a road known as the "Ox Road," coming in from the country and leading directly up to the house. There was a division of cavalry stationed at Fairfax Court House

doing the outpost duty for that section, the picket line of which was thrown out three or four miles from the village. It happened that a captain of my regiment had been sent there with two companies to learn outpost duty. He was an enthusiastic volunteer soldier, formerly a professor in the University of Michigan. He desired to learn as rapidly as he could about the art of war, and made good use of his eyes. Thinking that the outpost duty was not done very efficiently, he ventured the remark to General Stoughton that if he did not look out well Mosby would come down the Ox Road some dark night and carry him off. The general, amused at the friendly warning of a fresh volunteer, replied that when Mosby should come in at one door he would go out at the other. "But," the captain suggested, "Mosby will be likely to come in at both doors at once." One dark night, not long after, Mosby broke through the picket line on the Ox Road and came down just as the captain had suggested. Quickly and without noise overpowering the guards at headquarters, Mosby himself went to the general's room and roused him from his sleep. The general, irritated by the untimely disturbance of one of his own men, as he supposed, ordered him back to his camp. The intruder asked, "Have you ever heard of Mosby?" "Yes, the scoundrel; have you got him?" said the general. "No, but he has got you, come on," replied Mosby, and he made him get up, and making prisoners of his entire staff, he successfully made his exit, with all his prisoners and sixteen beautiful thoroughbred horses. The incident was the occasion of the remark of President Lincoln that he was very sorry for the loss of the horses. He did not mind so much the loss of a brigadier general, as he could make another any day.

Another incident of outpost duty in that section at the time of the second Bull Run campaign was told me by General Poe. A company of cavalry, under the command of a graduate of the Academy, was sent out on picket duty. It might be reasonably assumed that he would be fully alive to the importance of such

a duty in the immediate presence of the enemy, but with a disregard of his duty, which would be inexplicable, even in a fresh volunteer, he took post at a house and put out no pickets. While he and his men were enjoying the shelter of this hospitable mansion they were surprised by a party of Confederate cavalry under the command of Fitzhugh Lee, a former classmate and warm friend of the captain. Lee rushed into the room, and throwing his arms around the neck of his old friend, exclaimed, "Why, you blamed old fool, why did you not put out pickets?" What finally became of the captain I do not know, but I believe his military career ended there. He was dismissed from the service after his exchange and disappeared from the rolls of the army.

In the spring of 1865 it was my fortune to accompany, with my regiment, an expedition under General Stoneman, intended for the destruction, as far as possible, of the railroad running from Lynchburg through Southwestern Virginia. By skillful maneuvering we deceived the enemy, avoiding the forces in Southwestern Virginia, marched over the mountains into North Carolina, and by a rapid march to the north struck the railroad at the little village of Christianburgh about midnight. I was sent immediately to the east with my regiment to destroy some bridges over the Roanoke River, where the railroad crosses that river six times in about as many miles. We were engaged at the third bridge in the morning, when a Lynchburg paper of the day before, was handed me, containing an account of the fall of Richmond. The train, which had brought the paper, proceeded no further west than the station where we were.

Thinking that possibly General Stoneman had not received the information, I at once dispatched a courier party with the newspaper and a hasty report from myself, with orders to go to Christianburgh as quickly as their horses could go.

My brigade commander, upon receiving the paper, went at once to General Stoneman's headquarters with it. It has been said, though I do not vouch for the correctness of the story, and

indeed rather doubt it, that when General Stoneman read the report he turned with great glee to his commissary and said, "Well, Colonel, bring out the delicious juice of the succulent jack apple. If you can't get that, some of Vernor's ginger ale will do just as well, if it has plenty of sediment in it."

While in the valley of the Roanoke, an incident occurred showing the reasoning force of the contraband. After completing the destruction of the bridges, I was directed to select a suitable camping ground, and rest the men and horses until further orders, and meanwhile, in a decent and orderly manner, to send out parties to gather in such horses as might be required to mount my command in good condition.

One afternoon I was sitting under a tent fly enjoying the rest, the delicious air and the charming scenery, when I heard a commotion on the road. Looking up, I saw one of my parties returning from their hunt after horses. The party was preceded by an elegant coach, drawn by a pair of cavalry horses, clad in resplendent silver-plated harness and on the driver's seat sat Corporal Delaney, as happy as a lord. Then followed the party —every man loaded down with ladies' wearing apparel, as much as he could carry. The explanation was easy. In looking for horses they had found hidden in one of the recesses of the hills, this carriage and a number of ladies' trunks, sent out there for greater security. Thinking it lawful capture, they had broken open the locks and loaded themselves down with their contents, all sorts of ladies' garments of the finest material. Explaining to the men that we were not making war on women and children, I directed them to bring all the plunder to my tent and I returned it to the rightful owners, a wealthy family living near. Among the plunder was a remnant of bright calico which a bright contraband wanted for his wife. I reasoned with him, and said, "Why should I give that to you? It does not belong to you. It belongs to Mrs. White." "Now, see here, boss," said he, "I think that belongs to me more than it does to them. Fact is, I've been

workin' for dat family all my life and never got a cent for it and not one of them ever struck a lick of honest work in all their lives. I think I'se earn't it mor'n they has." The logic of the poor slave was too much for me, and I let him keep the calico.

In the last days of the Confederacy, an incident occurred in North Carolina, which may be of interest to those of you who have not heard it more than ten or fifteen times. On a rainy, dismal morning, as Sherman was advancing with his army, he was met by an obstacle which checked his progress. The general had been walking back and forth in the woods until he had made quite a path for himself. He was not in a genial frame of mind. Things were not moving to suit him and he was annoyed. Immediately in his front was a regiment of heavy artillery fresh from the defenses of Charleston, with full ranks, making a command nearly as large as some brigades. In their bright, clean uniforms they presented a fine appearance. Their colonel, R. Barnwell Rhett, was in command of a brigade. Stationed in his proper place behind the center of his brigade, having sent off all his staff, he was surprised at being ordered by a couple of cavalrymen to dismount. He, thinking they were some of Wheeler's men, with language more forcible than polite, ordered them to their commands. Dropping their carbines on him, they replied, "None of that old man, we are Yanks;" and they took him away and around the flank of his command and brought him to General Sherman, where he was pacing back and forth like a caged tiger.

Colonel Rhett was a striking looking man, a typical representative of southern chivalry, tall and stately—with a fierce mustache, and decided military bearing. Clad in a bright, new uniform and making an impressive appearance, he approached the general, who, suddenly turning upon him, exclaimed, "Who are you?" The distinguished looking stranger, with all the dignity at his command, replied, "R. Barnwell Rhett, sir, colonel 1st South Carolina Heavy Artillery, commanding a brigade." The

general, looking at him steadily a moment, exclaimed, "Rhett, Rhett. Hell, your name is Smith—I know you," and turning on his heel, walked away. The general was right. The family name had been Smith, and for some reasons social, political or financial, had been changed to Rhett. This, General Sherman had known when, years before, he had been stationed at Charleston. The colonel had a sorry time after that, and when my informant last saw him, he was riding a dilapidated mule, his fine uniform gone, his bluster gone, and altogether presenting a sad picture of fallen greatness.

My friends, I know better than you, how unsatisfying these rambling stories have been of the Lights and Shadows of the Civil War. I know there is a much higher plane from which the subject might have been viewed, but as we grow older, I think we prefer to look upon the lights rather than the shadows.

We delight to remember the hardships, patiently endured, the dangers bravely met, the victories nobly won. While, for the rising generations they are but matters of history, to us they are a constant and living memory.

If in rehearsing these, to many of you more than twice told tales, I have aided or contributed in any degree to a pleasant evening, I shall be abundantly rewarded.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM AND THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

BY JOHN CONLINE,
CAPTAIN U. S. A. (retired.)

(Read January 7, 1897.)

In compliance with a verbal request to that effect, I have the honor to herewith present to the assembled members of this society of Union officers and soldiers of the late rebellion, my personal recollections and observations on the Maryland campaign and the great and decisive battle of Antietam, Maryland (or Sharpsburg), fought on the 17th day of September, 1862, between the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General Geo. B. McClellan, and the Army of Northern Virginia, under the Confederate General Robert E. Lee.

A few collateral facts and quotations from other sources of information are presented, in order to make the record of events and incidents under consideration as far as practicable complete, accurate, and it is hoped, interesting. I was born on the 1st day of January, 1846, in the village of Rutland, which is pleasantly located in the picturesque and beautiful valley of Otter Creek, in the State of Vermont, noted for its fine marble, exquisite scenery, and as the home of the Green Mountain boys of revolutionary and later fame in the military history of our nation. I was, therefore, fifteen years, three months and eighteen days old, when the Sixth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, on its way to the front, was fired upon by a mob in Pratt street, Baltimore, on the 19th day of April, 1861.

This unlooked for event, was in effect a danger signal, which at once arrested the attention of the loyal American people everywhere, and caused them to realize that war, which they sincerely

hoped might be averted, was actually upon them. On this memorable date the First Vermont Volunteer Infantry was organized from the uniformed militia companies of the state, and on the same day I enlisted as a private in the Allen Greys, of Brandon, Vermont, and a few days after became sick, and had my military ardor somewhat dampened by rejection on account of extreme youth and illness. All hopes of becoming a soldier for the time being were rudely dispelled. The regiment assembled at Rutland, Vt., before moving to the theater of war, and in the energetic rush of preparation, on or about May 9, 1861, I was sent for to assist in making necessary military papers in the office of General H. H. Baxter, adjutant-general of the state, preparatory to the departure of the regiment next day. While in the office at 11 p. m., Captain Tuttle, of the Cavendish Light Infantry, called on General Baxter and reported that one of his men was sick and could not go. I arose, or rather jumped up from the table where I was working, and said I would go in his place if the uniform would fit me. The officers talked matters over a few minutes and accepted my offer, and at midnight I went to the fair grounds, where the regiment was encamped, proceeded to the tent of the invalid, tried on his uniform, examined his rifle and equipments; was pleased with the fit of the uniform, and the rifle did not appear to be too heavy to carry; so I gave the young man my suit of clothes to wear home, the bargain was completed and satisfactory to both. The young man started home on the morning train next day, and the ticket agent at the depot, who knew me well, recognized my clothes and wondered what had become of me; he probably sent word to my father, for I saw him on the lookout as my company filed into the cars at 8 a. m. May 10, 1861, and, turning my head in the opposite direction, I was not recognized and escaped. I did not feel safe, however, until the train was speeding rapidly to Troy, N. Y., where upon our arrival we were honored with an address by the distinguished General Wool. Completing ser-

vice with the First Vermont Infantry, three months' men, and re-enlisting in the Fourth Vermont Infantry, I joined the latter regiment during the siege of Yorktown, Va., and became a member of the Vermont Brigade, composed of the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Regiments of Infantry, otherwise known as the Second Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac. Colonel Wm. F. Fox, U. S. Volunteers, in his book of Regimental Losses in the American Civil War, gives a list of eight or ten famous brigades pre-eminent for their fighting qualities, as shown by losses in action. In this roll of honor the old Vermont Brigade stands at the head of the list. The greatest loss of life, says Colonel Fox, in any one brigade during the war, occurred in the Vermont Brigade of the Second Division, Sixth Army Corps; and from over two thousand regiments in the Union armies, the same authority selects three hundred fighting regiments which lost from 134 to 224 men each, killed and died of wounds received in battle; of this number Vermont furnished nine, which includes all the regiments of our brigade. Passing over the interval from Yorktown to the second Bull Run, interspersed with fatiguing marches and one of the most brilliant victories that ever adorned the pages of history and other feats of arms, with one or two reverses which did not worry us in the least, but somewhat alarmed our friends at home, we find the Army of the Potomac before Washington, brave, compact, well organized, in a fine state of discipline, with splendid officers, and the best blood of the Nation in its soldiers, who were animated by the most exalted patriotism, and moved by a determined and undaunted spirit; with excellent small arms for the infantry, and artillery which was really magnificent in the accuracy and effect of its fire in action. Its condition left little to be desired except a commander of energy and courage. The reports in circulation at this period of its disorganized and demoralized condition which have come down even to our own time, are the sheerest humbug and nonsense, not to use harsher

terms. The soldiers of the 6th Corps, who were simply a fair exponent of the rest of the army, marched in the evening up Pennsylvania avenue, through Washington, early in September, to Maryland, in the highest spirits; in fact, the Maryland campaign was looked upon in the light of a holiday excursion or picnic, and the panicky canards received through the medium of the papers of the time only excited their derision and contempt.

These false reports, however, served a good purpose in deceiving the enemy and making them over-confident and spurring our own people to greater efforts to avoid possible disaster.

On the easy marches from Washington through western Maryland, we were impressed with the remarkable beauty of the gently rolling country, covered with farms under the highest state of cultivation, with well-kept fences, tracing the outline of beautiful fields of grass, corn, wheat, oats and other products of the earth, with cozy farm houses nestling among the trees and shrubbery, and great barns soon to be filled to repletion. The balmy air of repose seemed to pervade everything, and the atmosphere becoming hazy in the distance, lent an indescribable charm to the enchanting mountain scenery in the remote horizon.

In brief, Lee's army crossed the Potomac to threaten Pennsylvania, liberate Maryland, defeat the Army of the Potomac, and capture Washington. Concentrating at Frederick, Md., about September 6th, 1862, his plan was matured and given to his generals. Lee learning that the Army of the Potomac had left the vicinity of Washington, and was moving in force on Frederick, retired from this position on the 10th and 11th westward across the mountains, and the Union forces occupied the town on the morning of the 12th. Lee's plans were embodied in an order of march, which by accident came into McClellan's possession at Frederick on the 13th and the latter consequently had an immense advantage over the opposing army, which could have been destroyed in detail by an energetic officer of the same

ability; however, McClellan did well, although he might have done immeasurably better. The 6th Corps advanced westward from Frederick, crossing the Catoctin range, passing through the small town of Middletown, in a beautiful valley of the same name, to the pretty village of Burkittsville, about a mile from the base of the South Mountain range, near and on the road to Crampton's Gap, where we arrived early on the 14th. The Vermont troops, passing through Burkittsville westward, came to a large barnyard with a big barn and hay-stack in front in the direction of the enemy, and the 4th Vermont, being in the lead, came to a halt near the hay-stack until the rest of the brigade came up. In the meantime General W. T. H. Brooks, with his aides, Captain Parsons of our regiment and others, arrived in the yard near the barn. At the same instant the Confederates, whom we could not see, opened a brisk infantry fire upon us while we were at a halt awaiting developments. I saw Captain Parsons on horseback examine the ground in front, and heard him report to General Brooks that the woods at the foot of the mountain were full of rebels; meanwhile the rebels kept up a warm fire which, fortunately for us, was too high to do great damage, although the air seemed filled with hissing rifle balls. The general, whom the Vermonters greatly admired, was on horseback at a halt and moved rather uneasily in his saddle, and said to Captain Parsons, "I don't think there are quite so many as all that," and at once gave orders for deployment and assault upon the enemy's position, which was seemingly very strong.

All the companies of the 4th Vermont moved in succession to the south and west of the barn, which acted as a partial screen and protection, to the front, and formed line of battle, in a very large open field by the movement known as companies left front, into line. We did not let the grass grow under our feet in executing this maneuver for obvious reasons. In short, our line was formed with great rapidity, the direction being

north and south parallel to a long, well built stone wall, from behind which the enemy kept blazing away at us. As the line was formed I had a fine opportunity to look over the battlefield before the charge.

During the formation of this advance line, from the open spaces on the crest of South Mountain, the Confederate batteries opened on us with a very noisy shell fire, which so far as I could see, did us little harm. Of course the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry for about ten minutes was interesting; only the latter, however, was dangerous. The artillery was posted too high to do anything but accidental damage. The instant the line was ready, we charged, with bayonets fixed, at double quick, across the open level field to the stone wall where the enemy was posted. Before we got to the wall, the rebels began to run singly, then in little squads of three or four, and finally, as we were about to reach the wall, they all broke pell mell up the slightly inclined open plain, from the wall to the foot of the mountain about 400 yards distant. Many of them halted, turned and fired at us. The wall reached, we opened fire upon the rapidly vanishing Confederates for two or three minutes; and climbing over it, the line quickly advanced after the demoralized enemy, until we reached the trees at the foot of the mountain, when we were free from the artillery fire. We then began to climb the steep mountain side and arrived at the crest nearly out of breath, where we found a very narrow plateau with a road in the middle, running north and south along the crest. We moved to the right in column towards Crampton's Gap, capturing a brass mountain howitzer named the "Jennie," and a few prisoners, about seventy-five in all. In military parlance, the Vermont Brigade made a brilliant charge against the enemy in the open field and carried the crest and Crampton's Gap by storm. We rested a short time on the ridge, which commanded a magnificent eastern view of harvest fields in the exquisitely beautiful Middletown Valley, through

which we had so recently passed; and to the westward lay, seemingly at our feet, the equally picturesque Pleasant Valley, through which meandered the now famous little stream known as Antietam Creek, near and to the east of Sharpsburg, where the battle of Antietam was fought. Other corps of our army captured almost simultaneously Turner's Gap, to the north of us, in the same range. The rebel corps of Longstreet and Hill got away from our front when they were driven from the passes of the South Mountain range, and Lee, by forced marches, concentrated his army in line between Sharpsburg and the Antietam in his front, on the 15th, 16th and 17th of September. The ground he occupied was well chosen and favorable for a defensive battle. On the 15th and 16th, while Lee was on the defensive behind the Antietam, awaiting the arrival of Stonewall Jackson, the Union army moved in several columns across the valley and was posted on the heights east of Antietam, nearly parallel to the Confederate line, which could be plainly seen on the other side of the river. Our artillery was placed in commanding positions at intervals along and in rear of our line, so as to enfilade, if possible, the enemy's infantry, and be most effective against his artillery. On the 17th of September, 1862, the several corps of the Union army, in order from left to right were Burnside's, Porter's, Sumner's, Franklin's (partly in reserve), Hooker's and Mansfield's. McClellan's plan was to cross the Antietam by the various fords and bridges and carry the enemy's position by direct assault preceded by a heavy artillery fire.

For one of the best descriptions of the battle which I have read in recent years, you are referred to Swinton. A very fine map of the battlefield, showing the location of the troops at different stages of the battle, may also be found in Nicolay and Hay's life of Lincoln, Vol. 6. I will conclude by stating what I saw and heard. The 6th Corps arrived on the field opposite the center about 11 a. m. on the 17th; the day was fine and the

roads were in good condition. Our ears were greeted by the deafening roar of about 200 pieces of artillery; hissing, exploding shells filled the air, and the rapid fire of musketry was also heard at intervals at various points in front. From an artistic standpoint the spectacle was grand beyond description. The Vermont brigade moved down in column to the Antietam and crossed by a ford near the center of the Union line, and marched nearly south, protected on our right by low, undulating ground, a few trees and an occasional house, until we arrived at a large corn field in front, with a small grove of low trees on our right. My regiment, the 4th Vermont, then formed line very quickly, and charged rapidly across the corn field to its outer edge, which was parallel to and about 150 yards from the famous sunken road or bloody lane. Arriving at the edge, we were received by a storm of shot, shell and rifle bullets, which a kind Providence decreed should pass over us; in other words, the rebels fired too high. We were at once ordered to lie down, heads toward the enemy and resting on our knapsacks. While we were lying down the rebel infantry fire slackened in our front, but their artillery shelled us unmercifully for perhaps twenty-five minutes or more. One of their shells exploded about two feet from the ground and not more than twenty feet directly in front of me, and covered us with sand, gravel and dirt. E. S. Cooper, the soldier next on my left in ranks, was struck on the top of the head by a piece of this shell, was dangerously wounded and taken from the field. I do not know what other damage was done by it, but with my usual good fortune I did not get hit. There was a small hay-stack to the right and front of my company, the color company of the regiment, which protected us a little from direct fire. While in this position, which it seems we were ordered to hold, because we reserved our fire, I saw the 7th Maine Infantry make a magnificent charge on our left across this same corn field, until their right rested on the left of our line. Their beautiful State and Na-

tional colors glistened in the light as they advanced to their position. When they halted about thirty remained standing in line near the colors, a most heroic band, while half the regiment on either side of the colors was either killed or mortally wounded and fell dead in line before they could lie down in their assigned place, by a terrific infantry fire from the sunken road. Meanwhile, opposite the right and front of our regiment, from a slight eminence, a section of one of our batteries got a raking fire on the rebel line in the sunken road, and with grape and canister shot, administered an awful retribution and silenced the fire on our front and left by the almost total destruction of the Confederates in position opposite. It was now almost dark, firing ceased, and we held the line taken. About 11 p. m. we heard the rattle of the wheels of the Confederate ambulances arriving on the field to withdraw the wounded. The soldiers knew at once that the enemy was stealing away, but no action was taken, at least on our immediate front.

The next morning, the 18th, we had leisure to examine the field of battle in our front, and the sight which met our gaze was so shocking and frightful as to be almost beyond belief. The Confederate dead were laid out in rows on boards, so close together that one could hardly take a step without stepping on the slain. The sunken road was also partially filled with dead all along our front. One of the sights not to be forgotten, was that of a Confederate trying to escape to the rear across a rail fence on the west side of the sunken road; he had his right foot across the rail, the left in a partial kneeling position, with one hand holding a piece of apple in his mouth, shot dead transfixated and erect with seven bullet holes in his back.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lightfoot, of the Confederate army, was left dangerously wounded on this scene of death. I heard him call attention to his condition and Colonel Foster, of my regiment, gave orders to have him properly cared for.

The rebel army having retreated, we marched through Sharpsburg, where the loyal citizens were pleased to see us, and had our colors flying from their windows to cheer us on our way.

In general, the blows inflicted by each army on the other were great and severe; the Confederates, however, had much the worst of it, as they were forced from their first line to the second, from which they retreated in the night, leaving their dead unburied and the Army of the Potomac in possession of the field.

The numbers engaged, the percentage of killed and wounded, the persistent tenacity with which it was fought, the brilliant charges and great courage displayed on either side, and its ultimate effect on the war, ranks the battle of Antietam among the greatest in history.

RECOLLECTIONS AND INCIDENTS OF MEDICAL MILITARY SERVICE.

BY DR. WM. F. BREAKEY,
ASST. SURGEON 16TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

(Read February 4, 1897.)

Recollections necessarily are personal and bring the recorder of them into undue prominence. The following are not offered as of historical value, and make no pretensions to chronological accuracy. If they seem too garrulous, reminiscent, or egotistical, the blame should be borne in large part, by the over-partial friends who are responsible for extracting, or persuading, somewhat after the manner of combatants, in an unguarded moment, a promise to read a paper before the Commandery.

To prepare a paper on military medicine for a medical audience would be easy. Any number of most interesting and valuable statistics are available. But I am a non-combatant, and having an audience chiefly non-medical, kindly corralled, without arms, I will not take advantage of their defenseless condition to overdose them with medicine.

The negatives of the mental camera, spontaneously taken "in war time," may be dimmed by the lapse of time; even broken or scarred by the photographic lumber in memory's storehouse, yet still be unique. Like famous porcelains, the heat in which they were prepared burned in the colors, and leaves them still distinct in outline, bold in purpose, strong in object lessons; their lights and shades awaking pleasure and pain, recalling triumph and defeat, joy and sorrow, but with gratitude dominant over regrets.

As compared with the more stirring work of the combatant in the field, the duties of the army surgeon seem tame. Yet

his place is as necessary to the maintenance of an effective army as is the commissary or the quartermaster, and requires the highest qualifications for the successful performance of his duties. His services are exerted in conserving life and aiding to render more effective an army engaged in destroying or disabling other armies, or in the maintenance of peace and order and enforcement of law.

That he should be professionally qualified and equipped should not admit of question. And even more than in civil practice should he be alert, ready and tactful, with the sagacity to distinguish the malingerer from the soldier really ill, to give advice when needed as to sanitary and hygienic conditions of camps, concerning epidemics, etc.—in short, of preventive medicine—with ready interest in the welfare of his command, cheerful, courageous, and with sympathy for its individuals, though not too demonstrative when they are ill.

Though his science and his art are peaceful, and his victories like those of peace, "not less renowned than war," yet he is a soldier by instinct as well as a surgeon by education, and association and a common interest develop in him the esprit de corps which makes him one with the soldier who bears arms. And it is not strange that, fired with patriotic ardor, he sometimes joined the ranks of the fighting men, or led them, as did Dr. General Warren, at Bunker Hill, and Dr. afterwards General Lawrence, of Sumpter fame.

It is gratifying to know that there has been a justly merited rise in the military rank of the medical officers in the United States Army. They rank professionally among the highest in the country. The diploma of no medical college in the world is accepted as evidence of qualification. The applicant must pass a most rigid examination in addition to being a graduate of a medical college of known thoroughness and high repute, and many fail. It is a matter of State pride that many of the graduates of the department of medicine and surgery in our

State University have found ready entrance to the army and navy.

My introduction to medical military service in the field took place in the southwest. Soon after the engagement beginning at Shiloh, Tenn., April 6th, 1862, in which the Union army was surprised and driven back, and ending at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 7th, when the Confederates were repulsed, reports came north that there were not enough efficient medical officers to properly care for the sick and wounded of our army; and a call was published through the Chicago agency of the Sanitary Commission asking for volunteers. Desirous of offering my services, I was urged and aided by the friends of members of Company G, 3rd Michigan Cavalry, officered by Captain T. V. Quackenbush, Lieutenants W. C. Stevens and D. M. Caldwell. Nearly all of the company had enlisted in Washtenaw and Livingston Counties, and were members of families in which I had rendered professional service. Some of these "boys"—fathers, husbands, sons and brothers of some one at home—were reported ill. And it had not occurred to these friends at home, that I could not go down to the front and assist in the professional care of those who were ill, almost as I might have done at their homes, and it was not clear to me just what or how much I could do. So little was known in civil life, of military regulations. Happily we had had no experience to familiarize us. But the spirit to aid those in the field was strong, and it was believed a way would be found to carry out their wishes; and it would be a satisfaction to have some definite information as to the condition of those reported sick. I reached Pittsburg Landing by boat from Cairo, up the Ohio to Paducah, Ky., and thence up the Tennessee river, the stream being deep but narrow and flowing with slow current, the dense growth of high trees covering the bottoms to the water's edge obscured any view of the country adjacent for hours together.

We passed Fort Henry, captured in February, and though

the ruins looked insignificant, the site was strong for defense and commanded the river below and above.

Pittsburg Landing was a steep bluff with a single road leading up from the river, deep with sticky clay, filled with trains of quartermaster and commissary wagons with four or six mule teams waiting to load with supplies from the boats at the river's bank. All these "impedimenta" of an army gave a civilian an idea of the immense work and the number of men and material employed in equipping, and maintaining an army; and this work goes on all the time, while the fighting, which chiefly interests the civilian, occurs but comparatively rarely and for a short time; the hospitals filled with sick and wounded, showed how the strength of all these forces was weakened, and the need for constant recruiting.

I was assigned by Medical Director Surgeon McDougall to the 3rd Michigan Cavalry, at Farmington, I think, near Corinth, Miss. Before leaving the Landing, however, I found Surgeon Edward Batwell, of the 14th Michigan Infantry, on duty in one of the hospitals and some of the members of the 3rd Cavalry ill in hospital.

On my way to Corinth I met Dr. Josiah Andrews, of Paw Paw, surgeon of the 3rd Cavalry, in an ambulance, too ill to sit up; he was on his way home on furlough. Assistant Surgeon Woodman gave me a warm welcome, and enabled me to do almost everything expected by the friends who sent me. While it was obvious that I could render service only under his direction, yet I was able, by his courtesy, to see the soldiers I was especially interested in, and to send home to their friends assurances that they had been and were well cared for.

An incident, interesting in the line of subsequent history, occurred here on the 25th of May, viz., the appointment of Captain Phillip H. Sheridan to be colonel of the 2nd Michigan Cavalry, made by Governor Blair then at Pittsburg Landing, the commission carried by Major R. A. Alger.

On the morning of May 30th, a week or two after my arrival at Farmington, the camp was wild with excitement at the confirmation of the report that Corinth had been evacuated during the night. Trains had been heard moving all night, and in the early morning buildings, stores, cars and all that could not be moved away were on fire.

A visit to the burned and deserted camp proved interesting. The approaches from the north were well guarded by fallen timbers, and "slashings" in an almost impenetrable swamp; and the open ground, nearer their works, protected by a line of Chevaux de frise, stretched across the roadways and fields.

Beauregard had not left anything of value at Corinth. I had the privilege—I regarded it so then—of accompanying a cavalry brigade composed of 2nd, 3rd and 4th Michigan Regiments, under command of Colonel Minty and Colonel Mizner, in pursuit of the enemy. We came up with his rear guard at Tuscumbia Creek, near Iuka, at dark.

I returned with part of the command on the third day. During the first and second days we saw several groups of prisoners and various kinds of small arms captured with them during and following the siege of Corinth, among which were shot guns, carbines, and some very crude short cutlasses, which looked as though they had been made by a common blacksmith and the scabbards made of old boot-legs. Yet the prisoners themselves, though dressed in butternut, looked like men very much in earnest, and as if fighting from conviction.

Being obliged to return to Michigan, I accompanied Adjutant Stevens, since major, who had been obliged to resign on account of continued illness.

But the experience, short as it had been, only increased my desire for more. I could have remained or gone back into the southwest as acting assistant surgeon, but preferred to try for a commission, and in July I received a commission as assistant surgeon in the 16th Michigan Infantry.

By a happy coincidence, our present Commander, Henry S. Dean, was, at the same time, commissioned captain in the 22nd Michigan Infantry.

Applying for appointment in one of the regiments then being organized, and expecting, if successful, to have time enough to arrange my business before leaving the State, I was happily surprised by being offered an immediate appointment—which though lower in grade than I had hoped for, yet offered active service at once—and given four days in which to leave for the regiment, then at Harrison's Landing, James river, Virginia.

As an instance of the promptness and expedition with which affairs were conducted in those days, and the aid and co-operation of the good women of the State, I not only visited relatives before returning from Jackson, consuming a day and a half, and arranged what little business I had, but was also married on the fourth day, and left the State on schedule time, making a bridal trip of the journey to New York, where I left my wife; going thence to Baltimore, and by boat down the Chesapeake and up the James river.

Just above Fortress Monroe a portion of the wrecks of the ill-fated Congress and Cumberland were visible above the surface, where they were sunk by the rebel ram Merrimac, in March previous, the remnant of the fleet being saved by the timely arrival the same night of Ericsson's famous Monitor—the first one built and used and which went so far to revolutionize naval warfare—commanded by Captain Worden, a Michigan man.

When I arrived at Harrison's Landing, the Army of the Potomac was already making preparations to leave. Major Barry was in command of the 16th; Surgeon Wixom on leave; Dr. Seeley, a contract acting assistant surgeon, the only medical officer on duty.

The first order received was to report all men unfit for duty, and have them conveyed on transports in the river. And in a

few days, on August 14th, we were marching down the peninsula, almost reversing part of the route, by which portions of the army had gone towards Richmond.

Crossing the Chickahominy on a pontoon, we went through Williamsburg, the seat of Williams and Mary College, also the second capital of Virginia, succeeding Jamestown, and remaining such down to revolutionary times. The town was a mere hamlet with many deserted buildings. I was interested in noting the two small, low delapidated two-story brick buildings, comprising practically all the visible remains of one of the oldest colleges in the country in one of the oldest towns of the country.

Our regiment camped in the old quarters it had occupied in the siege of Yorktown in April; and in the evening the regimental glee club sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," and many other army songs; the circumstances and surroundings contributing to make the effect indescribably sweet and touching. The "Star Spangled Banner," "Columbia," and "Rally Round the Flag" were rendered with vigor and received loud applause, while the songs that told of comrades lost, and "Home, Sweet Home," sung with pathetic feeling, caused many a heart to throb with tenderness, and many a tear was stealthily wiped away in the dim light of the camp.

Little Bethel, Big Bethel, Jamestown and Newport News were reached in succession; at the last place we embarked on boat, steaming up the Potomac to Aquia Creek, disembarking there and marching to Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock, General Pope in command.

For the next ten days we seemed to be marching and countermarching like an army maneuvering for position. On the 29th, while our brigade—3rd of First Division, 5th Corps—had halted and was resting in cover of a wooded slope overlooking a valley and facing a wooded ridge half to three-fourths of a mile to the south, in the edge of which some indications of

the enemy were reported, a score or more of foragers, including our chaplain and the chaplain of the 112th New York, made their way down to the little cabin nearly a quarter of a mile in front in the valley. As we were on short rations I left my horse in charge of a hospital attendant, and started for the cabin, hoping to get some fresher food and some milk for some of our men who were ill. By the time I reached the cabin most of those before me were leaving. The chaplains had secured a turkey, others had chickens, soft bread and milk. The cabin was occupied by an old colored woman and her little boy about eight years old, and she complained that she didn't "see no difference between the sesech and the Yanks," for whichever side came along took all she had. I suspect some of the foragers were not scrupulous about settling their accounts. I found she had nothing left but a solitary frightened chicken and a half-baked hoe-cake in a spider leaning at an oblique angle before a smoldering, half-dead fire in an old-fashioned fire-place. Not wanting to go back empty-handed, I quickly bought the lot, giving her the last silver half-dollar I had then, or for some time after. A half pint of milk and some butter for the hoe-cake when it was "done baked," were to go with the job lot.

Meanwhile Bobbie, the boy, was set to run down the chicken. I became uneasy at the delay; the hoe-cake spider was like the proverbial watched pot that never boils. My uneasiness became anxiety on looking out the door, to see that the brigade had moved back out of sight, and Bobbie had only caught some tail feathers of the chicken. And my anxiety became alarm a minute after, and the old granny was stunned and demoralized with terror, by the sound of a cannon and the bursting of a shell not far from the cabin door, followed by two or three more in quick succession.

Still unwilling to meet the ridicule of my friends if I went back without anything, and thinking only of the artillery fire, which like thunder, I had come to know was not so dangerous

as it sounded, I yet waited long enough to get my partly baked hoe-cake, and drinking the milk to make sure of that, and taking the butter which the old granny had put in a small leaky tin cup, I started out the door with the hoe-cake in one hand, and the leaky cup of butter held on top of it with the other hand.

My alarm was now genuine and the feeling increased to see three or four rebel cavalrymen riding full tilt toward the cabin, two of them dangerously near; and as I entered the old woman's garden, in the direction of a shorter cut than the one I had come down, I heard the whistle of bullets uncomfortably near my ears. The corn in the garden offered partial shelter for a few rods; the hoe-cake though not baked, was hot enough to melt the butter and burn my hands, and I plucked a couple of cabbage leaves as I ran, and put one under the cake and one over it; and then without cover had to make a break of twenty or thirty rods, the first half of which was down grade; then came a wide ditch to jump, and the rest was up grade to the protection of the underbrush and timber. Here, being completely blown, I sat down with my forage. To save what little butter had not trickled through my fingers, I cut open the hoe-cake and poured the melted liquid in. Feeling chagrined at the ludicrous outcome of my well-meant effort, and fearful that some of my regiment might be hurt by the shelling of the woods, which had been lively and continuous for a little while, and the further fear that I might be thought to have sought the rear when for the first time under fire, doubtless made me somewhat insensible to the real personal danger I had gone through. Just why the cavalrymen did not follow me, when they might so easily have captured me, I don't know; when getting the shelter of the woods, I looked back enough to see that two of them had gone into the cabin. Whether they had not breech-loading carbines, or whether they expected to capture others in the cabin, or feared to get too close to the woods, I could only surmise; but was thankful enough to get off without asking them.

I found the woods full of colored refugees terrorized by the shelling of the artillery, and praying for safety. Following up the brigade, I found no one hurt for all the shelling but a Berdan sharpshooter. My hoe-cake, with "drawn butter" dressing, was accepted as satisfactory explanation of my absence.

The next day, August 30th, the second battle of Manassas or Bull Run took place. Without intending to repeat cyclopedic facts, I only mention some of the scenes that came within my own view.

As our regiment was on its way to the front, it was halted and ordered to lie down in a corn field. I was directed to report to the Division Hospital for duty, somewhat in rear, near the north bank of Bull Run, at this point but a shallow brook two or three rods wide, broken by stones. The hospital flag was flying from a staff projecting from the top of a tree fifty or sixty feet high—though the tree stood on low ground—in the shade of which our operating tables were set up. Nearby a considerable command of cavalry was held in reserve.

The roar of the battle came back to us, but the only information that reached us, was through ambulance drivers and wounded soldiers. For an hour or two we were occupied, with no intimation that things were not going right at the front, until a shell exploded quite near the hospital, quickly followed by others, and we thought the enemy were not respecting our hospital flag. But we soon had reason to believe that the enemy had knowledge of the position of the cavalry, or had advanced, and were shelling the whole line. We promptly prepared to move to a position of greater safety, packing up instruments and apparatus that belonged in the ambulance supply wagon.

A patient lying on the table with a bad wound of the lower leg and foot, was being examined, to determine what operation might be necessary. He got off the table and with the help of a comrade on each side, walked away with the other wounded who were able to move. Before we got things packed to move,

a confused, broken, irregular, wavy line of men came over the ridge. Fragments of our brigade and regiment came down the roadway near to our hospital.

We were given to understand at first, and we hoped it was true, that we were falling back for better position, and orders were given to direct the wounded to a large stone house on our right, which we had seen on high ground to our left as we were going in—the historic “stone house” of the first battle of Bull Run. To reach this stone house we had to cross the stream.

An officer, whose name I will not mention, as the disordered mass came drifting rapidly along, was making a great outcry about being wounded in the foot and unable to walk. I got down off my horse and helped him on. After he was safely mounted he seemed to forget his wound and pain and was loudly boasting of the prodigies of valor he had performed while others of known bravery were quiet. After wading the stream while he rode, I insisted upon learning the extent of his wounds. The heel of his shoe showed quite a wound but not a scratch on his body. Courage, physical or moral, is a curious quality; often apparently an expression of temperament—hereditary, developed, cultivated, educated—strengthened or weakened by associations and environment. The enthusiasm and inspiration of bravery is contagious. A blustering bravado may have little real courage; while the quiet, undemonstrative man whose understanding of the danger of the situation causes him fear even to pallor, may still have the courage to face the danger, in the discharge of his duty, though it cost him his life.

As we ascended the hill toward the house we could see a scattered and disorganized, if not demoralized, army whose officers vainly tried to rally their commands and make a stand, and the Confederate advance come on to the ridge our forces had occupied a short time before. A battery dashed onto the ridge, wheeled into position, and began shelling the field over

which we were falling back. The stone house had been a rallying point for many of the wounded, and the lower rooms of the house and the large shady yard were filled with wounded.

As some shells exploded near the house an ambulance driver sitting on his seat with an ambulance full of wounded men, became so demoralized by fright, that he jumped from his seat, and began to cut loose from the team one of the mules on which to carry his cowardly body out of danger. The lieutenant in charge of the ambulance train drew a pistol on him and threatened to shoot him if he did not get back to his place and attend to his duty. The greater immediate danger of the pistol at close range brought him to his senses, and perhaps to his manhood, enough to make him return to his place of duty.

I dressed the wounds of a few of our command and some other urgent cases in this house and yard, and then was obliged to leave those of them who could not march, or get in the ambulance and fall back with my regiment. Rev. Dr. Winslow, chief agent, Sanitary Commission of the Potomac, acting as volunteer aid on General Warren's staff, rode across the ebbing tide of fragments of commands trying to stem the current. He sat his horse like a veteran. His gray beard and flowing locks of hair gave him the appearance of a patriarch. Struggling in a heroic effort to save the day, he made a picture still clear in my memory. He had been shouting to attract attention: "This is not a retreat," until with the heat, the dust, and strain of voice, he had become so hoarse he could be heard but a few rods. It was evident, however, that it was a retreat. I do not need to dwell on the painful memories of chagrin and mortification with which the remnants of our broken commands fell back a second time from the plains of Manassas. Nor do I like to recall the sadness with which we thought of the brave comrades who fell that day.

It was growing dark as we converged into a deep, narrow road cut down a somewhat steep descent to a narrow bridge

across the stream of Bull Run—at this point narrow, but deep, with muddy banks. Here was a promiscuous procession of quartermasters' and commissary wagons, batteries of artillery, ambulances and infantry. Half way down the hill a six-mule team and wagon stalled or mucked. I had taken on my horse various articles at the request of men and officers, who were nearly tired out, to relieve them of the extra weight, and in the midst of this gorge of horses, mules and wagons, artillery and men, an overcoat that I had taken to carry for Lieutenant Eddy, of Flint, was literally torn from my saddle by catching on the limb of a tree or on a wagon in the darkness. It was as impossible to recover it in the darkness as if dropped in a herd of stampeded cattle.

It was a pitifully small remnant of the 16th that answered to roll call late that night on the road to Centerville; and the 3rd Brigade, First Division, of which it was a part, suffered in about the same proportion. This part of the 5th Corps, at least, was not "held back." It is not my province or intention to discuss General Porter's conduct or General Pope's. This has all gone into history and Porter has been restored.

Sad as is a battle in which lives that have been maturing for years, are cut down in minutes, there is yet the somewhat compensative exhibition of a contest of the greatest forces human agency has devised; the fascination of danger; the courage of conviction of the righteousness and worth of the principle for which we contend; the thought of the paltriness of life saved at the cost of honor; the worthlessness of a country and a government for which men will not fight; and the peace that may be purchased at too dear a price. Grant did not give utterance to his famous epigrammatic sentence, "Let us have peace," until a peace had been conquered, and then to save a yielding foe—who must again become citizens—from needless humiliation. Jesus Christ Himself, the Apostle of peace, apparently recognizing the need of sometimes fighting for peace, said, "I came

into the world not to bring peace but a sword;" and until human nature changes, the arbitrament of the sword, the type of force, will, like the heaviest artillery and the best ironclads, greatly promote arbitration.

We commend such thoughts and principles, and inculcate them, and emulate the spirit of sacrifice of the Spartans. But there is another side, a ghastly picture, which shows the horrors of war—a battlefield from which has been removed all the "pomp and circumstance of war;" when no more is seen the martial array, the flash of sabre, the glistening bayonet, the waving flags, the touch of elbows and the step of comrades "full of lusty life," nor heard the bugle call, the drum-beat, the rattle of musketry, or the boom of cannon—a field on which remains only the dead and wounded, fallen in the fierce strife. The recollection of the picture of a part of the field of Second Bull Run, the second day after the battle, tends to make one pray for the times when wars and rumors of wars shall cease.

I was one of a party of surgeons, with an ambulance corps and attendants, ordered under a flag of truce, to recover the wounded and bury the dead. Endeavoring to secure information concerning my own command, I followed the route taken by our own regiment and brigade, reaching the line in front of a cut in the Manassas Gap Railroad, where the slaughter had been terrible. All across an open field of sixty rods or so, and reaching laterally several times that distance, the bodies of brave fellows lay as they had fallen, like sheaves of human grain cut down by some monster reaper. Within a space not larger than this room, and within two to four rods of the sunken cut—unseen in the slight ascent until close upon it—lay the bodies of four of the color bearers of our own regiment, one after another having taken the flag as it fell from the hands of a fallen comrade. The dirt had been taken out of this cut from each end to make a filling for the road-bed in the lower ground to the right and

left, making an admirable breastwork for the enemy. A few rods in the rear of this cut, partially concealed by trees, was a battery, the fire of which at close range, together with converging fire of batteries to left, was most deadly on our lines as they emerged from the woods and advanced up the open field. The survivors of that heroic charge relate that our line had come within about four rods of the cut when suddenly there uprose, as if out of the ground, the heads and shoulders and guns of a mass of Confederate infantry, which poured a deadly volley at this short range into our advancing line. The line was staggered, wavered, again advanced, but being so thinned, and no reinforcements coming to its support, was unable to stand against the fire of an enemy so effectively protected, and fell back exposed to the same artillery fire increased by batteries to our left, which swept the field across which it retreated.

We found our dead generally stripped of clothing and shoes, not so much probably from any intended desecration or malicious robbery, as from the necessity of the enemy to supply themselves with better clothing whenever opportunity offered.

The bodies of the dead were bloated and dark from exposure in an August sun. The enemy had been busy burying their own dead, and none of our fallen comrades had been buried, nor the helpless wounded left on the field, cared for.

I found one poor fellow shot through the leg, who had drawn himself with his gun to the shade of a small tree, and was able to sit leaning his back against its trunk. He had no water for nearly twenty-four hours and within a radius of two rods lay the bodies of three dead comrades. I shall never forget the expression of joy and gratitude that lit up his face when he recognized me, with canteens of water, and knew that friends sent by the government for which he had risked his life, were come to rescue him. A stimulant of brandy and water was given, and he, with many others found in like conditions of helplessness and heroic endurance of suffering, were brought away in stretchers and ambulances.

There were broken gun carriages and disabled guns (some that had belonged to the enemy) and wagons, the bodies of dead horses scattered over the field, and the body of a dead hog lying on its back with three feet sticking up—one hind leg with the ham taken off, apparently with a solid shot, as clean as if done with a knife, the abdominal cavity not even ruptured.

We buried our dead, and came back through the picket line within the period of the truce, with our wounded, a slow train of ambulances like a funeral procession.

Dr. Seeley, a somewhat eccentric acting assistant (contract) surgeon, who had been left in camp on duty with the regiment, turned up on the field, and fell into the hands of the enemy or voluntarily remained, and was not seen at the regiment again. His absence left me without help and considerably increased my work.

The army fell back to Centerville and then to the defenses of Washington.

On the night march in from Centerville we first learned of the reinstatement of McClellan in command of the Army of the Potomac. He had come out with a brilliant staff and met the tired and dispirited soldiers. His reception was an ovation, cheers resounded along the line as soon as his presence was known. Whatever else might be said of McClellan, there was no doubt of his popularity in the Army of the Potomac at that time, and his appearance and the knowledge of his return to command was an inspiration in itself.

Our brigade fell back to Miner's Hill, and then to Hall's Hill, where our regiment occupied its old quarters of the winter before, where I woke in the morning and saw for the first time, and from the Virginia side of the Potomac, the unfinished dome of the Capitol and the stump of the Washington Monument, then about 150 feet high.

Here we received a five weeks' mail and our baggage. A small trunk in which had also been placed a four ounce vial of

dilute nitrohydrochloric acid still held the vial—empty—and some fragments of clothing and stained books. A medical friend had advised taking the acid as it had proved useful in the treatment of chronic diarrhoeas so prevalent in the field, and was not then provided on the army supply table for field service. The chemist who put it up the second time for me in New York warranted it to carry all right. (This was after I had shown him how the first vial he put up leaked.) I was doubtful at the time of his ability to do it, and when I opened the trunk was sure he had not succeeded.

I read my letters by the light of a bonfire of barrel staves, and while waiting in line of march for more than two hours. About 10 p. m. we moved to the south end of the long bridge, thence to Alexandria; reaching there after numerous halts about 7 o'clock in the morning; thence to Fairfax Seminary, an all-night march of about 17 miles, on three sides of an irregular parallelogram, and back to within about four miles in a straight line from where we had started, arriving there weary and hungry. We moved again the following night reaching the neighborhood of Arlington next morning. The extra duty—increased by the absence of the acting assistant surgeon—and the exposure of the week following the battle had been too much for me. I was unable to sit my horse the last night, and rode lying down in the bottom of a quartermaster's wagon. I had fever, was dizzy and unable to be on foot.

Fortunately Dr. Wixom returned from furlough at this point, and I was left in camp with a small detachment of sick men and new recruits (who had arrived with Lieut. Topping) on the supposition that I would be able to take care of myself and the sick men. I kept up part of each day for a week or two, got the sick men who were unfit for duty to the hospital at Washington; but my fever developed into a continuous form of what was then called for want of a better name, and recognized by Surgeon-General Woodward typhomalarial fever (a name that, notwithstanding

standing its technical inaccuracy, is still much used), and I was taken to hospital in Washington, where I remained unable to move until November. While there Colonel Stockton, returning to the field after release from Libby Prison, called to see me, and straightened out my status, as I had been left without formal leave of absence. When able to travel I went to New York on furlough. Returning to Washington, still unable to go to the field, I was detailed on hospital duty in Alexandria in charge of the Baptist Church Hospital, one of seven hospitals in that quiet, quaint old town. Here were yet to be seen many of the relics of the earlier days of slavery; among them a whipping post, a crude pillory and stocks, and an upright tight plank box like a coffin case on end with a door on one side and a perforated top for showering refractory culprits, locked bolt upright within. Here, too, was the Marshall House, of murderous fame, where Ellsworth was shot. We had in these hospitals a large number of severe cases of illness and wounds; at one time a number of wounded cavalrymen with pistol and a few sabre wounds, the latter like bayonet wounds, being very rare in the whole history of the war. The mortality was large, and every morning one or more military funerals passed by our boarding house. These solemn little processions were pathetic indeed. All received the "last honors" of a dead soldier. With an ambulance for a hearse, a fife and drum playing the dead march, a guard trailing arms, that did duty as a firing squad to "salute the dead" with a volley over the grave of the departed comrade, made a daily reminder of another sad side of "war times."

I was glad to be relieved from duty at Alexandria and ordered back to my regiment near Bealton Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. But here I was again soon detailed on detached service as surgeon of the 20th Maine, commanded by Colonel, afterwards General and since Governor Chamberlain. Their medical officers were all sick, and small-pox was epidemic in the regiment; soon after I was in charge of a small-pox hos-

pital for the division, the larger number of patients, however, coming from the 20th Maine. The sympathy with which my friends bade me good bye when I left my own regiment for this service was genuine—I think most of my combatant friends in the line or staff would rather have gone into an engagement or charged a battery than to have accompanied me to stay in the pest house, though there was less popular fear of the disease, and less effort at restriction and disinfection than under more modern sanitary measures. There was, however, one always efficient means of destroying disease germs or infected material, that we could rely on—that was fire.

I was still more glad to be relieved from this last service, and hoped to get back to my own regiment to enjoy the society of my Michigan friends. But there were several commands without medical officers, and just at this time the artillery of the 5th Corps was brigaded, and I was assigned to Battery "D," 5th U. S. Artillery, and Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery, making my headquarters with Battery "D" (Lieut. Watson commanding), with which I served until Gettysburg, though in almost daily communication of my first love, the 16th.

The Army of the Potomac, under Hooker, was again on the defensive, and practically on the retreat, having always the necessity of protecting Washington, and keeping on the inner curve between Washington and Lee.

At Aldie and Middleburg our regiment was engaged in a skirmish, and Captain Judd M. Mott was killed. He was off duty—indeed, he had been under arrest, for overstaying leave or some similar charge, and had not had his trial—but asked for his sword and permission to lead his company when he learned that the regiment was ordered to the front. He was shot through the abdomen and lived but a few hours.

We crossed the Potomac a few miles above Washington, going through Frederick, Md., on Sunday, where was pointed

out the cottage of Barbara Fritchie, with the flag still in the window and Barbara herself in the door.

It was at Frederick we learned that General Meade was to supersede Hooker. It is but repeating history to say now that there was a feeling of doubt and fear on our side of the outcome of the campaign that all felt must soon precipitate an engagement of the armies of the Potomac and of Northern Virginia on the rapidly converging lines upon which they were marching. This fear had been due largely to a lack of confidence in the judgment and capacity for general command, but not in the bravery or courage of General Hooker to compete with Lee. And yet the removal of Hooker and appointment of Meade still left a feeling of distrust. Meade had the respect and confidence of the army as a cautious, successful corps commander, and especially of the 5th Corps which he had commanded—but he was untried in larger commands.

From Frederick on for the next three days were made some of the most famous infantry marches in military records—whole brigades and many regiments separately making thirty (30) to thirty-three (33) miles a day.

We reached the vicinity of Gettysburg the evening of July 1st, many of the men dropping by the wayside the last two or three miles from fatigue; some of them so exhausted as to have fallen almost in the tracks of the column which covered all the space between the fences—and to be in danger of being trampled in the dim light by the horses of mounted men.

On the morning of the second we moved up on the left of the Baltimore Pike, in rear of the left side of the "flatiron" or "scythe-shaped" line formed by Cemetery Ridge, leading on our left to "Little" and "Big" "Round Top," and on our right to Culp's and Wolf Hills.

During the forenoon, while waiting in this position, Dr. Everett of the 16th, and I rode up the pike near to the picket line at the cemetery. Dismounting and fastening our horses, we

walked on towards the ridge, partly through the cemetery, to get a view of the field and town in front; but were quite willing to accept the advice of the picket when we heard the whistle of the bullets from the Confederate pickets, and to seek the protection of the buttressed gate-towers behind which our own picket was sheltered.

Many of the monumental slabs were already broken down by the fire of the day before, when Howard—falling back after Reynold's death—secured and held this natural stronghold, and the terrific cannonade of this day and the third (particularly the hail of shot converged on Hancock's position) left scarcely a stone standing in this beautiful cemetery.

Battery "D"—better known then as "Weed's Battery"—5th U. S. Artillery (Lieutenant Watson commanding), was ordered to the front and placed in position in the angle on the left of the 3rd Corps, reaching back from Sickles' too far advanced position, facing south on the wood tract fronting on that side the "Devil's Den." The battery was without infantry support, and after having shelled the woods for some time, so much smoke had been made that the officers and gunners could see but a short distance. A column of infantry was seen enfilading in front, at a distance of but three hundred yards, and in the smoke it was uncertain whether the command was friend or foe, until a puff of wind blew out the rebel flag carried by Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade. The guns were loaded with spherical case at point blank range, and fired till the brigade charged over the battery, capturing the guns—the caissons fortunately having been sent to the rear—but not till forty-four out of forty-eight horses were killed or disabled, and about fifty out of a hundred men were killed or wounded. Lieutenant Watson was shot in the knee and his leg amputated the same evening. The command of the few who escaped capture devolved on Sergeant Peebles, who was described by his surviving comrades as furiously excited and angry at the loss of "his guns," and besieging

every infantry commander he could reach for a force to go with him and "get his guns." After various efforts he did succeed in getting a detachment with which he went, himself carrying a musket, recaptured and brought off the guns so dear to him and with which he had served so long.

The incident is graphically described in one of the Century war papers of a few years ago.

Captain Watson was for a time afterward detailed as teacher at West Point, and subsequently in charge of Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio.

On my way to the front with the battery I was ordered to duty with the division hospital. We had just selected an apparently favorable place in an open shade near water for a temporary hospital. The ground had been cleared of rubbish, preparations were being made for putting up an operating table, an ambulance full of wounded men from the front stood waiting, when a solid shot about four inches in diameter struck the cleared space in the midst of a scattered group of a dozen or more medical officers and attendants, and went ricochetting down the slight descent, without injuring any one. While we were considering the question of this being a chance shot, and the advisability of moving—yet disliking to give up so convenient a place—a second shot struck the nose of a red slate rock within a few feet of where the first one struck, throwing fragments of rock in all directions, and yet not seriously injuring any one. Not waiting for a third hint we promptly moved the poor fellows in the ambulances—a second load having arrived—who begged that they be not exposed in their helplessness to the chance of being further wounded. I afterward learned that the shots came from a battery nearly two miles distant, having too high a range for our line. We selected another place somewhat farther to the rear and to the left near Rock Creek. The wounded came back from the front thick and fast. The operating tables were put up and the work of caring for the wounded went on till far into the night. Actual heaps

of amputated limbs accumulated at these tables. The wounded brought to these tables were of the gravest character and that needed the promptest care. Many of the slight wounds were dressed at the front, and of those coming to the Field Hospital the less severe had to wait till the graver and more urgent cases had been attended.

Two or three operating tables were kept occupied all the afternoon, each with its staff detailed by the division surgeon in charge, the duties of each determined by detail, or by the same professional courtesy which would govern a like case in civil practice. The various positions on the staff being frequently interchanged. I kept records, administered chloroform, made operations and dressed wounds in turn. No grave or capital operation was undertaken without a full consultation and concurrence of the most prominent surgeons present. The assent of the patient was always asked, when the patient was conscious enough to be consulted, and I do not remember that it was ever refused. The name, rank, command, home and address of friends, together with inventory of effects and character of injury and operation, if any, were entered in official record by a member of the staff detailed for that duty. Another administered the anesthetic when needed. Chloroform was generally used, ether rarely used at that time—though there was no arbitrary rule about it, the choice being left largely to discretion of surgeons in charge or operators.

The third day's duties for the surgeons were a repetition of the second, yet there were fewer casualties on our part of the field. The chief part of this day's military operations being the concentrated artillery fire on Hancock's position and Pickett's charge in the afternoon, the repulse of which with such loss to the enemy practically ended the battle and Lee's attempt to carry the war farther north. But many of the wounds of the day before were still to be attended to, and the surgeons were busy as long as daylight served and many wounded were cared for by lamplight.

Notwithstanding the hasty and inconsiderate criticism of the oracular and the ignorant as to inefficient medical and surgical care of the sick and wounded, and the too heroic practice and needless operations through the ambition of incompetent operators—whose military rank did not always correspond with their professional rank—it is but scant justice to say that the medical and surgical service of the late war excelled in efficiency that of any previous war of any country. Statistics show a much smaller mortality from all causes and more conservative surgery with better results. A "Medical and Surgical History" was published which tabulated every case of illness or injury with thousands of histories in detail, illustrations of wounds, injuries, operations, pathological specimens, missiles, ambulances, hospitals, apparatus, instruments, etc., the like of which no private publishing house could afford, and no government ever before attempted.

Of the work performed by my own regiment, the 16th Michigan, I need not here speak at length, yet I cannot refrain from notice of its gallant defense of the conspicuous position in the line it took and held against all comers, on the bare and unprotected summit of Little Round Top. Though my duties kept me with the artillery I was in daily communication with our old boys, and in sympathetic touch with all their movements, struggles, victories and losses. On this bare ledge they perched with no protection against the murderous fire of the Texan sharp shooters who were concealed behind rocks and trees and in tree-tops, filling the broken ground in front and reaching to the well named "Devil's Den." They were the first of Vincent's Brigade detached by General Warren and ordered to Little Round Top, and reached the little plateau formed by its truncated cone while the enemy were clambering up its almost precipitous front, and flanking it on the left by gaining the defile between it and the Big Round Top. The 16th here lost Lieutenants Butler Browne, Borden and Jewett, and twenty-one men killed and thirty-four wounded. In riding over this field some weeks later I came upon

a large shallow grave at the foot of the left of the rocky front of the ledge, marked with a board:

"20 Men of the 16th Michigan buried here."

Little Round Top is their Gettysburg monument—grander than the memorial stone furnished by the State for which it serves as a colossal pedestal. The granite ramparts of its bare and rugged brow is seamed and scarred with strange inscriptions written in fire, with the shot and shell of a desperate enemy. that testify to the heroic courage of its brave defenders.

In fancy I can imagine it a huge phonograph that shall give out to attentive ears the stored-up sounds of the din of battle, the roar of musketry and boom of cannon, the blast of the trumpet, the voice of command, the cheers of victory and the groans of the wounded.

Hazlett's Battery "I" was dragged up the steep side by hundreds of hands where horses could not climb and placed at the right of the little plateau, the guns here protected in part by some huge boulders forming natural embrasures, yet not protecting fully against sharp shooters.

Here occurred the sad death of Lieutenant Hazlett and General Weed, two men especially dear to the artillery of the 5th Corps.

Hazlett was shot by sharp shooters and fell beside the gun he was sighting. Weed, who was present, went to the aid of his fallen comrade, and while bending over him and receiving his last words, he, too, was shot and fell almost in the arms of Hazlett. This incident—though but one of thousands—excited much interest at the time, by reason of the peculiarly pathetic circumstances of the simultaneous death at their posts of duty, in each other's arms, of these well known officers who had been close friends in life, both killed by bullets from the same sharp shooter in a tree-top. But each of the thousands of lives sacrificed was precious to some one. Weed, Hazlett, Watson, Kil-

patrick and Custer were all at West Point together, though not all class-mates. Where all were brave 'tis invidious to discriminate.

I could not expect to tell for combatants, many of whom took part in the thrilling scenes of that three days' contest, the story of Gettysburg as a battle. If every one of the one hundred and forty thousand or more engaged on both sides of that historic struggle which went so far in determining the national life and liberty, should tell their recollections, views, opinions, in short, their story of Gettysburg, no two would be alike. No two saw the same things, or from exactly the same standpoints or with the same interest in the same commands or individuals.

I can only give such recollections of incidents of general interest as came within my observation.

On the morning of the 4th of July, when we hardly knew whether the battle was ended or we had been victorious, I was sent with ambulances and attendants with stretchers to look for wounded still on the field. While on my way to the front of the battlefield of the second day, the part of the line along the loop, where the 5th and 6th Corps had lapped on the left of the 3rd from the peach orchard on the Emmitsburg road back to the Union line, my route took me to the right of Little Round Top, where flags were still flying. Observing a group of persons, and hearing the voice of some one speaking, I went up the steep ascent where the 16th and Hazlett's Battery had gone, and there found in the very midst of this battery a collection of fifty or more persons (officers, privates, civilians and several women), listening in the most earnest manner to an army chaplain who, on this Sunday morning, the Anniversary of our National Independence, mounted on a gun carriage, was delivering a most eloquent speech, inspired by the scene and the occasion, a mixed Fourth of July oration, army sermon, a tribute of gratitude for the victory of our arms, a wreath of garlands for the graves of the fallen, sympathy for the bereaved homes all-over the land, and an

appeal to the God of battles and the arbiter of all questions, for the triumph of liberty, and the establishment of peace and good government.

The surroundings and the occasion all combined to make the event most thrilling and memorable. In the far distance to the left of the town, and towards Seminary Ridge, could be seen the rear of a column of infantry, the guns and bayonets glistening in the sun of that July morning. Here was confirmation of our reported victory. The army was again on the march in pursuit of the retreating enemy.

Battery "D" being so disabled by loss of men and horses that it was unable to continue in the field, I was detailed to remain in charge of the wounded of the Artillery Brigade of the 5th Corps. The hospital was located adjoining those of the 5th Corps, to which were also brought patients from the 3rd and 6th Corps. On this fourth of July I made several amputations and other operations. Some of the poor fellows, brought in from the front, and for the want of better shelter were laid on the grass in the shade, on improvised straw beds by the side of Rock Creek for the night. The heavy rains of the night caused such sudden rise of the stream as to endanger the overflow of its banks, and again the poor wounded fellows had to be moved back from its shady banks to a higher and safer place.

I remember, in particular, one stripling youth who had been seriously wounded, had suffered a large hemorrhage and severe shock, and looked so bloodless and pale that we hardly expected he would survive the night. Yet in the morning he was found better; with only a blanket over him, the cool air of the night and the rain seemed to have revived him, reaction had taken place, and the flesh tints of color had come back to his cheeks; his pulse could be felt stronger, and he had the great thirst of those who have suffered large loss of blood; he was hungry, courageous and hopeful of recovery.

What mere boys many of them were—yet brave, rarely com-

plaining, youthful heroes! Their muscles hard and firm and their tissues healthful, greatly favored the successful result of surgical operations.

One little short Irishman of Battery "D" in my Artillery Hospital had both thighs amputated. He lived nearly three weeks, smoked his pipe after taking food and kept his native humor cheerful and merry until near his end.

The churches, schools and public buildings in the village were utilized as hospitals, and many farm houses and barns had wounded men temporarily quartered. As soon as practicable the less severe cases of wounds that could be moved were forwarded to hospitals at York, Carlisle, Baltimore and Philadelphia and farther north, and those able to travel alone were furloughed to their homes. The survivors remaining in these temporary hospitals, constituting the gravest class of wounds, were collected in the large field hospital a mile north of the village on the east side of the York Pike. Here we had one of the finest field hospitals of the war named in honor of the medical director of the Army of the Potomac, Camp Letterman. The open grounds—about sixty acres—sloped to the west, offering excellent surface drainage. They were accurately laid out into streets which were graded, giving sufficient room between for double hospital tents, leaving ample space between the tents, the earth under each tent leveled and packed, making a smooth, hard floor. The quarters of the medical director, surgeons, medical purveyor, quartermaster, commissary, sanitary and Christian commissions and mess halls were in a grove on the north side. The hospital consisted of three divisions of three wards each. I had charge of one division and immediate care of one ward.

The grave character of the cases in this hospital will be better understood when I say that in the period of about three months that I was on duty from the date of its organization we had about three thousand patients in all, averaging about twelve hundred to fifteen hundred at one time. Of these there were

about one thousand amputations for gunshot and shell wounds, mostly fractures,—divided about equally between the fore arm, leg and thigh. There were over seventy penetrating wounds of the chest, and about forty of the abdomen. Over twenty gunshot or shell fractures of the skull still surviving, and about two hundred cases of gunshot wounds of knee, involving joints. These figures are given from recollections in the absence of mislaid accurate data, and are approximately correct.

After my detail on hospital duty my wife came on from New York, boarding for a time with the family of a Mr. Fahnstock in the village, whose house bore marks of bullets of the first day's fighting. After the establishment of the general hospital several other ladies joined their husbands, among them the wife of Dr. Lewis Oakley, of New Jersey, and the wife of dear old Rev. Dr. Winslow, agent of the Sanitary Commission for the Army of the Potomac. All who saw Dr. Winslow while acting as volunteer aide to General Warren at the battle of the second Bull Run will recall his kindly face and his patriarchal hair and flowing white beard as he rode across the field vainly trying to stem the falling back, and shouting till his voice failed, "This is not a retreat."

When the work of transferring and receiving the wounded and getting them quartered in the field hospital was completed we moved to camp. Here, aside from the exacting character of the duties, the witnessing of such a collection of grave injuries and suffering, the work was systematized and professionally interesting and agreeable. Medical Director Hanes, of Vermont, and Surgeon-in-Chief Chamberlain, of Massachusetts, and the staff generally were able men, with whom it was a pleasure to be associated. My wife daily visited the wounded, particularly from our own State, wrote letters for those unable to write and rendered many little services, for which they were grateful. They greeted her in her daily visits as "The Michigan girl."

We had two nine feet square wall tents, a reception and bedroom next door to Dr. Winslow's. A canvas carpet, a barrel

chair, a tanbark sidewalk. We went to the headquarters' mess for meals, and had none of the ordinary cares of housekeeping that detract so much from the enjoyment of modern civilized social life. I look back to it now as among the happiest days of my life.

The heat of July and August had passed by the time the wounded from the scattered hospitals had been collected, and the general affairs were so well in hand that it was practicable for part of the staff to get off duty in the afternoons, and we walked, rode in ambulance or on horseback over the field, becoming familiar with most of the parts of this famous battle ground.

Later on, while ill with fever, I received a severe injury by a fall when hastening in the night to a case of secondary hemorrhage, and was disabled for weeks after, being confined to my bed with serious illness. I rejoined my regiment on its return to the State to re-enlist and re-organize, leaving Washington the night of the cold New Year's of 1864.

New Year's day, in company with several other officers, I called on President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton. The morning was so warm, we started out without overcoats, but after standing an hour or more to see the distinguished men of our own country, and the decorated ministers of foreign countries arrive and depart, the rapidly growing cold drove us to the shelter of our hotels, before making other calls planned.

The regiment left Washington soon after dark via the B. & O. Railroad, in cars without fire and some of them without seats. The temperature had fallen from forty to sixty degrees all over the country east of the Rocky Mountains, and in Washington from over sixty degrees in the morning to near zero before midnight. While the train was standing on a siding, we went out and broke off the boards from fences for fuel, and managed to get the cars in which there were stoves tolerably heated. Before this, however, many of the officers and men had taken severe colds. For a day or two I could not speak above a whisper. But

we were all going home and expecting to make the trip as other paying passengers; not even the unprecedented low temperature of that cold wave could chill the spirits of the boys, to whom, all except the severe cold, was an agreeable change from the routine work at the front in winter quarters.

It seemed as though we traveled miles enough to have taken us to St. Paul, and we were on the road a longer time than necessary to go to San Francisco, reaching Detroit the sixth or seventh day after starting.

The first cavalry were with us. At some point in Virginia a part of the train left the track, stopping just on the slope of the roadbed and one end of the car on the bank of a stream. At another place in Ohio, while sidetracked, as we so often were, a stove with fire in it was carried out of the railroad station, and set up in a car that had none. On the fifth day out, after being taken over a considerable portion of the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, we were again stopped on a sidetrack for the regular trains and some freights to pass us. The forbearance of the officers in command had reached its limit. Through other mismanagement of the railroad the forward section without officers had gone on when within forty miles of Cleveland, and the rear section with officers of both regiments sidetracked again for a schedule train to pass. A brief conference—hardly a council of war—of the officers of both regiments was quickly held, and for a short time martial law prevailed around this little railroad station in Ohio. For nearly a week we had respected civil authority, and had been snubbed and treated with no more regard in return than if we had been so much freight—and not forwarded with as much dispatch as is given to perishable freight—the prospect of a skirmish with the “soulless corporation” of a railroad, in asserting our rights, promised an entertaining diversion. We were not so particular whether the fare was two or three cents a mile,—we would not have scrupled even at passes,—but we wanted to go ahead.

In less than five minutes two car axles and wheels had been placed endwise between the tracks of the incoming train and a guard placed over the obstructions. Another guard with fixed bayonets had in charge a locomotive engineer detailed from the ranks—the ranks of American citizens in which could be found experts in almost every line of handiwork, from the maker of a watch to the maker of an engine.

When the train came to a halt behind the barricade the engineer was surprised to have his engine taken possession of by an armed military guard, and to have another engineer placed in the cab, with the information that if necessary the new detail would relieve him of duty. The conductor was apprised of the situation and offered the alternative of taking our train into Cleveland with his, or we would take his train with ours, or run our train on his schedule with right of way. A director of the railroad happened to be on the train, and accepted the situation very graciously, and, like Crockett's coon, came down without shooting, when he discovered our resources and determination, and directed the conductor to take us into Cleveland, which we reached in time to prevent the scattering of seven hundred men without officers.

The achievement of this bloodless victory made us regret that it had not been tried earlier on the return journey with its many stops. The remainder of the trip to Detroit, where the regiments dispersed, was uneventful.

In a few days I was ordered to Saginaw City to examine recruits for the re-organization of the regiment. We were very hospitably treated in Saginaw.

Returning in February to Rappahannock Station, Va., our regiment built a very fine camp, with log-cabin walls and tent roofs. Here the headquarters' staff indulged in the luxury of a new mess chest, with an outfit of table crockery and plated forks and spoons! The thing which I remember most distinctly about the mess, under this extravagant though brief culinary campaign,

was the cook and his dinners, who always made the same puddings for desert, and always flavored them with orange peel. So insignificant are the things remembered in the midst of great events well-nigh forgotten.

The disability incurred at Gettysburg becoming more aggravated by exposure and the requirements of field service obliged me to resign before the beginning of the forward movement of the Army of the Potomac under Grant in May, 1864; and I left the front with many regrets on the last train in.

There was no platform and the train hardly stopped. My luggage was pitched in the side door of a freight car, and I caught the floor of the moving car, my feet and my legs dangling, unable to pull myself up, and afraid to let go, for fear that if I did not drop under the wheels I would fall twenty feet into the Rappahannock, over which the train was by that time passing. My unfortunate predicament was discovered in time by some one inside, and I was pulled in. I was greatly obliged for that pull. It relieved me of the very ungraceful and undignified position in which I was taking my leave of comrades and companions, and probably saved my life.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG BY A CONFEDERATE OFFICER.

BY LEVERETTE N. CASE,
BREVET MAJOR 1ST MICHIGAN S. S.

(Read April 1, 1897.)

When first approached by the Chairman of the Committee, and requested to prepare a paper for presentation to this commandery, I modestly declined, and for the reason then stated that I was not in any way fitted for an historian; that my memory was exceedingly treacherous as to names and dates and even localities; that while I remember distinctly of having been in the army during the War of the Rebellion, yet I had never made any memorandum of my service and had not preserved any but the crudest of recollections, many of which had often been disputed by members of my own regiment.

I remember distinctly as to my enlistment and particularly my muster out after the war was over, and the feeling of intense relief that I experienced when I again became a private citizen and out of danger. These conditions are, however, so common to you all that they do not merit any mention, much less to be made a matter of record. It, however, occurred to me that I had in my possession the personal recollections of the siege of Petersburg by a rebel officer, which I am satisfied will be of more interest to you than anything that I can dig out of my own experiences.

The officer spoken of was P. C. Hay, First Lieutenant of Captain Bradford's battery from Mississippi, and the recollections reads as follows:

Dear Sir:—Captain Wm. D. Bradford's (Mississippi) battery, of which I was junior first lieutenant, came to Petersburg about

the 1st of May, 1864, from North Carolina with General Hoke's command, and was stationed first at Battery 42, near Butterworth's bridge, and then at the famous Battery 5 on the Jordan farm, within two or three hundred yards of the City Point railroad. At the last mentioned place we remained a week or ten days, until we were transferred to the Howlett House on the Chesterfield line a day or two after the battle of Drewry's Bluff, on the 16th of May.

On the evening of the 14th of June I obtained a twelve hours' leave of absence, to begin at 5 o'clock the next morning, to visit my wife at her father's in the city of Petersburg. I left camp on the morning of the 15th and was in Petersburg after an hour's ride. Upon reaching Pocahontas bridge I was halted by a sentinel, who stated that he had instructions to arrest all soldiers and send them to the office of the provost marshal. I asked the occasion of this and was informed that the enemy were investing the city. The sentinel wanted to take me in charge. I demurred, as I was an officer on leave of absence, insisted on his sending for the officer of the guard, and was by that officer allowed to pass the bridge. I went at once to the residence of my father-in-law (Mr. R. F. Jackson), found the family at breakfast, took a hearty meal and then went to the customs house, the headquarters of General R. E. Colston, and there learned the true state of affairs, namely, that the city was in fact being invested. I offered my services for the day, which were accepted by General Colston's adjutant (Capt. Baywell), who expressed himself as very glad that I had done so, as he wished to send a message at once to Major Boggs, who commanded the artillery on the lines at that time.

Receiving the message to Major Boggs, I took it at once to him, finding him with some pieces of artillery about the Rives House, near the Jerusalem plank road, at the point at which the battalion of reserves under Colonel Archer had a few days before (on the 9th of June) distinguished themselves in the fight

with the Federal cavalry. It was expected both by the officials at the custom house and by Major Boggs that another assault would on that day be made at this point, as it was believed that, as the breastworks and forts were stronger on the left of the lines in the direction of the river, it was not so likely that an assault would be made at any point to the left, or north, of the plank road. When I delivered the message to Major Boggs he was all anxiety, expecting at that very time the appearance of the enemy in his front. We could then hear a few musketry shots down about Battery 5. This firing, I remember, Major Boggs thought was only the result of a feint, and that the main assault would be made about the Jerusalem road, where he had his artillery.

After a few minutes' interview with Major Boggs, he gave me a dispatch to take to Capt. Nat Sturdevant, who with his battery occupied Battery 5. This I took by the most direct route to Battery 5. As I rode from the Jerusalem road along the military road towards Battery 5 the firing about this point considerably increased, so much so that I deemed it best not to ride directly to the fort (Battery 5) as I had intended, but to dismount at the foot of the hill near the City Point railroad crossing, tie my horse there and proceed on foot to Battery 5 on the crest of the hill.

Having tied my horse, I started up the road toward the battery, but had gone but a few paces before, very much to my surprise a line of Federal sharp shooters in the open field to my left between the railroad and the public road leading to City Point opened fire on me. It is needless to state that I made good the time in running up the hill, anxious as I was to bear my message to Capt. Sturdevant and to inform him of the presence of this body of Federals then working around towards his rear. It was about forty yards before I reached a shelter and the enemy's bullets made this part of my journey anything but pleasant. I will state here that between this point and Battery 1, which was immediately upon the Appomattox river, there was only a very thin line of troops manning our works.

Getting under shelter after much running the gauntlet of the fire from sharp shooters in the field as above mentioned, I was quickly within the fort, finding as I entered it from the rear that Captain Sturdevant, having discovered the presence of the body of Federals, whose fire at me had disclosed their position, was hastily getting in readiness for action two guns on the side of the fort fronting towards the river and bearing on this field. I promptly delivered the message I bore him from Major Boggs. Captain Sturdevant expressed great delight at seeing me and asked if Bradford's battery or any other reinforcements were coming to his support. I told him I knew of no reinforcements coming, and explained how I happened to be present, telling him of my having come to Petersburg that morning on a twelve hour's leave and having tendered my services as already narrated. Captain Sturdevant seemed anxious about the situation, which from the spirited energy with which he was directing the movements of his men and the firing of his guns (he had been firing to his front and was now getting ready to fire upon the enemy on his left and rear) I saw was serious.

Learning how I came to be present Captain Sturdevant asked me to give him my spare time and to take charge of the two guns he had placed in position for use on his left and rear, these guns being manned by convalescents from the hospitals in Petersburg, who, I soon learned, were infantry men and knew little or nothing of the artillery manual. Fortunately only a desultory fire was needed from these guns to scatter the small bodies of the enemy that showed themselves occasionally in the field above referred to. But throughout all that day the enemy, whilst making no assaults upon the eastern front of the fort, kept up a constant musketry fire upon it, with occasional shots from artillery, this fire seeming to increase as the day advanced. Captain Sturdevant, in his shirt sleeves, the embodiment of energy and gallantry, was personally superintending the directing the fire of the guns on his eastern front. In the fort were some infantry, who

were of the Petersburg city battalion of boys under the command of Major Peter V. Batte, and a part of Wise's brigade. About and on the north side of the deep ravine in front of the fort were our pickets, visible from the fort. The fire from the front at these pickets and at the fort made it very dangerous for a man to show his head above the breastworks, and during the day several were wounded.

About four in the afternoon, my leave of absence then drawing to a close, I deemed it proper that I should make my way back to my command, although Captain Sturdevant was very anxious that I should continue with him longer. So, returning to my horse, which had been tied at the foot of the hill all of the several hours I had been in the fort, I mounted her and rode hastily back to the Rives House, my mare being a very fleet animal and considerably excited by the firing, bearing a verbal message from Captain Sturdevant to Major Boggs that he anticipated an early assault and was in urgent need of reinforcements. I well remember how Major Boggs seemed to realize and appreciate the critical condition of things—his manifest sympathy for our comrades in this struggling fort, whom he was powerless to assist. From the rattle of musketry, we both, however, felt that it was infantry more than artillery that Captain Sturdevant needed.

After spending a short time with Major Boggs, I bade him good-bye, rode into the city, saw my wife, explained to her the serious situation out on the lines, made my apology to her for not giving her my twelve hours' leave, which was justly due, took leave of her and rode hastily to my battery at the Howlett House.

As I crossed Pocahontas bridge, about sunset, I heard in the still summer atmosphere three distinct cheers—ominous they were to me—in the direction of Battery 5, and I felt sure that the fort had been assaulted and captured, and upon my arrival at the Howlett House reported this circumstance to my captain. The information I took was the first the officers and men of the bat-

try had of the serious condition of things about the Petersburg lines that day.

The cheers I heard were in fact, as I subsequently learned, those of the Federal forces who carried Battery 5. I will mention here that immediately after the war, in the summer of 1865, in a conversation I had with Colonel Strawbridge, of the 10th New York Heavy Artillery, stationed in Petersburg about that time, he gave as a reason for the Federal forces not pushing forward that evening beyond Battery 5, after their capture of it, the fact that they saw in Friend's field a line of earthworks (those that were first erected for the defense of Petersburg, and were subsequently abandoned for the outer line, of which Battery 5 formed a part), and, thinking that those must be manned by a reserved body of Confederate troops, concluded that it was safest, in view of the very heavy losses the Federal army had sustained in its campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg to run no risks, as it was believed that the people of the North would brook no more disasters.

About midnight of the 15th, while near the Howlett House, Captain Bradford received orders to proceed with his battery to Petersburg and await orders at Pocahontas bridge. Obeying this order, we were in Petersburg at the bridge at sunrise, where we found a courier awaiting our arrival with instructions to take us through Reslyn across Old Town Creek to Archer's house, on the north bank of the Appomattox, about opposite Battery 5. Arrived at this place (Archer's) we went at once into battery on the bluff upon which the Mansion House stands, a few yards southwest of the buildings, and opened fire upon Battery 5. Our first shots, owing to defective ammunition, fell short, but, Captain Bradford sending to Petersburg for a supply of finer powder, when this arrived we were able to put some shot and shell into the fort. The enemy we knew were getting guns into position, and our fire was rather desultory, intended only to annoy and delay their work.

During this or the next day, the 17th, the infantry pickets who were stationed at the foot of the bluff about the river bank informed us that a party of mounted men were assembling in or about Puddledock (Mrs. Bearsley's residence), which was between the river and the City Point public road. Captain Bradford, rightly assuming that this was a Federal general with his staff and couriers, directed two shots to be fired at the house, which was done. A short time afterward some members of our battery learned from a member of Mrs. Bearsley's family, who had come through the lines to Petersburg, that the second shot we fired passed through the diningroom and spoiled a dinner which was in readiness for the general and his staff, but did no further damage to them.

We remained at Archer's from the morning of Thursday, the 16th, to the afternoon of Saturday, the 18th, firing occasional shots at Battery 5, at the fields along the river on the Prince George side, wherever we could see bodies of troops. About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th a courier rode up on a gallop with a message to Captain Bradford to take his battery as quickly as possible to the house of Mr. Crump, near Old Town Creek, now the residence of Mr. Wm. H. Cole, at which point he would be directed to a position. We limbered up at once, and with all possible speed made our way to the Crump house; there we were met by Captain R. Freeman Graves, who was acting on the staff of Colonel W. Butler, of South Carolina, and were conducted by him on a gallop to a point in the Reslyn field about immediately opposite the John Hare house on the south bank of the river. Here we were ordered to unlimber and immediately open fire upon the enemy's infantry, then in heavy force assaulting our lines on the south bank of the river, it seemed all the way from the river southerly towards O. P. Hare's residence on the hill upon which Fort Steadman was subsequently built, and perhaps further around towards the Jerusalem plank road. Although there was not, as now, intervening undergrowth

along the line to obstruct the view we could not distinctly see the men in the assault except within a hundred or two yards of the river bank, as they were cut off from view by the dense volumes of smoke, but, from the smoke and the heavy musketry we could hear, we knew that a hard fight was in progress.

Our position was excellent, about eight hundred yards from the right flank of the Federal attacking column, and our guns were quickly enfilading the right flank of the line with shell, and two or three rounds from this battery thus delivered served to materially slacken the fire of the enemy, and within a short time the fire almost entirely ceased, making it clear that the timely arrival of our battery at this critical stage of the assault probably saved Petersburg from capture on the afternoon of the 18th.

I have often thought of this incident of the siege and recalled the telling flank fire with which our guns, put into the battery at a gallop, made themselves felt by the assaulting columns of the enemy on the field between the river and the City Point railroad, and possibly also by the attacking forces on the race course field on Mr. O. P. Hare's farm between the Prince George county road and Hare's hill (the site of the future Fort Steadman). In September last, as you remember, when several members of A. P. Hill camp, you and I among the number, were present at the dedication of the monument erected on this field by the survivors of the 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, to commemorate the bravery and valor of the 604 members of this regiment killed and wounded on the afternoon of June 18th in the charge of the regiment about this place where the monument stands (some 200 yards northwest of the site of Fort Steadman), we met and talked with several of the regiment who took part in the charge, and from what they said I am satisfied that they were engaged with our infantry on the part of our lines about this point just about the time our battery opened fire, as I have narrated.

The position selected for our battery on this occasion, for the credit of which Colonel Butler is entitled, was so command-

ing it was determined to erect a fort there, and this was at once done, and our battery was kept in this fort during the whole of the siege. Many were the artillery duels we had with Battery 1 and Fort McGilvery, and sometimes the heavy guns from Battery 5 would give us a plunging shot. From the river to Fort Steadman the Federal lines were more or less enfiladed by our shot. Within a few weeks after the close of the war I visited the Federal lines within the range of our guns and was struck with the heavy traverse works, both on the picket line and the mail line, that were manifestly erected to protect against our enfilading fire from the Chesterfield side. I may mention here that on the occasion of this visit, which was between the 1st and the 15th of May, 1865, I noticed the unburied bodies of several Federal soldiers killed, I think on the evening of the 18th of June, 1864, lying between the opposing picket lines on the John Hare farm, between the City Point railroad and the river.

During our occupancy of the position taken on the afternoon of the 18th of June, as already mentioned, and held until the night of April 2d, 1865, we had many artillery duels with the enemy's batteries.

On the night of the 25th of August, 1864, the day of the fight at Ream's Station, the Chesterfield line about the Reslyn farm was strengthened by the addition of thirty-eight rifle cannon which, with the guns of Cummings' battery and the guns of our battery made forty-three pieces of artillery, and according to previous orders at two o'clock in the morning of the 26th, all of these guns opened fire upon the enemy's main line, and fields in rear of this line along the valley of Harrison Creek from the river to the rear of Fort Steadman. The purpose of this fire was not known to us, but it was supposed by us to have been intended for such bodies of the enemy as might have been massed in this valley or about the lines with a view to an assault. After the firing ceased and quiet was restored the Federal pickets along the line of the river in our immediate front called over to our pickets on

the north bank of the river and wanted to know what was the matter, saying at the same time that "they had done nothing to provoke such a shelling."

Some time in January or February of 1865 the watchman of our battery called to Captain Bradford and informed him that the Federal works were covered with men, and ours, too. Captain Bradford, after viewing the situation and remarking that he had not been notified of a truce or any other cessation of hostilities, said to one of the gunners, "Give them a shot at high range." The gunner did as directed, and it is almost unnecessary to state that the breastworks were instantly cleared. For a little while there was no reply to this shot, but when the reply did come, it came with a vengeance, Batteries 1 and 5, and Fort McGilvery concentrating their fire upon us for a full half hour, giving us the heaviest shelling we had during the siege. We learned through the Petersburg Express of the next morning that there had been a truce about the City Point railroad at the time we saw the troops on both sides crowding the breastworks. The Federals reserved their response to Captain Bradford's show until this was at an end, and then opened with terrific fury. Several nights' work was required to repair our embrasures and other portions of our works after this severe shelling.

From this time on to the 24th of March very little firing was done by either side. We strengthened our works and we could plainly see through the naked boughs of the trees of intervening woods and undergrowth that the Federals were strengthening theirs. On the 24th of March Captain Bradford received orders to have on hand a full supply of ammunition, and early in the night of this day he received orders to open fire the next morning at a certain hour (which I think was 4 o'clock) and to fire some of the guns at high range upon the body of woods in the rear of Fort Steadman, the fire to be continued for a certain time, an hour, I think.

On the morning of the 25th, in obedience to these orders, the

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

guns of our battery opened and kept up their fire as directed, and then ceased firing. About the time we ceased we heard some musketry about Fort Steadman and an occasional cannon in the direction of this fort, but the reports sounded peculiar, seeming to be muffled, some of the men remarking that the firing sounded "as if in the ground." The dense fog enveloping everything at daylight that morning, doubtless, produced this effect. As, however, the fog lifted, the reports of musketry and artillery reached us with distinctness, and we became satisfied that a fearful battle was going on in the vicinity of Fort Steadman. As an evidence of this we noticed that the guns of Fort McGilvery were being fired at Fort Steadman, which fact satisfied us that our troops then held that fort. We then gave McGilvery the direct fire of our guns and mortars, but received only an occasional shot in reply. Fort McGilvery was about half way between us and Fort Steadman.

About seven o'clock the artillery fire about and beyond Fort Steadman was very severe. The Federals had some siege guns on their rear line (our original line) which they were now firing—guns that I am satisfied were never in action before or afterward during the siege. From the fact that these siege guns, as well as some of the guns in Fort McGilvery, were directing their fire upon Fort Steadman, we knew that our troops were in possession of the fort. It was several hours later (between 11 and 12 o'clock) before we learned the result of the desperate battle of this morning and that it had been disastrous to our side.

From this time on to the 2d day of April the firing was almost incessant. Our battery was constantly engaged with but brief intermissions. On the morning of this day, April 2d, at early dawn, from the batteries in our immediate front, from Forts Steadman and Haskell and from other points around the city came the reports of booming cannon, accompanied at some points with the rattle of musketry. With daylight enabling them to see their way, the Federals assaulted and captured our picket lines

between the City Point railroad and the south bank of the Appomattox, and, encouraged by this, moved vigorously upon our main line about this point, but were repulsed by the Confederates in the trenches here, and retreated under a rapid and destructive fire from our men.

As the day wore on, columns of black smoke ascending from certain localities in the city told us plainly that the government stores were being burned to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and that our fears of an evacuation were about to be realized. Sure enough, as the shades of evening lengthened, the looked-for couriers came with orders for us to abandon our works. Our orders were after dark to get everything ready with the utmost stillness and at 11 o'clock to pull our guns out by hand to a convenient place for attaching the horses in readiness for the march.

At this hour our guns were taken out of the fort to a point a few yards distant and there the horses were hitched for the first time since June 18th at Archer's Hill and we proceeded to the Richmond and Petersburg turnpike, and reaching this road went a short distance down towards Petersburg to the point where the Woodpecker road begins and there awaited orders. Here we found the other batteries of our battalion, which were Wright's, Pegram's and Cost's old battery, which had arrived from Petersburg, and between daylight and sunrise the whole command turned into the Woodpecker road and took up the line of march westward—for what point bound we knew not.

When we thus turned our backs on Petersburg, it was, indeed, a sad and trying ordeal. At four different times during its service had our battery been stationed about or near the city. The members of the command had made many friends among her citizens, had often been entertained socially at their homes, and several of us had found wives among her fair daughters. With hearts full of hope, with never a fear of defeat, all had been brightness and sunshine. To turn away now and leave all

that was dear to us in the hands of the enemy was almost more than we could stand, and as our column marched along it was with the solemnity of a funeral procession.

We had proceeded on our march some three or four miles with nothing to disturb us save our own gloomy thoughts when an incident occurred that I have often recalled. I had been placed at the head of the marching column of our battalion, when all at once on my left came a body of infantry marching on the high ground on the roadside, and quickening their pace, and so passing ahead, the leading files of this command marched right down into the roadway just at the head of the front team of the battalion, and a moment later came the colonel in command with orders to his men to "halt the artillery." He did not address his command to me, but to his men. Being in charge of the head of the artillery column, with special orders to keep moving, I spurred my horse forward, and touching my cap to the colonel, told him I was in charge of the column and could not halt, as my orders were to keep moving. His reply was, "Damn it, halt! My orders are to keep moving, too." Not being in a pleasant frame of mind, I thought it best not to have any words with this officer, but took care not to halt, whereupon he came at me with another order to halt, to which I gave no heed, but called his attention to the open woods along the road, in which he might march his men and easily get ahead of us. At the point we then were the road was in a cut, and being narrow, there was not room for infantry and artillery to march side by side. Not heeding my suggestion, with an oath he said, "I'll stop you." He then called to the officer in command of the leading company of his regiment and said, "Make your men about face, fix bayonets and halt that damned artillery!" This order was promptly obeyed. A file of men, with fixed bayonets, planted themselves directly across the road in front of the leading team, the men standing in the position of "charge bayonets." It is needless to say that the artillery was halted and long enough for the colonel's command to pass forward to the front.

Here abruptly ends the "recollections" of Lieutenant Hay. To you, companions, whose army life brought you in contact with the scenes and vicissitudes treated of in this narrative, there comes, interwoven with the thread thereof, such strong personal recollections of battle scenes and the varied experiences of your army life, that you almost forget that you are sitting here nearly 32 years after the close of the war. Again you are wandering through covered dugways, steadily keeping hid behind huge breastworks, dodging around flankers or rushing into bomb-proofs to avoid the bursting shells.

Again on southern fields with honored braves,
Again where heroes rest in nameless graves;
Again where hurling shot and screaming shell
Made all the air seem but a living hell,
And long faint lines of battling blue and gray
Struggled and fought in deep and fierce affray.

Long years have passed, but still the cannon's roar
Thrills as it did in those dark days of yore;
The bugle's call still stirs to fever heat
The blood that pulses through the hearts that beat;
Thus ever ringing down the grooves of time
While life doth last, are memories sublime.

THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

BY HENRY REANEY,
ACTING MASTER U. S. NAVY.

(Read November 7, 1897.)

In accordance with the order of our distinguished and respected commander, I will endeavor to relate the action, as I saw it, between the United States vessels and the vessels of the Southern Confederacy, on March 8 and 9, 1862, in the waters of Hampton Roads, Virginia.

The vessels that took part in the engagement were the Monitor, two guns; the steam frigates, Roanoke and Minnesota, of forty guns; the sailing frigates Congress and St. Lawrence, of fifty guns; the sailing sloop-of-war Cumberland, of twenty-four guns; the steam ferryboat Whitehall, of four guns; and the tugs Dragon and Zouave, of two guns; all vessels of the United States, under the command of Captain John Marston, senior officer, present.

The Confederate vessels were the ironclad steam frigate Merrimac and armed steamers Jamestown, Patrick Henry, Beaufort, Raleigh and Teazer.

I was in charge of the gunboat Zouave, on duty as picket boat and tender, both the Cumberland and the Congress lying off Newport News. On the morning of the 8th, after coming in from picket, I took the mail and the people from said vessels to Fort Monroe. After the arrival of the mail steamer from Baltimore I returned to Newport News, delivered dispatches, etc., etc., to the Cumberland and Congress, after which we went to the wharf to lie until wanted. Just after dinner, about 12:30 p. m., the quartermaster on watch reported that the Cumberland had our signal flying and that there was black smoke in the Eliza-

beth river. We let go from the wharf and ran alongside the Cumberland. The officer on deck ordered me to run down towards Pig Point and find out what was causing the black smoke near Craney Island. After running about two miles towards Craney Island, we made out a large vessel low in the water with sloping side, unlike anything we had ever seen before, belching forth clouds of black smoke. We were somewhat astonished at the look of her, but in a few minutes we made out that she was flying the rebel flag, and immediately decided that the long-talked-of Merrimac had come at last. It did not take us long to go to quarters and open fire. We had a 30-pound Parrot rifle gun forward and a 24-pound Dahlgren Howitzer aft. We took deliberate aim, fired six shots at her without a reply. About this time the Cumberland hoisted our recall signal and we ran to her. She wanted us to give her a pull, so that she could bring her broadside to bear on the Merrimac now within range. The Congress was also at quarters, and shore batteries at Newport News had opened fire. It was getting quite warm about this time; all our ships and shore batteries in full blaze and still no response from the enemy. We were astern and close to the Cumberland and doing our best at the Merrimac, every one of our shot striking, but seemingly not disturbing her. On she came until about a half a mile off; she let go one of her forward pivot guns, which knocked out most of the crew of the after pivot gun on the Cumberland; then passing close to the Congress, she poured a broadside into her, and came right on to the Cumberland. By this time the engagement became general; the Patrick Henry and the Jamestown, from Richmond, and the three gunboats from Norfolk opened fire; the Merrimac had rammed the Cumberland and turned her attention to the Congress, which vessel had slipped her moorings, hoisted her jib and foretopsail. It being calm, and finding her sails of no use, she hoisted my recall signal. We were in rather a tight place, being between the fire of the gunboats from Norfolk and Patrick

Henry and Jamestown from Richmond, and our own batteries from shore, the shot from which was falling all around us. However, we had to leave the Cumberland, her flag still flying and her guns thundering, though it was plain to us that she would soon be at the bottom of the river, as the water was flowing into her forward gun-deck ports and her stern rising. It seemed to me cruel to leave her, but I had to obey orders and go to the assistance of the Congress. We got alongside and made fast our bow-line through a scupper and our breast-line through a gun port. It took us some time to get our lines fast, owing to the horrible condition of affairs on the gun deck. She was on fire; the cries of the wounded were terrible. Anyhow, the tug's crew had to get on board to make our lines fast, after which the officer in command, Lieutenant Smith, ordered me to go ahead with my helm hard a-starboard so as to get the Congress headed towards the Newport News shore. When we had turned her head so as to get her into shoal water, the Merrimac got right astern of us and opened fire, pouring broadside after broadside that raked us fore and aft, overthrowing several of the guns and killing a number of the crew. At this time we, on the Zouave, were in rather a bad plight; the blood was running from the Congress scuppers onto our deck like water on a wash-deck morning. The tallow cup on top of our cylinder head, the pilot-house and billet-head on the stem were shattered by shot. Our pilot, Mr. John Phillips, was stunned, our Zouave figurehead, a fixture on top of the pilot-house, carried away, and on its way over the bow knocked out two of our guns' crew. It was about this time that the Congress grounded and her commander, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, was killed. The next officer in rank was Lieutenant Pendergrast, who immediately took command, and commenced getting the wounded on deck so as to put them in the boats to be taken on shore. The boatswain was busy getting slings ready and began getting the men into the small boats, when the gunboats from Norfolk ran close in and

began pouring shell and shrapnel at us. The spar-deck forward was crowded with the poor fellows who had dragged themselves up from the gun-deck. Some jumped overboard, but many were killed by the fire from the gunboats. The decks were literally reeking with slaughter. It was then that the white flag was hoisted, and firing ceased, and a rebel steamer was making for us. I asked Lieutenant Pendergrast if he wanted me any more. He told me to take care of myself as they had surrendered. We cut our lines, backed astern and commenced firing, which I think gave rise to the charge that the Congress fired after she had struck her colors. As soon as I got headed for Hampton Roads I saw the Minnesota with my recall signal flying, she being aground in the North Channel. We headed for her, keeping as close to the beach on our side as possible; when about half way, and after passing all the enemy's vessels, we were struck by a shot which carried away our rudder post and one of the blades of the propeller wheel. Being then unable to use our rudder and heading directly for the enemy, we stopped and backed so as to get her head right, which we did, and with our large hawser out over our port quarter we kept her going in the right direction until the gunboat Whitehall came to our assistance and towed us alongside the Minnesota, which at the time was engaged at long range with the Merrimac and rebel gunboats. The firing ceased at dark and we were anxious about the morrow. A little after six bells in the first watch the quartermaster of the watch woke me, saying that the Monitor was alongside. I got on deck and took a look at the cheese-box, as the sailors called her, turned in again and at daylight was ordered by Captain Van Brunt, commanding the Minnesota, to proceed to Fort Monroe with the Zouave, and after making her fast at the dock to report to the army quartermaster for a boat to take me to the Roanoke and to get from Captain Marston one hundred solid 10-inch shot for the forward pivot-gun of the Minnesota. The quartermaster told me I could have a small sidewheel steamer, but that her

crew were gone. I took an engineer and some of my own men from the Zouave, went alongside the Roanoke, delivered my message to Captain Marston, who had no 10-inch shot to spare, but gave me a message to the ordnance officer at Fort Monroe, who furnished the shot on our way back to the Minnesota. We saw the Merrimac and the gunboats standing towards her; they soon commenced firing and by the time we got alongside, the Monitor started towards the enemy which stopped the wooden vessels. The Merrimac kept right on; when they got close together they both opened fire, passed one another, turned around and it seemed to me as if they came together, but it was only for a minute until the Monitor was astern of the Merrimac, raking her fore and aft. Returning, she ranged alongside of her again, both vessels firing as fast as they could. Presently they separated and the Merrimac turned her guns on the Minnesota, causing considerable damage on the berth-deck, set the ship on fire and a shell struck the gunboat Dragon, exploded her boiler and completely wrecked her, killing and wounding several men. The shot from the Minnesota did not seem to make any impression on the Merrimac more than the pelting of hailstone. By this time affairs on the frigate and vessels alongside of her were in a bad shape. Just then the Monitor got in position again and the Merrimac went for her, intending to finish her as she did the Cumberland, but Captain Worden was too quick for her; put his helm hard aport, receiving the blow of the ram on her starboard quarter, whence it glanced off without doing any injury. It was an anxious moment for the lookers-on, as we expected to see the Monitor go down. As soon as the smoke cleared away there was our little cheese-box seemingly as well as ever, firing away at her big antagonist, who kept up a steady fire from her forward guns. It was a fierce duel between them without perceptible effect, although they were close together. It was now about 11 o'clock; the fight had been in progress about three or four hours, when to our dismay the Monitor turned towards

Old Point. In the meantime things were in a bad state on the Minnesota. Every preparation was being made to abandon her and blow her up. All the killed and wounded were put on board the steamer which I got from the army quartermaster, also the paymaster, safe, etc. Just then the gunboat Whitehall, lying alongside of me was set on fire by shell, and as there was great danger of her blowing up, Captain Van Brunt ordered me to return to Fort Monroe and land the dead and wounded. Just as we cast off we saw the Monitor heading for the Merrimac, which had been slowly making her way towards the Elizabeth river, and to our great joy, saw the Monitor again open fire while the Merrimac kept on her way to Norfolk, and so ended the battle.

Before closing, I wish to say that if the fight had been between a foreign enemy and the United States, the crew of the Cumberland would have been immortalized in song and story.

REMINISCENCES OF AN ARMY SURGEON.

BY DR. GEO. E. RANNEY,
SURGEON 2D MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

(Read December 2, 1897.)

The title of my paper, as announced, makes it necessary for me to make use of the personal pronoun "I" oftener than the well-known modesty of the wearer of the green sash would like, as the surgeon was supposed to be somewhat retiring in his habits, especially during active engagements when his most important duties were in the rear, unless when, as it sometimes happened, especially in cavalry, the rear suddenly became the front.

But it might shrivel my discourse beyond recognition to withdraw from it the glaring refulgence given it by its manifold capital "I's."

For one, these familiar and fraternal greetings thrill me with emotion too deep and sympathetic for language to express, it recalls the vivid and stirring thoughts and cherished reminiscences, at a period of our lives, crowded with historical events and stirring episodes forever engraved in our minds, and now gracing the pages of history. There is no literary sentiment, no heralded renown in scientific achievement, and no triumphs won in the arena of debate that can rise to the dignity of the exalted emotions that swell the breast of a patriot's devotion to his country.

He who offers his life to save his country proffers more than kings can give, more than millions can buy. He bows, not to the shrine of wealth, not to pageantry and power, but he kneels with a pure, unselfish and unflinching devotion to the hallowed altar of his country, and that sentiment which prompts his actions is the noblest emotion of the human heart.

Hence, my comrades, you will clearly understand why, enter-

taining such feelings, I greet you as living martyrs in the cause of humanity and freedom.

Those who passed through the fiery furnace of deadly conflict, whose vision has been blinded by the smoke of resounding arms in the hotly contested fields of battle, can appreciate what I say.

I entered the service when quite young, but I believe with a full knowledge of the great responsibility, that I thought, rested with every true American, and the great peril that threatened the perpetuity of our institutions, and the stability of our government. We were to meet foemen of unquestioned bravery, who were marshalled by distinguished officers, and no record known to human history can surpass the daring and heroic deeds and brilliant achievements in tactical movements and splendid evolutions in the face of the enemy, and the unparalleled devotion to Old Glory as it waved over our advancing veterans, in the shock and fierceness of attack.

I was not a full-fledged physician at the time I was mustered into service, though I had a general idea of practice, and some knowledge of surgery, and I did my utmost to discharge the duties assigned to me with all the available skill and tenderness I possessed, for I always cherished a warm heart and felt the keenest sympathy for our suffering soldiers upon the field or in the hospital, scarred and wounded and dying, to maintain the dignity of Old Glory, which had so long waved over the most enlightened, the freest and the best government vouchsafed to the human race.

Standing here in our own commonwealth, in the presence of the familiar scenes of our more youthful years, at a period when I was little more than a boy and a great deal less than a man, I am reminded of when I first heard the drum and fife calling together loyal volunteers to put down the rebellion, which was initiated by seven thousand men firing upon seventy, and when the patriotic men of the North rose up as one man to defeat it. The response of the loyal North to the appeal of the National Government was instant and overwhelming.

I was patriotic then and was also ambitious, but not as much so as was Caesar. I had studied medicine for some years and in view of the opportunities there would be for medical and surgical advancement, I aspired to be a helper in the hospital department of the regiment, or possibly a hospital steward.

To be put upon the right line I thought I would consult some leading men, so I went to Eaton Rapids to see my friend Shaw. I called his attention to a paragraph published in a Detroit paper to the effect that Mr. Kellogg, M. C., from Grand Rapids, had been commissioned by the government to recruit a cavalry regiment—the 2nd Michigan Cavalry.

Mr. Shaw said that he was strongly inclined to see Mr. Kellogg and tender him his services. This proposition I encouraged and on that or the next day I took him with my horse and buckboard to Lansing on his way to Grand Rapids.

These were busy times around seats of government and camps of rendezvous, and the American House in Lansing was so crowded that we considered ourselves fortunate in being allowed to sleep on the floor of what is now the Hudson House reading-room.

Lansing had no railroad then, the nearest one being the stub end of the Ram's Horn, which we found in the woods, about six miles from there near what is now known as the Chandler marsh. On the following morning by fast driving we reached that place just as the train was moving out, but Mr. Shaw in a voice of command ordered the train to halt, which was immediately obeyed, and he was soon aboard.

He saw Colonel Kellogg, who wished him to accept the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment. This he declined, but consented to raise a company, which he did within ten days. Subsequently I heard Colonel Kellogg speak feelingly of the prompt and cheerful response which had been given his call for enlistments, and especially complimented Captain Shaw with whom he had sat in council of state, for the able and energetic manner in which he

seconded his efforts in a different sphere for the support of our country's flag in the hour of her trial.

On the 9th of September, '61, we commenced our march to Camp Anderson at Grand Rapids, staying the first night at Vermontville, where we were received by the citizens with generous and warm hospitality, and as we left our homes uncertain of our fates, thirty-six years ago, we felt that we carried with us their warmest wishes for our success.

Yes, those were times when a venerable mother with enthusiastic wishes that we might do valiant service in behalf of our common country, may have laid her hand in benediction upon your head, never expecting to greet you again, except in the land of the blessed; many a loving wife sobbed her last farewell upon your breast as you tore from her embrace to go out to stand upon the crimson age of battle; affectionate sisters may have girded on your sabers, smiling amid the tears; and your little ones may have grouped around you and wondered as they gazed upon their fond father to see you transformed into the grim visaged and determined soldier.

The history of sickness and death which shortly thinned our ranks would be a sad story to relate. The exposure and radical change involved in the habits of men transferred from the counting-room, the farm and the workshop, to camp life, to say nothing of a want of discipline common to new recruits, caused much sickness and death both at Grand Rapids and at St. Louis.

There at Camp Benton the ground was muddy and the barracks were crowded and illy ventilated and the sanitary conditions in other respects were bad. All who were there know full well that there was work for the medical staff who had a more formidable foe to contend with than the saber, the Minie ball or the bombshell. For in the early part of the war sanitary science fell far short of what it is to-day, but the war gave a greater impetus to the development of sanitary science than had ever came to it in its history before, and it may not be too much to claim

that the multitudes of those who were then and afterwards saved from death by the application of sanitary science were greater than those who went down to death on the battlefields.

But while at Camp Benton those of us who were able were put under a most thorough discipline and drill by our new colonel, Gordon L. Granger, formerly of the regular army.

April 21st, '62, we were transported down the Mississippi to Commerce and from there the 2nd battalion marched to Benton, then in command of General Palmer, who soon moved to New Madrid.

At Benton it was reported that General Jeff. Thompson, with his somewhat irregular command, was on a by-road between that place and New Madrid, our objective point, and General Palmer called for a hundred men to pursue him, and Captain Shaw and his company reported for that duty. I was then hospital steward of the battalion (commanded by our present Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger), to which that company belonged, and went along as the "medicine man" of the outfit.

In the afternoon we came upon the fresh tracks of Thompson's command and learned of his hasty retreat by every one we met, until his position becoming somewhat critical, and declining any hostile demonstrations he with the poet "sighed for a lodge in some vast wilderness," and choosing the only alternative, went into a dense cypress swamp lying between the road we were on and the main road to New Madrid.

His force was largely superior to ours and could have turned and given us a terrible whipping had he known it, while we in blissful ignorance were pursuing him as a victorious foe.

A family by the name of Davidson, living at the corner of a lane about half a mile long leading to the swamp, directed us to take the left hand track at the end of the lane, which we did. It was getting late and we had not gone far into the swamp when the road "petered" out, and night, lowering and dark, closed in upon us, and after a fruitless effort to pick our way through

the water and mud, and over logs and through brush, we were obliged to halt for the night.

We left in the morning without rations for men or horses, expecting to join the main command before night, but picking out the driest places possible, we were obliged to hitch our horses and retire under dark clouds which before morning emptied themselves upon us, moistening well our epidermis.

At daybreak the bugle sounded the "reveille" and we were ordered to make our "toilet" for a start.

The rain during the night had filled the swamp with water and our horses, feeling gaunt and jaded from being without food since the morning before, we were obliged to walk, and the horses would often throw themselves, while the men, in order to facilitate their march, threw away their blankets and overcoats, and everything cumbersome they could possibly spare.

On our emerging from the swamp, we came to a clearing at the place where the road came out we should have taken through the swamp. Here Captain Shaw came to me and said that one of the men was very ill, and at my suggestion we took him into a little log house near by, occupied by a Mrs. Richardson and her little daughter, and another woman.

Feeling that should the sick man be left there without our care he would probably die, Shaw asked me if I dare to remain with the man until he could reach the main command and send back an ambulance and guard.

I made no protest to his suggestion and remained, camping at night on the floor beside my patient, equipped with a gun and navy revolver, which I wore night and day.

On the following morning, hearing a man whoop in front of the house, I went to the door and saw two men dressed in Confederate uniforms.

I asked them what they wanted and they said that they belonged in the neighborhood, and when I remarked that they looked as though they belonged to the Confederate army, they said they did, but had come home to visit.

I asked them if they were armed and they said no, and I asked them if they were peacefully inclined and they said they were, so I invited them in.

I took a seat in the remotest corner of the room from the door, with my gun across my knees, and as they entered I told them that while I presumed their intentions were honorable, they would not be allowed to come any nearer to me.

After a visit of a few minutes with the ladies, whom they seemed to know, they went. We were in a country abounding in bush-whackers and after their call I looked more anxiously than ever for the ambulance and guard, which did not reach us till some time after noon.

A few years ago I was called to Stanton, in this state, to perform a surgical operation. A woman had been employed to care for the patient, who wanted me to see, in consultation with her family physician, her married daughter, which I did.

Later, in talking with the mother in regard to the history of her daughter's case, she spoke of her girlhood in Missouri. I asked her if she lived near New Madrid and was informed that she lived about seven miles from there.

I asked if she knew of Jeff. Thompson and his men and she said she did, and that some of them were recruited in her neighborhood and that Thompson's command had frequented her vicinity, and that on one occasion was pursued past her house by Federals, who got lost in the swamp, where they had to remain until morning, and on their emerging from the swamp, a sick soldier and a young doctor were left at her house.

When I informed her that I was that doctor, she said she was very nervous for me after the two Confederate soldiers called, and she congratulated me upon my leaving as early as I did, for one hour afterward one of them returned with a band of guerrillas to get me, with whom was one of the Davidsons who directed us to take the wrong road into the woods.

Her husband was a "jay-hawker" and at that time was, with

seventeen others, held as a prisoner by General Pillow and sentenced to be hung.

She visited his camp as a huckster, in order to interview him, and succeeded in procuring her husband's release from Pillow, whose order of release she showed me.

She told me that the daughter I had just visited was the little girl I had played with at her house by the swamp some twenty-five years before.

The sickness and death that afflicted our regiment at New Madrid, at Pittsburg Landing and Corinth, were appalling.

At about that time, on account of severe and protracted illness, I was mustered out of the service, but came back to the regiment as assistant surgeon about a year later.

Our regiment had been well disciplined, and under our gallant Sheridan, who had been appointed its colonel, gained an enviable reputation, which I believe it worthily maintained.

We were engaged in the arduous campaigns which resulted in the occupation of Chattanooga and Knoxville, the capture of Atlanta and the occupation by the Federal troops of Tennessee, Alabama, and Georgia, and the final surrender of the Confederate armies.

Our service was in the army of the Cumberland, a large share of the time in Tennessee, where, it is said, occurred no less than 304 separate and distinct engagements, ranking, as battles, independent of conflicts of small detachments and scouting parties. Some of these battles were of great importance, and the total number of Union soldiers who went to their graves in these battles, including that of Chickamauga, fought just over the line, was 57,179, of which 24,000 were never identified.

The Battle of Chickamauga lasted four days. The second day, while on our march from Alpine down the base of Lookout Mountain, I was in charge of an ambulance train, the advance guard of which was a battalion of mounted infantry, the rear being guarded by a cavalry battalion.

We marched close in the rear of the main column of cavalry, or rather the unarmed soldiers, servants, led horses and pack-mules, which make up the rear of such commands.

By carelessness the latter contingent halted, and, supposing the main column had stopped, we rested contented and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. I was seated on a board fence about four rods from the road when suddenly a rebel force of infantry, having cut us off, fired a volley from the brush in front of us.

Well, I will not attempt to say just what happened immediately after. I think I turned a double somersault and caught something less than a handful of Minie balls in my coat-tail pocket.

I "unfurled myself to give them an all-round view," in other words, I "limbered up" and went to the rear. While I was unhitching my horse one standing next to me was shot. But my motto was "Vivere sat vincere," and while I inclined most to "vincere," I decided to "vamose," and having moved with great alacrity to a more eligible and strategic point (that being as far from the enemy as I well could get), I drew myself up into most formidable array. I also placed in line the unarmed soldiers, servants, led horses and pack-mules, which to the enemy, eighty rods away, probably looked like a reserve force.

They would not bear a close inspection, so you see my object in forming the line as far away from the enemy as possible.

Three men volunteered to run the gauntlet to communicate with the main command, and we were relieved after being surrounded by what proved to be the advance of a large force of Bragg's army, which engaged ours the next two days, in what I believe was the most sanguinary struggle of the war for the numbers engaged on both sides.*

*The losses in the battle of Chickamauga were: Union, killed, 1,644; wounded, 9,262; missing, 4,945. Confederate, killed, 2,389; wounded, 13,412; missing, 2,003. Total, 33,655.

Well, in this fight at Chickamauga I was captured, and after two weeks' work on the field and at the field hospital, I was sent to Libby Prison to enjoy the hospitality of Captain Turner.

The 20th day of September, 1863, a telegram came to the war office at Washington—"The army is in total rout." By noon came another telegram—"Gen. Thomas still holds the center."

Never were President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton in more complete bewilderment. The right wing, struck heavily in the flank, was sent flying in disorder toward Chattanooga. The cavalry covered the retreat, first massing at Crawfish Springs, and then retreating about half a mile and massing again.

While still near the Springs, the enemy were threatening and firing at long range. A detachment of Confederate cavalry repeatedly dashed up to get the position and strength of the Federals, fired at us and retreated.

Thus far during the retreat I had been in the immediate rear of my regiment, but meeting a wounded man making his way toward the hospital and quite exhausted from the loss of blood, I dismounted and applied dressings to stop the bleeding. In the meantime the cavalry had started, leaving me a short distance in the rear; I hastened to overtake them. Just at that moment, however, the rebel command charged the Federal cavalry from the flank and rear, and the rebel cavalry having got in between me and my brigade, I found myself in a very difficult position. Making my way to the Dry Valley road, about two miles distant, which ran parallel with the road the cavalry moved on, I reached it in advance of the Confederates, but in the rear of Gen. Sheridan, who was covering the retreat on the same road near the base of the ridge. Riding rapidly along, confident of my escape, I came to a diagonal road connecting the two others. But the clatter of horses' feet, the rebel yell and the command halt from a company of cavalry charging down upon me not twenty rods off, showed me at once that my hopes were disappointed. Quickly turning my horse, I tried to reach an undergrowth of oak, which might partially obstruct the enemy's view.

Those at the head of the column having fired three shots at me, I jumped from my horse without checking its speed, hoping the animal would continue its course on the road. But much to my surprise and alarm, the horse stopped and endeavored to follow me into the bushes. Three of the cavalry halted to take me and my horse, but not daring to stop long enough, they got the horse only.

The firing of the cavalry having been noticed by some rebel cavalry, in the rear, they formed a line across the open field in the immediate vicinity of the woods, where I was hugging the ground as closely as possible behind a friendly rail-cut, about half the size of my body. Skirmishers came across the field to the edge of the woods, and one came within ten rods of my hiding-place. Watching for him to raise his gun and take aim before I cried for quarter, I concluded to wait until the very last moment. Fortunately, the skirmisher was looking higher and beyond me, and not finding any one to shoot at, returned to his horse.

From behind my slender protection I watched the horse's legs until I was glad to see those at the end of the column.

It was now evening, and the sun was just going out of sight. One thing was certain, the rebels had fairly cut me off from my own army. I had had a hard day of it. Hearing the firing at the front, just as I had sat down to breakfast, I snatched a hard-tack, and after the whole weary day of work, this was all I had to eat. Tired and hungry, and cold, I at last found a dead man's blanket, partially soaked with blood, and wrapping myself up in it, laid down in a fence-corner and slept until morning.

What could I do? Between me and my own army was that of the rebels. On my right were some twenty miles of barren and inhospitable mountains. I did the only thing possible under the circumstances, and reported myself to Surgeon Hawley, who was then in charge of the well-filled hospital at Crawfish Springs, and where I was immediately assigned to duty.

Soon Gen. Bragg's adjutant-general, and others belonging to his staff, including Dr. Fluellin, his medical director, visited the place to parole the wounded soldiers and some surgeons who had been taken prisoners. The surgeons were asked to sign the same parole as the soldiers. Some did so without hesitation, but when my turn came to sign, I said that according to the cartel existing between the Federal and Confederate Governments, the surgeons, as non-combatants, could not legally be made prisoners of war. I also said that if the Federal Government was holding Confederate surgeons who were captured in the legitimate discharge of their duties, I was willing to be held as a hostage until the wrong was redressed, but I would not sign the parole.

The adjutant-general told me I must either sign the parole or be put under guard.

"Put me under guard, then," said I, "I will look to my own government to see that justice is done in the case."

Fortunately, at this critical juncture, Dr. Fluellin submitted a paper, which is still in my possession, and reads as follows:

"We, surgeons and assistant surgeons of the United States Government, captured at the Battle of Chickamauga, on September 20, 1863, do solemnly swear that we will not bear arms against, or give any information detrimental to, the Confederate States Government, nor in any way or manner assist the United States Government until we leave, or are exchanged for such Confederate surgeons as have been captured in the legitimate discharge of their duties and held by the United States Government. And as we are only paroled to attend the Federal wounded, we will report to the commandant of the post at Atlanta, Ga., as soon as our services can be dispensed with."

The substance of Dr. Fluellin's amendment was inserted in the parole, which was satisfactory to all except the adjutant-general. Our command, the Cavalry Corps of the Military Division of the Mississippi, under Major-General James H. Wilson,

occupied Macon, Ga., immediately after the surrender of Johnson's army, and being then in charge of the Corps Hospital Department, I met many of the Confederate surgeons, one of the number being my old friend Dr. Fluellin, who was then, instead of myself, under parole. We met like old friends. I showed him the scrap of paper on which he wrote the amendment to the parole above quoted.

The doctor had been promoted to the position of medical inspector of the Army of the Tennessee. He took dinner with me a number of times and told me of his recent experiences in making a thorough investigation he had just completed, into the abuses practiced in the conduct of Andersonville prison; and he admitted to me that the conduct of the prison had been bad and that he had reported the fact to his government in Richmond, recommending a correction of some of the abuses practiced there.

The day following my capture, Judge Terry and a lieutenant of General Bragg's staff rode up to our hospital and proceeded to lay down certain restrictions and to make threats in a case of their violation.

While waiting here, a Federal chaplain was brought in, who had been captured while performing burial duties among the slain—erecting head-boards and similar offices. One of the guards accompanying the party brought the chaplain into the hospital, when Terry turned and exclaimed "Who are you?" "I am Chaplain" "What command do you belong to?" "Not any." "Who commissioned you?" "I was commissioned by the Christian Commission." "D—n the Christian Commission. It's such G—d d—d fellows as you that brought on this whole trouble. We will hang you. We will not recognize you as a prisoner of war, nor grant you any rights. D—n you, I would hang you to the nearest tree."

He said finally that he could not determine the matter, but he was sure that if they did not hang him, they would surrender him to the civil authorities of Georgia and they would hang him.

Dr. Hawley asked permission of the lieutenant to speak in private with the chaplain. On attempting to do so, however, the guard kept so near that the conversation could be overheard, whereupon Dr. H. remarked to the officer with some acerbity, "I was promised a private interview. I should like to know if I can have it?" This put Terry into a rage again. "No, d—n you. You can't have a private interview;" and reaching for a revolver in his belt, he continued, swearing, "It won't do for you to say too much about it, either;" and repeated the last exclamation.

It is needless to say that all of us were alarmed for Hawley's safety by this violent treatment, and no farther attempt was made to have a private talk with the chaplain. On their departure from the hospital they put the chaplain on a horse and took him along, and we consoled ourselves by reflecting that they would not dare to commit any barbarity upon him, for our government was prepared to retaliate.

On our arrival at Libby Prison we found the chaplain with neck intact and, with prospects of a speedy release, his face wore no expression of fear.

Judge David S. Terry will be remembered from the unenviable notoriety, growing out of his killing Senator Broderick in 1859, in a duel, planned by Senator Brodrick's pro-slavery political opponents, and the no less tragic role he played as the attorney for Sarah Althea Hill, who claimed to be the widow of and heir to a portion of the estate of the late Senator Sharon, and his tragic death at the hands of the Deputy U. S. Marshal Nagle, at Lathrop. Cal., in August, 1889, who had been assigned the duty of protecting U. S. Judge Field, whose rulings in his client's case so enraged Terry that he threatened to insult, assault and kill Judge Field, and in his attempt to do so, was himself killed.

On account of Judge Terry's great talents and terrible temper he had been for thirty years feared upon the western coast. That Judge Terry should meet the fate he did, seems but a just retribution. He that draws the sword shall perish by the sword.

For nine days after the battle many of our men were lying upon the battle-field where they fell, or were gathered in groups in the shade of some tree, or in the corner of the fence or under a piece of canvas spread upon sticks.

We visited them daily and administered to their wants as best we could with the facilities at hand, and they anxiously looked for our coming, not alone for the care we gave their wounds and for the cooling draughts of water, and food to eat, but for the cheer and comfort we could pour into their souls; for no sooner would my humble form cast a shadow upon a group of wounded soldiers, than a sound of applause would go up and tears of gratitude would pour down their cheeks.

You might suppose we would find these men with desponding features and writhing and suffering with most unbearable pain, but the sounds that greeted my ears on those visits were not those of excruciating agony, but of exclamations of gladness, mingled with joy, hope, and pain which their manliness endeavored to conceal. And scattered upon the field were those who were sleeping "the sleep of death," which only the trump of the judgment angel hath power to mar. Yes, they only slumber, those patriots departed from our wonted presence; those silent mementoes of manly and heroic bravery; those martyrs who offered up their young and promising lives upon their country's altar.

Are they dead? Are they forgotten? Do they remain in oblivion? Those departed brothers of ours, once buoyant with life, and all its attributes of hope and felicity? Nay, verily; for

"The ground is holier where they sleep.
Although no weeping willows weep"

above their sacred dust, and their memories shall be cherished as are those of the good and great only, forever more.

A grateful government has at great expense made this field a beautiful National Park, with hundreds of monuments to mark the places where these brave men fought and fell.

While other countries have embalmed in perpetual memory the names of its great soldiers and leaders, it has been born out of the consciousness of our democratic republic, that the nation which confers honors upon her citizens alike, in a "government of the people, by the people and for the people," should confer equal honor to all her soldiery, living or dead, and unlike every other nation, rear monuments in her cemeteries in honor of her common soldiers.

I found my way back to the regiment in time to be in the campaign against Atlanta, where for months we were under fire every day. Oh! there were a lot of hard cases in that part of the rebel army,—I mean "spherical cases." They used to come over through the air and so I concluded they must have been atmospherical. We had shells for a steady diet. I was tired of that diet. We had shells for breakfast, for dinner we took a few more on the half shell, and for supper, if we did not have them in "batter," we took them in battery.

We frequently saw unexploded shells upon the ground, so regarded them as sort of hum-bugs.

I will mention one instance to show the thorough discipline our command was under. While at Waterloo, Ala., just before our expedition under Maj. Gen. Jas. H. Wilson, through Alabama and Georgia, the regiments of our division were ordered to send all disabled soldiers to the Hospital Department, then in my charge. Load after load came to the hospital from the different regiments, among them eight or ten patients from the 4th Kentucky Mounted Infantry, in charge of a sergeant, who handed me the list, and as the patients were taken from the ambulances I checked their names on a list furnished me, finding all there but one, Delay, by name.

"Where is Delay?" I asked.

"He is at his quarters."

"Why did you not bring him?" I asked,

The sergeant replied that his orders were to bring all disabled soldiers of his regiment to the division hospital, without Delay, and he obeyed orders.

But I fear that I am taking too much of your time and must omit a thousand things of interest I should like to say—interest to us, at least, who passed through together that most fearful baptism of blood to secure the rights and privileges we now enjoy.

By the hospitality we enjoy to-night you are reminded, as you were thirty-six years ago, that you are in the midst of those whose hearts beat towards you only in kindness, gratitude and love.

On your lonely and fatiguing marches, when you have been bivouaced by the side of your camp-fires, when sentinels picketing in the presence of a treacherous foe, and still more in the awful shock and rage of battle, though you may not have known it, many an eye has been moistened with tears of sympathy for your privations—many a heart, accustomed to hold communion with heaven, has invoked the providence of Almighty God to throw around you the shield of protection, and to-night in our fraternal convocation, in our own state, in a united country, amid the scenes so familiar to us, we find in part the answer to their prayers.

The proudest and most exalted emotion that ever thrilled the heart of man, is the consciousness and conviction that he has done his duty in the defense of the honor and life of his country, and in view of the fact, that the graves where rest many of our comrades are annually covered with floral offerings, as proof of grateful remembrance of duties nobly done, all must admit that in practice, "Republics are not ungrateful," for no nation on this grand and stately globe ever paid such respect and homage to their soldiers slain, as we witness in this country.

The gathering shades of the gentle and soothing twilight of age brings our minds to consider the mysteries of the unseen

world, to the viewless shores beyond the ken of human vision, to which mortality is hastening, but let us hope that we may often be permitted to meet in the future, without a missing name at roll-call, to renew our mutual friendships, to recount the stirring scenes and events of the past, and to reseal every evidence and proof of the patriotic devotion to Old Glory and our beloved country.

THE MORGAN RAID.

BY GROVER S. WORMER,
COLONEL 30TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY, BREVET BRIG. GEN. U. S. V.

(Read January 6, 1898.)

In recalling the many exciting events of the war of the great Rebellion, my mind centers on the Morgan Raid of 1863, at which time John H. Morgan, the Rebel chieftain, carved his name upon the tablets of fame and became world renowned as a bold and skillful leader of an invading army. His appearance spread consternation all over the States of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, and it was feared that he would accomplish the destruction of Louisville or Cincinnati, which, at that time, were two of the principal commercial and military centers of the north.

During this period General A. E. Burnside was in command of the Department of the Ohio, with headquarters at Cincinnati. General G. S. Hartsuff was the commanding general of the Army Corps, with headquarters at Lexington, Ky. General Frye was in command of the district of Kentucky, with headquarters at Hickman Bridge, on the Kentucky river.

The 8th Michigan Cavalry, Colonel John Stockton; the 9th Michigan Cavalry, Colonel J. I. David, and the 11th Michigan Battery of Artillery, Captain C. J. Thompson, had arrived from Covington, Ky., and were comfortably settled down to camp life at Hickman Bridge when General Burnside notified General Frye of the presence of Colonel Ferguson's Brigade of Morgan's command in the vicinity of Mt. Sterling, Ky., and it was thought Morgan's entire forces were concentrating at that point for the purpose of making an attack on Cincinnati. Orders were issued by General Frye placing all of the Michigan troops in that vicinity under marching orders; the 8th and 9th Michigan Cavalry

and the 11th Michigan Battery formed a brigade, and Colonel Stockton temporarily assigned to the command, and I was placed in command of the 8th Michigan Cavalry, which command I had the honor of retaining throughout the entire campaign of the Morgan Raid, and the East Tennessee Campaign, (including the battles of Sweetwater and Philadelphia Hill), during the autumn, and until I was placed in command of the Second Brigade, Fourth Division, Twenty-third Army Corps.

Eleven o'clock p. m., June 13th, 1863, we broke camp and took up our line of march for Mt. Sterling, Ky., marching night and day, only halting to rest and feed our animals, until the afternoon of the 15th. Here we fell in with other troops, and Colonel Decourcey assumed command of the cavalry. We met and defeated the enemy at Triplet Bridge. As to the details of the battle, I might state that our scouts reported to the colonel commanding, while we were feeding our horses and eating our noon luncheon, that Ferguson had broken camp at Mt. Sterling and was moving in the direction of Triplet Bridge. The bugles sounded "Boots and Saddles," and in a few moments our command was mounted and moving forward at a charge, which we continued for about four miles before we came in sight of the enemy, when we formed and opened fire on them. They immediately set fire to the bridge and formed their line of battle in the road at the base of a large hill which was covered with timber. Our artillery opened fire on them, and a few volleys from our Spencer rifles routed them; they retreating to the top of the hill, where they re-formed. As soon as we opened fire on their second line we discovered that a portion of their command had been cut off by the burning of the bridge. The 8th Michigan Cavalry being in nearest proximity to the bridge, Company B was dismounted and sent across the creek about one mile below. They came upon a company of Rebs and captured a captain with most of his men. Company I, under command of First Lieutenant W. Lowrie, also made a mounted charge on the enemy,

and then our entire line moved forward, and by the assistance of the 9th Michigan and 11th Kentucky Cavaliaries, we drove the enemy back into the Cumberland Mountains, the 9th Michigan performing good service under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Acker. After the battle the prisoners were sent to the Military Prison at Lexington in charge of Captain S. Wells, of Company F, who joined my regiment at Hickman Bridge on the 23d, we having broke camp at 3 o'clock a. m., June 22d, and marched with our brigade back to Hickman Bridge.

During our absence General Frye had been superseded in the command of the District of Kentucky by General S. D. Sturgis, who had taken up his headquarters at Thomas Scott Farm, near Hickman Bridge, where he established a depot of supplies, laid out and fortified a camp, which was afterwards side of Camp Nelson.

During our stay in camp we heard vague reports of Morgan's approach, and expected to be called upon to defend the camp at any moment. On the 28th day of June General Sturgis received a telegram stating that Captain Hines, of Morgan's command, had captured a passenger train at Eminence Station, on the Louisville & Lexington Railroad. He immediately ordered a detachment of one company of our regiment to report at his headquarters, mounted, armed and equipped in light marching order, without tents or baggage. Upon receipt of the above mentioned orders I detailed Captain Sam Wells, Company F, with Lieutenant H. L. Sillick, of Company B. Captain Wells reported to General Sturgis' headquarters at 5 o'clock p. m. The general read to the captain a dispatch dated the same day from Eminence, Ky., giving an account of the capture of the passenger train by Captain Hines, who had robbed the passengers and retreated towards Harrodsburg, or the Chaplin Hill. The general, after showing Captain Wells a map of the section of country he desired him to march over, furnished him with a guide and cautioned him as to the necessity of covering his move-

ments, as the country was filled with rebel spies. He suggested that it would be well for him to move his command over the Hickman Bridge and march out a short distance west of the river, go into camp near Danville turnpike, remain until night, and then move out under cover of the darkness. In accordance with the foregoing instructions, he moved his command to the west bank of the river and went into camp in a grove of heavy timber. At 9 p. m. he marched his command in the direction of Harrodsburg, via Dix River Ford, by road and cow paths, through fields and forests, avoiding all public highways.

Captain Wells says I must mention an accident which occurred while crossing the ford at Dix river. While in the rapid running stream, Lieutenant Sillick's horse stumbled and plunged into the deep water below the ford, and both horse and rider would have been carried down had not Sergeant Manvil caught the bridle reins and saved them.

After fording Dix river he continued his march until about 2:30 a. m., July 2d, when he reached the turnpike at a point about one mile from Harrodsburg. He then halted, dismounted and sent out a scout, who soon returned, reporting that the town was picketed by rebel soldiers. They mounted and charged into town, driving the rebel pickets in every direction, until they were lost sight of. Soon after daylight a small detachment of Union scouts belonging to the 11th Kentucky Cavalry arrived and gave him information that they had been watching a command of about thirty-five rebel soldiers who had encamped near Cornishville road, one mile from Harrodsburg, but had broken camp and fled in the direction of Cornishville. He then fell back to Danville and went to the residence of Mr. Croger, whom he had known before the war, and was one of the most loyal of Kentuckians. He informed him where the telegraph operator was secreted in a neighbor's house. He went to the telegraph office with the operator who was in the employ of the government, and after connecting a small pocket telegraph instrument to the

wires the operator called up General S. D. Sturgis' headquarters at Camp Nelson, and sent a dispatch to him, and in return asked the question, "Who is Captain Wells?" The answer, "I don't know, but he is vouched for by Mr. Croger, one of the best loyal citizens, and I know Captain Wells is all right." General Sturgis answered: "I know Captain Wells, but it may be that he is captured and compelled to send reports to suit the enemy." To the operator he said: "Now give me a sign that I may recognize you." The operator at Danville who is at wire. Camp Nelson answered, giving his own name. "Now give me sign." Danville answered, "I loaned you ten dollars three years ago, and you have never paid me. Now do you know me?" The recognition now being complete, Captain Wells, with Company F, reported to me at Camp Nelson the next morning.

On the 27th day of June General Sturgis received information of the approach of Morgan's command from the direction of Somerset, Ky., and ordered Colonel J. I. David, with the 9th Michigan Cavalry and 11th Michigan Battery, to proceed to Stanford and scout the country beyond that place. He had also placed Colonel Hanson, with his 20th Regiment, Kentucky Infantry, at Lebanon, General S. P. Carter at Somerset and Colonel O. H. Moore at Tebb's Bend, Green River Bridge.

General Morgan, with about 4,000 picked men, mostly Kentuckians, well equipped, mounted and with light artillery, crossed the Cumberland river at Burkesville, entered the State of Kentucky about the first day of July, 1863, with the intention, no doubt, of marching on to Louisville, capturing and burning it, then to cross the Ohio, march through the States of Indiana and Ohio for the purpose of engaging the attention of Union troops in the west, in order to prevent their reinforcing the Union Army, then contending with General Lee at Gettysburg, and if successful, intending to recross the Ohio at some available point where that river might be forded, and then make his escape into West Virginia.

Morgan's first battle after he crossed the Cumberland was at Tebb's Bend, Green River, Ky., with Colonel O. H. Moore commanding the 25th Michigan Infantry, who was stationed at that point with less than 300 men. On the morning of the 2d of July, Colonel Moore's scouts brought in word that Morgan's band was advancing with full force. Nothing daunted, Colonel Moore selected a spot on which to receive them; his men worked day and night to entrench and barricade, and into that hurriedly constructed works this brave little band, those heroic men, planted themselves to await the coming of an enemy of more than ten times their number.

When the first rays of sun appeared on that 4th of July morning, the first salutes were balls from the rifles of Morgan's men, and shells, with their hideous shrieks, fell plump into the little redoubt, wounding two men, a very strong hint of what they might expect should they resist an attack. Then came the summons from Morgan to surrender unconditionally. Did they do it? Colonel Moore replied, "This being the 4th of July, I cannot entertain the proposition to surrender." This reply of their brave commander ought never to be forgotten! Noble words that welled up from a heart so patriotic; they are worthy to be written in characters of living fire. Morgan was repulsed by this handful of Michigan men after a battle raging three and one-half hours, the enemy losing 18 killed and 150 wounded; while the loss of the 25th was 6 killed and 28 wounded. In the meantime a detachment of forty men, under Lieutenant Hogan, of the 8th Michigan Infantry, held the river at a ford and repulsed a cavalry charge of the enemy in a gallant manner.

There is one peculiar feature of the Raid, that the first and last fight of Morgan's command was with Michigan troops; Michigan troops were in the first as well as the last battle for the Union.

Morgan pressed on for Lebanon. Telegrams were sent to General S. P. Carter at Somerset, who immediately dispatched

couriers to Stanford, where the 9th Michigan Cavalry and 11th Michigan Battery were located; also to Camp Nelson, where, on that 4th of July, the 8th Michigan Cavalry were quietly and snugly encamped in a beautiful grove on Major Hanley's plantation. Here during the day, this being the 4th of July, the men were allowed unusual liberties. Many sauntered over the plantation and culled the juicy mulberry from the fruitful trees. But when the bugle sounded the men all hurried into camp, and the officers' call was sounded. I gave them orders to be ready to march at 8 p. m. with two days' rations. I had just received the following orders:

"Headquarters Motts' Brigade,
Camp Nelson, July 4th, 1863.

Lieut-Col. Wormer, Commanding Eighth Michigan Cavalry:

You will proceed with your command by forced march to Lebanon, Ky., by order of

S. J. R. MOTTS, COL.,
Commanding Motts' Brigade.

At 7:30 p. m., "Boots and Saddles" was ordered and my command broke camp at 8 p. m., leaving Captain W. L. Buck, who was on the sick list, in charge of regimental and company property. I moved my regiment out on Hickman Pike and halted in front of Colonel Stockton's headquarters, who was then Post Commander. I notified him that we were to make a forced march to Lebanon, Ky. The kind-hearted old Colonel gave us a little talk and said "God bless you." We gave him three cheers. When about four miles out I halted and gave orders to tighten up saddles. I formed advance guard under command of Lieutenant James A. Strong, of Company A, cleared the way for the command by sending out scouts on our flanks to prevent a surprise. The night was clear and bright. We continued until we had marched twenty-four miles. We passed through Danville, Lancaster and Stanford in less than six hours, and within one hour after passing Stanford we came up to the rear of the 9th Michigan Cavalry and 11th Michigan Battery in camp, they having been one day and the most of the night marching

from Stanford toward Lebanon. I gave orders for my regiment to pass them, and had nearly succeeded in my undertaking when Colonel David assumed the command of what he called a brigade, as he was the ranking officer, and ordered me to halt and obey his orders. I halted and discussed the subject with him, but my regiment continued on until they were in the advance, and, if they had not been detained, would have arrived at Lebanon before Colonel Hanson surrendered. However, when we were within three or four miles of Lebanon a courier came riding down a hill towards the front of our column, running his horse at full speed, and delivered a message from General S. P. Carter addressed to Colonel David or Wormer, urging us to hurry up and support Colonel Hanson. We were then within hearing of the artillery. We reached Lebanon at 2:30 p. m., of the 5th. I was ordered to form in line of battle to the right of the road, the 9th Michigan Cavalry went into line on the left of the road and the 11th Michigan Battery in the road, which immediately opened up on the rear guard of the enemy, then leaving town.

My desire to charge into town or cut off the enemy by a cross road not being concurred in by Colonel David, they were permitted to escape. Colonel Hanson, of the 20th Kentucky Infantry, with 370 men, had fought bravely against fearful odds for four hours with great loss, they firing from the windows of buildings, was obliged to surrender before support came and was paroled. We had reached Lebanon too late to save him. But as we could plainly see, about one mile on the Lexington Pike, Morgan's rear guard in great confusion, the road being crowded full of men, we sat upon our horses in regimental line ready to receive and execute any word of command that would send us quickly across field after them. The command failing to come, both officers and soldiers exhibited great surprise. The shades of evening were now upon us, and a fearful thunder storm coming up at 6 p. m. the boys were wet to the skin. I marched my regiment into the village, and found plenty

of corn in the railroad depot, and after the boys had fed their horses they found something to eat and drink. We met Colonel Hanson, of the 20th Kentucky, in the street, and he swore by the Kentucky religion, said he was damned mad that support did not come sooner. At 8 p. m. I received an order from Colonel David to counter-march to Danville. I sent Lieutenant Watson B. Smith, who was acting Adjutant at that time, to Colonel David, asking him to release me from his command and let me have one section of his battery. This request was refused, and the 8th Michigan Cavalry was ordered to fall in at the rear of the battery and the brigade took up a line of march for Danville. At 10 p. m. a courier overtook us with a message that had come to the telegraph office at Lebanon, wanting to talk with the Commander of our brigade. Colonel David ordered me to send one of my Majors, with thirty men, back to Lebanon. I detailed Major Mix and Lieutenant M. Thompson for that purpose. General Sturgis wanted to know what had become of the Michigan Troops. Major Mix joined my command again within two miles of Danville, Ky., and I sent Lieutenant Babbitt with the following telegram on my own responsibility:

"Headquarters Eighth Michigan Cavalry,
Danville, Ky., July 6th, 1863.

Gen. Hartsuff, Lexington, Ky.:

We met the enemy and now retreating. What shall we do?

G. S. WORMER, Lieut.-Col.,
Eighth Michigan Cavalry.

This telegram is what brought Colonel W. P. Saunders to Danville to take command of our brigade. Colonel Saunders was Captain in the regular army, and was Colonel of the 5th Kentucky Cavalry of Volunteers. He came into our camp, which was in the streets of Danville, at 12:30 a. m. on the 7th, and inquired of our picket where he could find Lieutenant-Colonel Wormer, of the 8th Michigan Cavalry. The Corporal of the Guard found me by the side of a fence in the street. He told me he had been sent by order of General Burnside to take com-

mand of this brigade, and wanted me to send for the Colonel of the 9th Michigan Cavalry, which I did. Colonel David came, and Colonel Saunders told him that he was ordered to take command of this brigade, and that he (Colonel David) would take command of his regiment and be ready to march in twenty minutes. At 1 a. m. we took up a line of march in the direction of Lawrenceburg, Ky., which was forty-three miles from Danville. We passed through McAfee and Salvisa, reaching Lawrenceburg about 4 o'clock. Near Salvisa a scouting party reported some of Morgan's men encamped not far from our line. A party under Lieutenant J. E. Babbitt met and skirmished with Captain Alexander, capturing 22 men and killing 6. And here I must say a word for Corporal Peterson, of Co. L, who was then sick in the ambulance, hearing that there were prospects of a fight, he was desirous of participating therein, but being too weak to sit his horse, he was forced to return to the ambulance. He never recovered from his illness, and died at Camp Nelson.

While at Lawrenceburg, detachments from our brigade were busy scouting the country in every direction. Lieutenants John E. Babbitt and James Wells, of Company F, were each in command of detachments, and were very energetic in the pursuit of Captain Alexander's company. They succeeded in destroying Alexander's command, capturing 44 prisoners.

We remained at Lawrenceburg until 12 o'clock midnight of the 11th of July, when we took up our line of march to Westport, on the Ohio River, via Eminence and Lagrange. A fleet of boats was to meet us and transport us to Cincinnati, where we were ordered to assist in defending the city against John Morgan, who was passing through Indiana in that direction. We arrived at Westport at 12 o'clock midnight, having marched 74 miles over a rough, hilly road, halting at Eminence, a station on the line of the Louisville & Frankfort Railroad, four hours for rest. At Westport, Charles Laturner, private, Company G, was accidentally shot and left at that place for treatment. Having

learned that Morgan had captured three steamers the day before, crossed the Ohio River into Indiana and then burned two of them, the Captain of one of them being a rebel sympathizer, Colonel Saunders sent Major Mix with 10 men out 6 miles to reconnoiter and see which way Morgan had gone. He returned and reported Morgan marching eastward and approaching Madison, Ind. We embarked on transports Sunday morning, the 12th, for that place. Not having transportation accommodations enough for the entire brigade, all the baggage wagons, also Company I and a part of the 9th Regiment Cavalry, were left in command of Colonel David. So we steamed up the river to Madison, where we received the intelligence that Morgan had passed that place in the direction of Cincinnati. We then proceeded to Lawrenceburg, Ind., where Major Mix was sent with his battalion on a reconnaissance. He proceeded to Gifford, ten miles, and returned in three hours, reporting that Morgan had passed that place en route for Cincinnati. Colonel Saunders sent Captain Wells to General Manson with the report. He found him on the flag ship "General Lytle," whereupon General Manson complimented Major Mix for his prompt and efficient action.

We then started for Cincinnati, where we arrived at 5 a. m. on the 13th, and proceeded to disembark. Major Edgerly was sent with his battalion on a scout, and did not join us until the 15th inst. at Batavia, O.

After disembarking at Cincinnati, the remainder of our brigade, escorted by a Cincinnati band, moved up and out to Avondale, on the hill north of the city, and was followed by wagon-loads of cooked rations for the men and officers. Avondale was an aristocratic suburban town, where, at that time, the merchant princes of Cincinnati lived, among them Miles Greenwood, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Dominick, all well known throughout their State and county. While we were passing the residence of Mr. Mitchell a group of five young ladies were out in the garden

picking raspberries for breakfast. They called to us and said, "God bless you, boys in blue! Who are you?" We answered, "We are the Michigan Brigade." "Where are you going?" "We are going into camp on yonder hill to defend Cincinnati against John Morgan." They answered, "God bless you, brave boys." We had no sooner got into camp than Mr. Mitchell introduced himself and invited Colonel Saunders and staff and the regimental command to accompany him to breakfast. His invitation was accepted, and we immediately proceeded to his residence. Upon our arrival we found that the group of young ladies we had seen in the garden had been the cause of our invitation. We were ushered into a large dining-room, seated at the table, and when we had been served with coffee and were about to partake of our breakfast, the folding doors were thrown open and Miss Aggie Cochran and sister sang, with piano accompaniment, the song, "When This Cruel War is Over." After the first verse had been sung tears were moistening the eyes of more than one of the officers who surrounded the table. We all arose and walked over to the parlor and stood silently listening to that grand new song, which we had never heard before, until the last verse had been sung. Then we finished our repast and returned to camp. It was a dull day in camp. My regiment was guarding nearly all the approaches leading into Cincinnati on the north and eastern part of the city. We slept in the shady grove, and received the reports of John Morgan's progress through couriers from General Burnside.

Colonel Saunders received marching orders to proceed to Camp Dennison, O., and report to General E. H. Hobson, who was in command of all the cavalry forces then in pursuit of John Morgan, and at 3:30 p. m. we started on our long march, via Pendleton, Willowville, Camp Shady, Olivebranch, Batavia, Locust Grove, Sardinia, Winchester, Jasper, Youngsville, Jackson, Keystone, Vinton, Danville, Rulland and Chester to Buffington Island.

We communicated with General Hobson by courier at Montgomery, twelve miles northeast of Cincinnati, and received orders from him to take the advance and press Morgan from his right flank and keep him away from the Ohio River. We marched, halted and scouted the roads until nearly daylight of the 14th, when we arrived at Camp Shady, near Camp Dennison, where we went into camp and remained two hours, then resumed our march eastward, marching from daylight till 2 o'clock the next morning. When we passed through the little villages on our route we were cheered by old and young. Platforms were filled with little children and young ladies waving flags and handkerchiefs and singing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys; Rally Once Again," throwing bouquets to us and strewing flowers in our pathway. This ovation was continued from day to day until we struck the death-blow to John Morgan's command.

It was a triumphal march, where every private soldier and officer received the honors due an Emperor or a Supreme Pontiff. Not only were we treated to fragrant flowers, but were feasted with cooked rations by the wagonload. The aged mother, middle-aged women and maidens stood by the roadside with baskets of provisions, cans of coffee and milk, urging us to partake of their hospitality. God bless them; it was all they had to contribute. They did their mite to assist in the destruction of the rebel invaders, and their efforts proved to be of vast assistance, as we were fed without any trouble of preparing our own food, and I often thought God placed the manna in their hands and fed us as He once fed the Children of Israel.

On the 15th we passed through Batavia and were joined by Major Edgerly's battalion, who had been on a scout for two days, and continued our march, excepting time to feed our horses, until 2 a. m. of the 16th, when we halted and went into camp for two hours' rest for men and horses. Morgan had the advantage of our army. For miles bordering his line of march his command supplied themselves with fresh horses, leaving their worn

and tired-out animals by the roadside. Tearful farmers were obliged to give them their blooded stock. And I well recollect one Sunday forenoon we met a gentleman and two ladies on their way to church. We halted him and informed him that some of our battery horses had given out, and we should be obliged to trade horses with him if it was Sunday, and so we did. This was very hard, said the gentleman. Some of the boys inquired, "Where is Morgan?" "Where?" asked a voice. "Where do you suppose he is bound for?" Another voice replied, "Canada." Another, "I hope he will go through Detroit." But Morgan is ahead, levying contributions, plundering the inhabitants, burning mills and factories of those who refuse to contribute. Many were the accompanying ejaculations from those fair ones, "Go on, boys! God speed you! We hope you will catch him!" etc., and we responded, "God bless you, ladies!"

This was adopted as the daily routine until we had passed through Sardinia, Winchester and the other towns on our route. We arrived at Jackson on the 18th, and communicated with General Judah, who was in command of the fleet of transports, with General Hobson, who was on our left, with headquarters, with General Shackelford's Brigade, also with Colonel Wolford, who was on our extreme left. The Ohio Militia were frequently seen in small squads, but there was no visible organization, and they were not feared by Morgan's men.

After a consultation of the brigade commanders with General Hobson and General Judah, staff officers, it was decided to make a desperate push and drive Morgan in at Buffington Island. General Judah pushed up the river and placed his gunboat around the bend behind the island and disembarked with his staff and a small infantry force.

Our cavalry forces marched all day and night, reaching Chester at daylight on the morning of the 19th, and came upon the enemy from the rear while they were fighting General Judah's forces, who were guarding the ford at Buffington Bar. We were

joined at daylight by detachments from the 2nd and 7th Ohio Cavalry, who were sent to reinforce our brigade. They deployed as skirmishers until the 8th and 9th Michigan were placed in line of battle.

It was then 5 o'clock Sunday morning, July 19th. The 9th Michigan Cavalry had been the advance guard during the night. My regiment formed the rear of our brigade. We all advanced on a charge until we reached a cleared field, which was bordered by heavy timber on the north and west sides. Here we were ordered to halt and dismount under cover of the timber. The enemy was in plain view, mounted and formed in three lines of battle in a cornfield on the sloping ground near the Ohio River, and their artillery was firing upon General Judah's gunboat, which was steaming around the bend of the river behind Buffington Island.

Here I received orders to dismount and "Double quick!" across the open field and form a line on a rail fence which enclosed the cornfield and to open fire at once. Colonel Saunders sent Captain W. B. Smith with orders for the 9th Michigan Cavalry to file to the left and form a line along the edge of the cornfield, and to commence firing as soon as our battery opened. And he sent one of his staff officers to reconnoiter from the top of a hill near the cornfield and select a place for a section of our battery. The orders were all executed, and within twenty minutes the 9th Michigan was in position and a section of the 11th Battery had climbed the steep hill and opened fire. The 8th Michigan did not wait for any signal gun, but advanced and formed a line on the cornfield fence, and fought for twenty minutes, when we routed and drove the enemy out of the cornfield. So I ordered up our horses. We mounted and made a charge for nearly two miles, pouring volley after volley into the rebel ranks from our Spencer rifles, driving one of the rebel lines and their artillery over an embankment twenty-five feet high, capturing at the foot of this embankment two sections of batteries,

which had rolled down the bank upon their horses. To the extreme left the 9th Michigan went into the woods on a charge, and did good service, and they soon began to bring in captured rebels. I ordered Major Edgerly with the first battalion to the left and Major Mix with the third battalion to the right as we entered the woods. On we pressed over rocks and hills until we ran them down and captured 573 prisoners, with their horses and equipments, disarming them and marching them back to the cornfield fence, where we dismounted them. I allowed each man to take a blanket from under the saddle, if they had not one on their saddle, and their clothing; then marched them to the bank of the Ohio River and gave them twenty minutes to drink and wash themselves. They had been suffering for water to drink. While waiting here Colonel Saunders came along and said, "Colonel, come up the line with me." I joined him. He was on foot. I discovered that he had been acquainted with a good many of Morgan's men, and addressed them as "Jim, John, Joe, Frank," etc. He inquired for Richard Guthridge, and was told he was up the line. Soon the Colonel found him at the bank of the river washing himself. The Colonel said to him, "Hello, Richard. What are you doing here?" Richard answered, "I suppose you know." "Have you had a hard time?" "Oh, no." "When did you hear from home?" "Not very lately. We have been too busy to read letters." The Colonel then inquired, "Dick, have you got any money?" "No." The Colonel then gave him the last four dollars he had. I know this, for he borrowed of me soon after. As we walked away I inquired, "Who is that man?" The Colonel answered, "He is a brother of the young lady to whom I am engaged." A good many of Morgan's men were schoolmates of the Colonel in Kentucky.

I marched the prisoners down the river about one mile, where I turned them over to the Provost Marshal at Buffington Island ford. I then turned the horses and equipments over to Captain

Samuel Wells, Provost Marshal on General Hobson's staff.

Not one of my command was killed, and but two wounded, viz.: E. A. Kesslar, Sergeant Company A, and James Reed, Corporal Company A.

First Sergeant Company A received a severe wound in the leg by the accidental discharge of his pistol while on the march. Our arms, the Spencer rifles, proved, as before, a terror to the rebels. They thought us in much stronger force than we were when each man could pour seven shots into them so rapidly. This is the first instance during the war, I think, where the proportion of killed was greater than the wounded, as far as reports have come in at least three killed to one wounded, and this fact is owing to the terrible execution of our rifles.

Morgan, with his staff and about 800 of his men, tried to escape in the early morning, and left his command with Colonel Basil W. Duke, a brave officer, then in command of his first brigade, and whom we afterward captured with his staff.

Colonel Duke says, "Just at the close of the battle at Buffington ford I, with Colonel D. Howard Smith, one of my staff, Captain P. H. Thorpe and some thirty or forty men, were cut off by a charge of one of the pursuing regiments just as we were about to leave the valley by the narrow defile through which the road ran. I was in the rear of the column, endeavoring to cover the retreat. The pursuit was close and vigorous, the dashes upon the rear guard hot and frequent. The party with which I was cut off took refuge in a wide and deep ravine on the left of the road by which we were seeking to escape. The whole country was thickly covered with shrub-bush, and in the order of the pursuit we were for a while unable to elude the observation of the Federal troops, who were pressing the main body of Confederates who had escaped from the field. After forty minutes, or, perhaps, an hour had elapsed I began to hope that we would not be discovered, and that under cover of the night we might safely leave our covert, cross the river and avoid capture,

but a Federal soldier following the tracks which our horses had made in descending into the ravine came to the edge of it, and before we could take any measures to catch and keep him, started away to give notice of our presence. I then immediately led the party out of the ravine, intending, if there were only a few stragglers from the Federal column in the vicinity, to cut through and get away; but upon reaching higher ground, I was confronted by a detachment of cavalry numbering, perhaps, 75 or 80, and discovered that other troops were in the immediate vicinity. Becoming convinced that resistance and escape were equally impossible, I signified my willingness to surrender to Major Mix's battalion," which I sent to the right as we entered the woods, came upon them in the ravine as Colonel Duke was leading his detachment out to the hill.

After the defeat of the rebel General Morgan at Buffington's Island, in which the 8th Cavalry took a prominent part, the regiment was ordered to Covington, Ky., arriving there on the 31st of July. It had not completed its work with Morgan, but, on the contrary, a portion of it was most conspicuously engaged in his final defeat and capture.

When the command in pursuit of Morgan reached Cincinnati on the 13th, Lieutenant Babbitt, with a part of Company F, was detailed by order of Colonel Saunders, to guard Licking Bridge, a distance of some two miles from the city limits. In the evening Colonel Saunders ordered the balance of Company F, under Lieutenant Jas. Wells, and Companies C, H and L, about 100 men, with Lieutenant N. S. Boynton commanding, to picket the several roads leading into the city from the west and north. Colonel Saunders personally accompanied Lieutenant Boynton, directing him where to place the various detachments and instructing him to remain there until further orders. It was feared that a part of Morgan's command might attempt a raid upon the city from that direction. But no attempt of that kind was made. Morgan pushed on north of the city, east toward

Columbus. The balance of the regiment moved on with the brigade.

On the 15th Lieutenant Boynton with his command and Lieutenant Babbitt, with a part of Company F that was stationed at Licking Bridge, were ordered to go into camp at Newport barracks, Kentucky, on the Ohio river opposite Cincinnati. They remained there until the 22d, after the engagement at Buffington Island where Morgan escaped capture, when orders were received from General Burnside for all the cavalry detachments in and around Cincinnati to be in readiness to move promptly.

About 325 cavalrymen from various commands, principally from Kentucky regiments, including the detachments of the 8th Michigan, were placed in command of Major Rue, 9th Kentucky Cavalry.

On the evening of the 23d the command started by rail to Columbus, O., where it took the Zanesville Railroad to Steubenville. The command, on arriving at Steubenville, patroled the river by rail between Wheeling and that point, and on the morning of the 25th disembarked at Martin's Ferry, where Major Way, with a battalion of the 9th Michigan Cavalry, which had preceded Major Rue's command by another train, moved in the direction of St. Clairsville. In the afternoon Major Rue's command took the train for Wellsville, as information had been received that Morgan was making his way northward to cross above. At about 8 p. m. he reached Shanghai Station and disembarked. He immediately moved in the direction of Knoxville, about six miles distance. On arriving there he proceeded four miles on the road to Hammondsburg, bivouacking there for the night. At daylight next morning, the 26th, the column was in motion, reaching Hammondsburg at 7 a. m. General Shackelford was found at this place with a cavalry command, and to whom Major Rue reported. At this point Lieutenant Babbitt, with Company F, was ordered to report to General Shackelford for special duty. It was soon ascertained that the enemy were

moving in the direction of Salineville. The column was soon in rapid motion toward that point, Lieutenant Boynton, in command of the balance of the 8th Michigan Cavalry detachments taking the advance. Arriving at Salineville, it was found that Major Way, with the battalion of the 9th Michigan, had forced Morgan into an engagement, defeating him and taking over 300 prisoners, killing 23 and wounding 44. Still Morgan, with about 400 of his raiders, had escaped and were pushing eastward with a view of reaching the Ohio river, fording it and escaping into West Virginia.

It was now evident that a force would have to be sent by some route, get in his advance and cut him off, or he would make good his escape. For this purpose Major Rue, with his command, was sent by a circuitous route to the right to reach a point on the road over which Morgan was rapidly retreating. Dashing off in gallant style, with reliable guides, Major Rue proceeded on the designated route, General Shackleford pressing rapidly on Morgan's rear. Lieutenant Boynton, with the detachment of the 8th before referred to, had the advance of Rue's command and determined to keep it, if possible, although other detachments were attempting to pass him. To prevent this he formed his command in column of platoons. For several miles Major Rue swept on, first at a gallop, then at a trot, and then, in order to give his horses breath before the anticipated attack, walked about a mile, then forward at a gallop, changing direction to the left through fields, woods and lanes, at times leaping logs, fences, ditches, dodging trees and bush. An open field was soon reached, and an open space through the woods was discovered to the left, which afforded a view of the road over which Morgan was retreating, and about a mile distant from Major Rue's command. Soon the head of the rebel column came in sight, when, discovering the object of the Union troops, they made a desperate attempt to pass the point which Rue's command was aiming to reach, forcing their horses under whip and

spur at full speed down the road. Now came the exciting chase. Major Rue was a short distance in their advance. "Forward!" was repeated the whole length of the column. "There go the rebels, boys! There go the rebels!" passed swift from mouth to mouth, and a gleam of satisfaction lit up the countenances of the men as they saw the rebel column in the distance. As if by magic, sabers were unsheathed, pistols drawn, and with a firm grasp on their weapons and a determination expressed in their features to win or die, the boys dashed on regardless of all obstructions in their path, and soon approached the road.

As they passed the foot of a hill within a short distance of the road, Lieutenant Boynton discovered two men on the brow of the hill waving a white flag. Fearing that it was a ruse of Morgan's to halt the column at that point to gain time, he ordered Lieutenant A. L. Abbey, of Company L, 8th Michigan, with six men, to ascend the hill and ascertain their purpose, while he with his command dashed on to gain the road.

Another flag of truce was soon discovered, the bearers of which were shouting "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! We surrender!"

Notwithstanding the flag of truce was received by Major Rue, he ordered the command to form in line, ready to fight if the rebel general attempted treachery, and Lieutenant Boynton's detachment was the first in line, ready for work if it was required. But John Morgan had given up the contest without the firing of a gun. He saw that it was folly for him to attempt a further resistance, as Major Rue had cut him off from his only line of retreat, and there was no chance of escape.

Lieutenant Abbey soon joined the command with the bearer of the first flag of truce, who proved to be a rebel major on Morgan's staff and a captain of the Ohio State Militia, who had been captured the same day by Morgan's men, and to whom Morgan claimed to have surrendered his command a few moments before Major Rue came up.

The bearers of the second flag of truce were a major and two other officers of Morgan's staff with the rank of captain. The major handed his sword to Major Rue, who had taken his position in the road on the right of the 8th Michigan detachment, accompanied by Lieutenant Boynton and two or three officers of other detachments. The guidon belonging to Company L, 8th Michigan, floated triumphantly over the heads of the Cavalry officers, and beneath it the terms of surrender were made. Sergeant John J. Ebbitt, of Company L, had the honor of being color-bearer on that important occasion.

It was claimed by the rebel officers that Morgan had surrendered to the militia captain on the condition that his command should be paroled, the officers retaining their side arms and private property. Major Rue would not recognize an agreement made by a militia captain without a command and a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. He instructed the staff officer to say to General Morgan that his surrender must be unconditional. He directed him also to say to General Morgan that if these terms were not accepted in five minutes he would open fire.

The rebels had dismounted in the road, within ten rods of the line of the Union troops, and had stacked their arms. It would have been impossible for them to escape even if they had been so disposed, and Morgan quickly accepted the terms offered by Major Rue. The major ordered them to remain in their position until General Shackelford came up. In a short time General Shackelford and staff (on which was Lieutenant John E. Babbitt, 8th Michigan) arrived, and after a brief consultation General Shackelford accepted Morgan's surrender by allowing the rebel officers to retain their side arms. The rebel command was soon formed in line in the road, mounted, when it was placed under guard and marched to Salineville, where their horses were taken from them. Next morning the officers and men were sent under guard by rail to Cincinnati, and thence to Camp Chase, Ohio.

The detachment under Lieutenant Boynton was ordered back to Steubenville, Ohio, to wait for transportation to Cincinnati. On their way to that place, the inhabitants of the towns, villages and cross roads turned out enmasse and welcomed with cheers the boys of the 8th, carrying the flag under which Morgan surrendered. Tables loaded with eatables such as the Ohio house-wife knows how to prepare, were spread at every place through which the command passed, and the boys had several square meals during the one day's march to Steubenville. Lieutenant Boynton's command remained in Steubenville for two days waiting for cars to transport it to Cincinnati.

The camp was located near the center of the city, in a beautiful grove, and every hour in the day and up to ten and eleven o'clock at night the people, particularly the ladies, filled the grounds. They came from all around to see the command that captured Morgan and look at the flag under which he surrendered. Eatables of the choicest and most appetizing kind were furnished in abundance. Clothing, shirts, collars, handkerchiefs and many dainty things were given with a liberal hand. There was nothing too good for the boys who captured the noted Confederate raider.

One old exuberant fellow, with a bright good looking girl by his side, a daughter as it proved, hunted all around the camp until he found Lieutenant Boynton and was introduced. "By gosh, Leftenant," said the old fellow, "you are a hull team and yoke of oxen thrown in, Gol durned, if you don't deserve suthing. Say, 'haint got nuthing but this gal ter give you. Darn my socks, take her. She'll make you a bang up good wife, so she will. I would kind o' like to see her yoked up to one of the boys with shulder straps on. Dog on it, you can have 'er, she's peaches."

Lieutenant Boynton blushed, and the girl looked shy. Finally the lieutenant said, "My dear, good fellow, am sorry I can't accept your offer. I have a wife and baby at home in Michigan,

and by the way, my wife is a Buckeye girl, too; very much obliged, but I can't accept." "Great guns," exclaimed the Buck-eye, "you don't say, Lieutenant. Why, dog on it, you don't appear as you were hitched. Well, I'll be gol durned if I don't give her to some other shulder stropper who helped pull in old Morgan," and away went the old man whooping it up to beat two of a kind.

Sergeant Ebbitt held to the company guidon and carried it through the camp and city, showing it to all as the flag under which Morgan surrendered. He unfortunately imbibed too much, and could not withstand the appeals of the young ladies for a small piece of the flag for a relic. As soon as Lieutenant Boynton heard that the flag was being cut to pieces by relic hunters, he hastened to where Ebbitt was, taking it away from him, but only about two inches in width along the staff remained. The ladies, however, presented the company with a beautiful silk flag the next day as compensation for the loss of the original. Lieutenant Boynton now has that strip of the guidon and would not part with it for a farm.

The 28th, a train of freight cars was furnished and the men piled in and were soon on their way to Cincinnati. Riding in close freight cars on a hot day was not very comfortable. To get a breath of fresh air many of the boys rode on top of the cars during the journey. At every station crowds of people turned out and with waving of flags and bands of music cheered the command as the train passed by. Sergeant Ebbitt, the color bearer, with the beautiful new flag presented by the ladies of Steubenville, was on top of a car about the center of the train and waved it to the crowds, exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Begorra, gaze on the flag under which the ould trather Morgan surindered," and the people would shout and cheer. At every place we stopped the ladies came with huge luncheon baskets filled with everything eatable and handed them to the boys. We lived like lords on the trip, and reached Cincinnati on the 29th, where the command disembarked and joined the regiment.

When Morgan and the captured Confederates were taken through Cincinnati to Camp Chase, Ohio, General Burnside, who was in command of the army of the Ohio, set aside General Shackelford's terms of surrender. The rebel officers' side arms were taken from them, and Morgan was sent to the Ohio penitentiary and treated the same as a convict. His hair was cropped close to his scalp and a prisoner's striped suit put on him. He afterwards escaped from prison, got through the lines, was given another rebel command and again took the field.

Detachments of my regiment were then scattered along a line of about 450 miles, distance from Camp Nelson, Ky., to Salineville, O. The orders came for concentrating at Camp Nelson, Ky., which proved to be a slow process.

Many of my officers were on detached service, and my own command, which I had moved from Buffington Island down the river, 19 miles to Gallipolis, went into camp for two days, awaiting transportation. We then embarked on board steamers down the river to Covington, Ky., where, on July 27th, I placed in the Government Hospital 18 wounded and sick men of my regiment. The balance of my regiment joined my command, and we were transported by rail to Nicholasville, Ky., disembarked and marched to Camp Nelson, arriving there at 4 p. m. of the 29th, and went into camp. The next day I was ordered to scout the country in the vicinity after Scott's rebel cavalry, skirmishing from Lexington to Stanford, Ky., having captured, killed and wounded 213 men and 5 officers and taken over 150 horses. We again returned to camp at Camp Nelson and this was the closing scene of the Morgan Raid of A. D. 1863.

My entire command were worn out by constant marching and exposure to heat and storm, having slept under the broad canopy of heaven, or sometimes in the saddle, while their clothing was moistened with dew or drenched with rain. Yet they did not murmur or complain. They were true sons of the north, and felt proud of the part they had taken in the destruction of Morgan's rebel raiders.

In conclusion, I will state that when I recall the exciting scenes of the late War of the Rebellion I often exclaim, "Where are those brave officers and soldiers of my regiment who offered their lives as a sacrifice upon the Altar of Liberty in defense of their country's honor and the Flag of our glorious Union?"

I pause in silence, and the answer comes: Many are still living, some have attained positions of honor and trust in their State and country, some have become useful members of society, while others are unfortunate, poor in health and poor in purse, and are lingering upon the shores of time, waiting for the sound of the last bugle call which will summon them to their eternal rest. Many are dead, some were killed in battle and their bones lie in southern graves, some were wounded and captured and suffered the tortures of sickness, starvation and death in southern bastiles and prison pens, others lost their health from disease or exposure, and, after a lingering illness, have died among their kindred in their homes.

When I contemplate the fortunes of war and the fate of my unfortunate comrades of the 8th Michigan Cavalry my eyes fill with tears of sympathy and my heart overflows with fraternal love for all of my comrades in arms who are now both living and dead.

It will be only a few years more when the people of this mighty nation will be searching for the last survivor of that great army which put down the most unholy rebellion that ever struck a blow against Liberty and Law. Then will these young men and women, these boys and girls, these babies of to-day, and children yet unborn, become the guardians of your memory and your fame. Teach those now old enough to learn the lessons of war. A nation that can forget the deeds of daring and devotion that preserved the Union from dismemberment will soon become the deserving victim of treason, strategem and spoils.

THE FINAL EFFORT—LAST ASSAULT OF THE CONFEDERATES AT PETERSBURG.

BY JOHN C. HARDY,
CAPTAIN 2D MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

(Read Feb. 3, 1898.)

As March approached its close, in 1865, preparations began to be made by General Grant for that grand movement on the Confederate right, Lee's chief vulnerable point, which was to give the Federal army possession of Petersburg and Richmond, capture or destroy the army of General Lee and end the war by a single blow. The sorely tried Army of the Potomac, so often defeated and disappointed, but never dishonored, was about at last to reap the fruit of all its exertions and to redeem the promise of its early prime. Anticipating that the decisive movement was at hand, and dreading the battle which General Grant, with superior forces, was about to offer him, Lee had already commenced preparations to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond and move southward to effect a junction with Johnston. To cover this movement, he organized a night attack upon the Union lines in front of Petersburg, a desperate expedient, considering their strength, but the only one which, under their circumstances, was practicable. General Grant had anticipated the evacuation and had taken means to prevent the escape of the Confederate army. Meanwhile, the busy note of preparation was heard along the Union lines before Petersburg and frequent reviews of corps and divisions, which were witnessed by President Lincoln and a distinguished party of visitors, gave the camps a festive appearance.

At 4 o'clock on March 25th Gordon's Confederate Corps, consisting of three divisions, was massed for a charge against our lines in front of Fort Steadman, a square fort, covering

about an acre of ground, carrying nine guns and supported by mortar batteries on the right and left. It was the second regular fort in our line, running from the river, the first being Fort McGilvery. Just beyond Fort Steadman, and about a mile distant, was Fort Haskell, and between the two were mortar batteries Nos. 11 and 12. Simultaneously with this disposition of Gordon's corps, the rest of Lee's army was arranged to co-operate in an attack further down towards our left. Our lines at this time extended over the enormous distance of thirty miles from right to left. The extreme right was terminated by Fort Harrison, north of the James river, on the Chapin farm, and by the outposts of Kautz's Cavalry, thence it crossed the James river, passing in front of Bermuda Hundred, crossed the Appomattox and so extended around Petersburg, as far southward as the bank of Hatcher's Run, on which the left rested. The Army of the Potomac occupied the whole ground south of the Appomattox and that of the Army of the James, under General Ord, the remainder of the lines.

Besides covering his retreat by a sudden and strong attack, Lee had an additional object to gain, which was to break through our lines at Hare's Hill, on which Fort Steadman was situated, by a bold dash to turn the guns he should capture upon us, to wheel his troops to the right and march down the line, taking Forts Haskell, Morton, Meikle and the rest in reserve, stripping off the guns and garrisons from the forts and batteries and threatening the whole line. While one column should accomplish this work, another in its rear, crossing through the gap, would get upon our military railroad and destroy it and perhaps march to City Point and burn our depots and supplies there. The seizure of our base would have effectually cut off the army of Ord from the army of Meade; and, in short, if successful, the move might have entirely broken up the famous campaign against Richmond and have thrown a new aspect over the war.

At 4 o'clock Gordon's troops rushed to the attack and charged across the space between the opposing lines, up the acility to Fort Steadman and carried the fort almost instantly, without firing a shot. The fort was defended by the 14th New York Heavy Artillery. The enemy at once turned the captured guns against the rest of our lines and soon occupied mortar batteries 10 and 11, adjoining Fort Steadman. His onward advance was checked by Fort Haskell, and our troops, having been rallied, a stubborn resistance was offered. Hartranft's Third Division of the Ninth Corps then came up and our batteries from all quarters were massed upon Fort Steadman. A tremendous fire burst from our artillery and, under a terrible storm of shot and shell, Hartranft pressed up toward the captured fort to retake it. Soon the concentrated fire of our artillery and the determined advance of Hartranft from left and rear proved too much for the Confederates and they fell back into the fort, then beyond the fort down the hills, leaving all the guns they had captured and endeavoring to regain their own lines. But our guns opened on them with such severity as to prevent a large part of the retreating forces from escaping from the fort and about 2,000 prisoners fell into our hands. By 10 o'clock the fighting in front of Fort Steadman was over.

On the morning of Sunday, April 2, orders for the assault of Petersburg were issued. At 4 o'clock the Second, Sixth and Ninth Corps were formed for the attack, the Sixth being in front of Forts Welch and Fisher. The Second Corps was in advance with its three divisions arranged in numerical order from right to left. A portion of the Twenty-fourth Corps was brought up in support of the Sixth. While these formations were being made, a terrific cannonade showered shot and shell upon the columns. It was early dawn when the troops pushed forward. Getty and Wheaton, of the Sixth Corps, after being once checked by the terrific fire of the enemy, rushed forward

again and carried the two forts in their front, while Seymour, after a sharp fight, broke through the Southside Railroad and commenced tearing it up. The whole line was now swung in towards Petersburg, the Twenty-fourth Corps marching in to the support of the Sixth and Wheaton pressing over to the aid of the Ninth. The enemy, from a strong position in the rear of the captured fort, opened a hot and destructive fire on our men, but after a hard struggle succumbed, their leader, General A. P. Hill, being killed, with many of his officers.

By 11 o'clock the hardest fighting was over and, after a short rest, our lines were once more gathered up and the Twenty-fourth, Second and Sixth Corps formed for a final attack on Petersburg and the battle raged throughout the afternoon.

During the attack of the Sixth Corps, the Ninth on the right, advanced against Fort Mahone, which carried fourteen guns, and, after a desperate struggle, captured it and neighboring works. Hill's troops made desperate charges to retake the position and nearly succeeded, but the Sixth Corps came up on the left, the enemy was driven back and the Ninth Corps held the fort.

The result of the conflict had been anticipated by General Lee, who, on Sunday afternoon, began transporting troops to Richmond and thence beyond. On Monday morning both cities were found to be evacuated.

The Second Michigan Infantry, in which I had the honor to serve for four long years of the rebellion, played no insignificant part in the fight at Fort Steadman and other engagements around Petersburg during the siege, the result of which, taken in connection with Sherman's march to the sea and Sheridan's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, served to blot out the last hope of the Confederates for the success of their arms, and made possible the end which came with the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox.

The Second Michigan lay between Fort Steadman and Battery 9. The men lived in holes dug in the ground, over which were stretched shelter tents. Regimental headquarters had bomb-proofing walls of logs with roof composed of railroad iron, the inmates being reasonably secure from shot and shell, and no matter how sleepy the men were, the report of a mortar would send them out of their holes in a hurry and their only salvation lay in dodging the chunks of iron and lead sent over by the Confederates. At this point our lines were subjected to an enfilading fire from two rifled guns of large calibre, which were located across the Appomattox to the right and just in front of the First Michigan Sharpshooters. We named it the Goose Neck battery.

The distance between the lines was so short that it was extremely dangerous to show a head above the breastworks and it was a source of wonderment to us where the shot from the Confederates' side originated. Nothing could be seen above their works, but a puff of powder smoke would appear about half way up from the top, quickly followed by a leaden messenger. The mystery was solved after we captured Petersburg: It appeared that the Confederates had imbedded in their works a large, square piece of timber, hollowed out in the center, with an iron plate on the front side with holes for the marksmen to aim through. On the evening of March 24 I was sent out on picket. The night was very dark and the wind was blowing pretty stiff from our side to that of the enemy. We had six picket posts of six men each. These posts were on a little rise of ground slightly higher than the Confederate works. They had two lines of chevaux de frise in front of us and we were outside of our abbates, the distance between our picket posts and the Confederate works being about fifty yards. Desultory firing was kept up that night until about 1 o'clock, when everything became suddenly still and the unusual silence along the line to the left seemed to me very suspicious and I

ordered a shot from each of the six posts every three minutes as near as could be judged. Not satisfied with this precaution, men were ordered to crawl out of the pits on both the right and left and lie on the ground and listen for any suspicious movements on the part of the enemy. Later on one of the men came in and reported that he had heard a noise in front which sounded as if someone was removing an obstruction, but a thorough investigation failed to reveal any cause for alarm.

At about 3:30 a. m. I had a premonition that something was about to happen and told the sergeant that I did not like the looks of things and considered it necessary to arouse the regiment; so I made my way through the covered way and came out to the left of the Second Michigan and in front of where the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts had been, but which was removed up to the rear of Battery 10, so that there was nothing between the Second Michigan and Fort Steadman but the pickets of the Third Maryland. The trench guard was sent to regimental headquarters to rout out the regiment and my company was awakened and came rushing out for duty, with guns and cartridge boxes in hand, some without hats and others minus shoes, and were sent to the rifle pits.

The mysterious silence still continued and we waited and waited. Captain Boughton, commanding the regiment, Captain Lang and other officers came out and made inquiries. They were told that the condition of things was not satisfactory, that it was too quiet along the lines. Captain Lang was disposed to ridicule my fears, saying that my wounds made me nervous and that the first night on picket was too much for me, but when nearly all the officers had returned, there came the sudden flash of a single gun out of the darkness in the rear of Fort Steadman and immediately after another flash to the front.

"That's what's the matter," I exclaimed, "they have got Fort Steadman."

Knowing that we had no troops between our position and

the fort, the pickets were ordered in. When coming in, in the rear of the breastworks, I saw some troops approaching in the direction of the Second Michigan's left flank, along the rifle pits, and another squad in the road in the rear. Thinking they were our own men, and knowing that the Second Michigan in the rifle pits and behind the flankers would commence firing at once, I inquired what regiment they belonged to and the answer was "the Fifty-Seventh." Later it was ascertained that they were men of the Fifty-Seventh North Carolina.

Making my way through the field to the rear, I found the space pretty well filled with Confederates. Reaching brigade headquarters, Colonel Ely, commanding, was informed of the situation and advised not to attempt to cross the open field in any movement he might decide to make, but to proceed along the river bank to where the First Michigan Sharpshooters lay on our right. I made haste back to the left of the Second Michigan, where my company was. Our men had already commenced firing from behind flankers to the flank and at the Confederates in the road in the rear. We could not tell where to send in our leaden missiles except when we saw the flash of the guns in the hands of the enemy, and soon we were obliged to leave our position and take refuge in Battery 9, where the Twentieth Michigan was located. The Confederates turned our own guns upon us from Fort Steadman and also their artillery and mortars in front, hurling shot and shell at us in a disagreeable manner. To add to our discomfort, the Federal fort at the Dun house, General Wilcox's headquarters on the ridge in rear, opened fire on us. We were fired at from nearly every direction, and it was not until daylight that the cannonading ceased, when the Stars and Stripes could be seen floating over our own works, as we were isolated; but it did seem an age before our troops in the rear got into position and came to our relief.

It was long after daylight on the 25th, perhaps 7 o'clock, when the batteries that had been sent to our assistance got to

work, but when they did come into action, the struggle was of short duration. The Confederate ranks soon commenced to break and retreat to their own lines. It was then that the commander of the Second Michigan called for volunteers and about twenty-five men responded. We made a dash toward the fort to cut off as many Johnnies as we could. While passing the bomb-proof, where the headquarters of the Fifty-Seventh Massachusetts had been located who had been moved out on account of low ground, a Confederate soldier was observed looking out of the door. Not liking to leave an enemy in our rear, I ran over to take him in, but to my surprise, I found the bomb-proof filled with Confederates, two of whom raised their guns to shoot me down, but they were informed that they would be sent to a hotter place than they had been in that morning if they did not surrender and, with such gentle persuasion, they were induced to drop their guns and were soon made prisoners and on their way to Battery 9. There were thirty-five officers and privates in the lot, and their capture made me feel pretty good. One of the officers handed me his sword and requested that it be sent to a Pennsylvania colonel whom he named and from whom he had captured it. He said he had promised the Pennsylvanian that if he was ever taken prisoner he would try and return the weapon. I turned it over to the proper person, but whether it ever reached the Federal officer, I do not know.

Having cleaned out the bomb-proof, and gone nearly up to Fort Steadman, we immediately returned to the picket line, where several other Confederates fell into our hands, amongst them an officer of the Palmetto Sharpshooters, who stated that he had been selected the evening previous to take 100 men, penetrate our lines and capture the Federal battery at the Dun House, near Meade Station. He said he had missed his bearings or matters would have been different. He was over six feet tall and about 25 years of age. From his appearance and dress, I thought we had captured a general officer, but he turned

out to be only a second lieutenant. About 2,000 prisoners were taken in the fight, over 300 being captured by the Second Michigan, and for which the division general recommended that for conspicuous gallantry I be recommended for a brevet commission.

In this connection a statement of the affairs at Fort Steadman from the Confederate standpoint, by General John B. Gordon, may not be uninteresting. It is taken from a detailed account of the last assault ever made upon the Federal lines in pursuance of an offensive purpose and a description of one of the last scenes of the bloody and terrible civil war. No official report of the Fort Steadman fight was ever made on the Confederate side.

Two conferences with General Lee, led to the desperate and almost hopeless attack made by General Gordon, March 25, on Grant's lines at Fort Steadman and Hare's Hill in front of Petersburg. Gordon spent a week examining the Federal lines and learning from deserters and men captured the names of our officers and their commands in front. At last he selected a point which he was sure he would carry by a night assault. It was in the last degree a desperate undertaking. He selected a point where the main lines were closest together, being not more than 200 yards apart, while the picket lines were so close that the Confederates and Federals could easily converse. The plan, approved by General Lee and ordered executed, was briefly this:

To take Fort Steadman by direct assault at night; then send a separate body of men to each of the rear forts, who, claiming to be Federals, might pass through the Union reserves and take possession of the rear line of forts as if ordered to do so by the Federal commander; then to press with the whole Confederate force to the rear of Grant's main line and force him out of the trenches, destroy his pontoons, cut his telegraph wires and press down his flank. The obstructions in front of the Confederate lines had to be removed and removed silently, so as not to attract the attention of the Federal pickets.

Grant's obstructions had to be removed from in front of Fort Steadman, which must be done immediately in front of the guns of the fort. These guns at night were double charged with canister. The rush across the intervening space between the lines had to be made silently and swiftly as to take the fort before the gunners could fire. All this had to be accomplished before the Confederate main force could be moved across on Grant's flank or left wing.

To rush over the Federal pickets and into the fort and seize the Federal guns General Gordon selected only 100 men, with empty rifles and fixed bayonets. To precede these and clear an opening to the fort, fifty good men were selected and armed with axes to cut down the obstructions in front of the fort. They were ordered to remove the Confederate chevaux de frise, rush upon the Union constructions, and cut away a brigade front. The 100 men with empty rifles and fixed bayonets were to follow immediately, and the 150 men were not to falter or fire, but to go into Fort Steadman, if they had to do it in the face of the fire from all the forts. Immediately after these ax-men and the 100 had cleared the way, three other squads of 100 each were to rush across, pass through Fort Steadman and go pell-mell through to the rear and right through the Federal reserves, crying as they went, "The rebels have carried our lines in front, captured Fort Steadman and we are ordered by General McLaughlin, commander of Fort Steadman, to go back to the rear forts and hold them against the Confederates." If they were halted by the Federal reserves, each commander was instructed to pass himself off as a Union officer. As soon as Fort Steadman should be taken and these three bodies of 100 men each had succeeded in reaching the rear forts, the main force of infantry and cavalry were to cross over. The cavalry was to gallop to the rear, capture the fugitives, destroy the pontoons and cut down the telegraph wires, while the infantry was to move rapidly down Grant's lines, attacking and breaking

his divisions in detail as they moved out of the trenches. Such was the plan of the most desperate and last aggressive assault ever made by the Confederate army.

During the whole night of March 24 General Gordon was busily engaged in making preparations and disposing troops. About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 25th the men selected for the hazardous work were ordered to report for duty. Around the shoulders of each man was bound a strip of white muslin as a means of recognition of each other. The hour had come and everything was in readiness. Two men with rifles were to fire the signal for attack and presently, bang! bang! two shots broke the stillness of the night, the chosen men sprang forward, and for the last time the stars and bars were carried to aggressive assault. The ax-men were soon upon the abattis of the Federals and hewing it down. The 100 overpowered the pickets and sent them to the rear, rushed through the gap made by the ax-men up the slope of Fort Steadman and it was in the hands of the Confederates without the firing of a single gun and with the loss of but one man, who was killed with a bayonet. The three companies who were to attempt to pass the reserves and go into the rear forts followed and passed on through Fort Steadman. Then came the other troops pouring into the fort. The Confederates captured nine pieces of artillery, eleven mortars and 600 or 700 prisoners, among them General McLaughlin, commanding that position of the Federal line. The 300 men who had been sent in companies of 100 each to attempt the capture of the three rear forts, succeeded in passing through the line of Federal reserves by representing themselves as Union troops, but their guides had abandoned them and they did not know in what direction to move. It was afterward discovered that these men had gone out further than the forts, and could have easily entered and captured them if the guides had done their duty. They were nearly all captured, being entirely behind the Federal reserves.

In the meantime the Federal troops who had escaped from the fort and intrenchments captured by the Confederates had spread the alarm and roused the Union army. The hills in the rear of Grant's lines were soon black with troops. By the time it was fairly daylight the two forts on the main line, flanking Fort Steadman, the three forts in the rear, and the reserves all opened upon Gordon's forces. He held Fort Steadman and the Federal intrenchments to the river, or nearly so, but the guides had failed and, as a consequence, the rear forts had not been captured. Failing to secure these forts, the Confederate cavalry could not pass, the pontoons could not be destroyed and the telegraph wires were not cut. In addition to these mis-haps the trains had been delayed and Pickett's division and other troops sent by General Lee to Gordon had not arrived. The success of the Confederates had been brilliant, so far as it had gone, and had been achieved without loss of any consequence to the army, but it had failed in the essentials to a complete success or to a great victory. Every hour was bringing heavy reinforcements to Grant, and Gordon's position was rendered less and less tenable, and after a short correspondence with Lee, it was decided to withdraw. Gordon felt, as his troops re-entered Colquitt's salient, that the last hazard had been thrown and that he had lost.

Too much credit cannot be given the 2nd Brigade, 1st Division, 9th Army Corps, isolated as they were and still held their position, in my opinion, the key, the 2nd Michigan particularly fighting to the front, rear and flanks.

TWELVE MONTHS IN REBEL PRISONS.

BY CHARLES G. HAMPTON,
CAPTAIN 15TH N. Y. CAVALRY.

(Read March 3, 1898.)

Prison life had phases both dark and light. Many saw and experienced only the dark side, with starvation and suffering for their daily portion; it was my good fortune to experience largely the lighter phase.

It was often a matter of digestion and temperament; for instance, I knew a boy of 22, with perfect health and digestion, naturally hopeful, rugged from two years' service at the front as an enlisted man, and six months as an officer, who endured all the hardships and privations of a prisoner of war for over twelve months, who did not lose ten pounds of flesh during his imprisonment, and barring ailments incidental to prison life and rheumatism, never spent a healthier—certainly never a hungrier—year, but whose determination when captured was, to live the thing through if it lasted ten years; who never gave up hoping and believing he would pull through all right, and he did.

I knew another, a man of 30, strong, hearty, a veteran of nearly three years' field service as an officer and enlisted man, a magnificent soldier and splendid specimen of physical manhood, who reached our prison on July 10th and was buried before the month expired.

The two had the same rations, both from the same regiment, had everything in common, but there was this material difference: the boy was active, ambitious, hopeful and determined to thrive even on a diet of cornmeal; the man was homesick from the first day, exceedingly despondent, contended he could not endure confinement, nor live on the rations furnished him, and the inevitable followed.

A dash at the enemy by a squad of a dozen cavalry, a sudden turning of the foe outnumbering us five to one, a lively run for the column, bullets thick as swarming bees and about as noisy, a close encounter, a bullet through the right shoulder, a sabre cut on the head, a wounded horse and a tumble to the ground, furnished a live tableaux, nearly a dead "Yank," and at the same time was my introduction to Colonel Mosby. It was purely involuntary on my part, but rather pressing on his. We had not previously been on speaking terms; in fact, I had on several occasions declined his proffered acquaintance—with thanks—but owing to his extreme politeness—and other valid reasons—I at this time accepted his hospitality.

I did suggest that I was not in a condition to reciprocate, and hinted that even in my somewhat dilapidated condition, I could find my way to our lines without troubling him for an escort; but, after consulting the surgeon who was dressing my wounds and who reported "lots of fight in the Yankee yet," the colonel said he was very sorry to inconvenience me, but he had just received a request from Major Turner at Libby Prison, to send him a lot of young and hearty Yankees to help dispose of his surplus rations, so I remained his guest, and justice compels me to state, I had no cause for complaint while with Colonel Mosby's command.

The above incident occurred on the 20th of February, 1864, near Upperville, Va., while I was in command of the rear guard of a detachment from my regiment—15th N. Y. Cavalry—and others, all under the command of Major Cole,—1st Maryland Battalion.

A horseback ride of 60 miles brought us to Gen. Wickham's Division of Rebel Cavalry. After a night's rest and exceedingly kind treatment by the general, I was put on the cars, and on the 24th inst. arrived at Libby Prison. Here I was assigned to a cot in the hospital, on the lower floor of the prison, and again had my wounds dressed, of which they stood very much in need.

Libby Prison is no untried reality to many companions pres-

ent, the phases of life there have been often described or experienced, so I will not burden you with a repetition. My experience was largely the counterpart of others; I had the same hunger morning, noon, and night; the same experience in "skirmishing," and no less difficulty in finding the "pesky critters"; took the same stock in exchange rumors only to have them exploded with equal regularity; used the six lines allowed us in writing a letter home, mostly to enumerate the good things wanted in a box; said we were well and happy, the latter being emphasized to ensure safe conduct through the Rebel lines, as the letter was unsealed; used the widest sheet of foolscap obtainable to secure more words,—also more provisions.

The following lines, though not original, are very much to the point, especially thumb point:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Prison life is but a dream;
'Tis but little we can slumber—
Swarms of lice in every seam.

Referred by special permission to all companions who have "been there."

The dates in this paper are absolutely correct, being taken from a diary kept during my service in the army, from September, '61, to May, '65, and which I was so fortunate as to preserve.

March 5th. upon application of Major Pope, of my old regiment—8th New York Cavalry—I was to-day allowed to join him in the upper east room, and received a hearty welcome. I am to return to the hospital as often as necessary, to have my wounds dressed, as my head is still bandaged and my right arm in a sling.

March 14—Major Pope secured a special exchange to-day, and I have fallen heir to all his property. I am considered quite a "catch" by designing men, as I am the owner of six blankets, a tin cup, plate, knife, fork and spoon, and an unknown quantity of money.

March 15—Had a happy surprise to-day in meeting my old

friend and schoolmate, Willard Glazier, now a Lieutenant 2d New York Cavalry, who has been here since last October. What an old-time visit and love feast we have had, and how we have enjoyed recalling the happy days of long ago.

April 12—A sad accident occurred this morning; as a number of us were looking out of the barred windows at the Rebels loading their guns preparatory to going on guard, one of the guns was discharged, the bullet coming through an adjoining window and killed Lieutenant Forsyth, of Toledo, Ohio, and wounded two others. Although the man was arrested and it is said will be punished, that cannot atone for the careless act, nor bring back the noble life so suddenly extinguished. (Forsyth Post, G. A. R., Toledo, Ohio, was named in his memory.)

April 19—Ring out ye bells! sound the jubilee! I've got a box filled with good things from the old Empire State. If that dear old aunt of mine only knew how I enjoy it, she would send a box every week. How every article from the dear old home brings to mind the days of yore. I am forcibly reminded of a remark made to me when a small boy; complaining because I could not have sugar on my bread and butter, my aunt said, "You will live to see the day, my boy, when you will be glad to get some of Aunt Rachel's bread and butter, without sugar." I am seeing it every day now. I have discovered, since my supply came, that nearly every prisoner uses tobacco; queer I never noticed it before.

April 21—Great good fortune for me to-day! As the cry of "Mail" rang through the building, I joined the crowd who were hurrying to Colonel Streight's room, and was the fortunate recipient of five letters, the first received since my capture. The first one opened was from that "Girl I left behind me," ever faithful, loving and true; one from dear Aunt Rachel, who is so anxious on my account; and three from my regiment. How these letters of love and friendship strengthen our faith; kindle anew our patriotism and make life more worth the present everyday struggle.

April 23—A box came from the officers of my regiment to-day, containing coffee, sugar, hams, beans and a good supply of tobacco. I can't see any pressing necessity for exchange. Those who are anxious to go home can go, but I shall stay and help dispose of these good things from God's country, if it takes all summer. Two boxes in one week, make me the envy of the prison.

The most exciting episode of my Libby Prison life, was the attempt of General Kilpatrick to liberate us. We could hear the firing in the suburbs and expected every moment to see our boys at the prison doors. The suspense was fearful! What would be the result? freedom, with all that implies? or imprisonment indefinite; all too soon the answer came; defeat, and surrender of many of the attacking force; so with blighted hopes and hearts depressed, we were compelled to fall back upon the never failing, though often threadbare, stories of "exchange." This subject was gold in the morning, silver at noon, nickel by 3 o'clock, and common every day mud, at sunset. Changes were rung upon the subject every hour, and new stories and theories replaced exploded ones as naturally as ducks take to water.

On the 7th of May, we packed up and were marched to the cars; stopped a couple of days at Dansville, and then resumed our journey southward. Like sardines we were packed fifty and sixty together in box cars, often none too clean. Our car had been used in carrying bacon, and when the train would slack up after dark, some of the boys being unable to stand on the greasy floor, slipped out of the door—the guns having been rendered harmless by various Yankee tricks—the guards wondered why they would not shoot—we also wondered!

May 15—Arrived at Augusta to-day, and were turned out in a field for a breath of fresh air, a line of guards being thrown around us to prevent any of the boys from straying away and getting lost so far from home. The citizens flocked to see the Yankees, and for the time being, we were the whole show. The boys, ever

watchful for the main chance, discovered some holes in the ground, and a number got in and were covered over with leaves and rubbish. Unfortunately, as the line of guards was drawn in, a Johnnie Reb. stepped on one of the boys, and gave the snap away. Terribly excited—he was a home guard—he cried out, "Corpl de Geaud! Corpl de Geaud! Come yer quick, I'll be doggoned if he Yank did'ent bury he self in de gwound!"

On May 17th, the 800 officers, who left Richmond ten days before, arrived at Macon, but on account of slippery floors, and other reasons, the count was 47 short. Finding the grounds inside the stockade clean and wholesome, they soon made themselves at home. There was plenty of running water; shelter was soon provided for the larger portion, and had the food been acceptable or sufficient, they would have been fairly content.

Rations consisted of a pint of cornmeal a day, cow peas occasionally, guaranteed to furnish meat and drink, when made into soup; and semi-occasionally, a small piece of bacon; but as to quality, it was a tenet of the camp that bacon should not be left unguarded, it might crawl off.

Here, as at Libby Prison, our hopes were raised to the highest pitch, only to be reduced to the lowest depths by the capture of Stoneman. Oh! the anguish of that moment; the dashing of fondest hopes, the breaking of cherished plans; we were almost free once more; we listened to the cannons boom, then came the sharp crack of the carbine; we stood almost breathless, waiting for the boys in blue and the dear old flag, but alas! it was not so to be, and we resumed our daily routine, not exactly discouraged, but with hope just a little shattered.

June 18th—A happy surprise greeted me this morning, Capt. Auer, of my regiment, having just come in with a lot of "fresh fish" from the Army of the Potomac. We have spent the day talking about the regiment, and the happenings and events that have transpired since my capture, nearly four months ago. The captain was quite indignant because, upon arrival in camp, he had

been noisily greeted with the cry of "Fresh fish," "Give him air," "Louder, old Pudd'nhead." and other strange cries, with which to greet an officer of the United States army; but when I explained to him, that the first three months in prison one is a "fresh fish," the next three, a "sucker," the next three a "dry cod," the balance of imprisonment a "dried herring," and after exchange a "pickled sardine," and that none of the remarks were personal, he was satisfied. I refer all doubters to our worthy Recorder, General Swift, who was a very "fresh fish" in Macon about this time.

June 27—Great excitement in camp in consequence of the Rebels finding four tunnels all nearly completed. I am interested in one which started under the shed near my bed on the ground. It is supposed we have a traitor in camp, but we won't have one long if we catch him. The following order was issued this morning:

C. S. Military Prison, Macon, Ga.,
June 27, 1864.

Special Order No. 9.

Sentinels are instructed to shoot down all persons in the future, who are seen moving about camp after taps.

GEO. C. GIBBS,
Maj. Commanding.

This order is directed at the tunnellers, who have to carry all the dirt taken from the tunnels, through the camp at night, to dispose of it. But the boys will burrow just the same, special orders nor bullets have any terror for them, they have often faced both.

July 4, 1864.—How the memory of that day warms my heart and sends the blood rushing through my veins.

We were determined to have an old-fashioned celebration so far as lay in our power, and to that end early assembled in the hospital building. We were short on fire-crackers and gun powder—that is, inside the stockade—outside, there was sufficient material in the six cannon double shotted with grape and canister, which faced us on three sides of the stockade,

beside what a couple regiments of Johnnie Rebs had in their guns, but unfortunately all were just a little beyond our reach, so we vetoed gun powder, and made up in songs, speeches and cheers.

Best of all, and greeted with deafening cheers, was a miniature copy of "Old Glory." Captain Todd, 5th New York, had a small silk flag, which was attached to a pole and held aloft from one of the cross beams of the building. At sight of the dear old emblem of liberty, cheers and tears were intermingled; with clasped hands and swimming eyes we gazed on our guiding star, whose light had been hidden so many long and weary months, and we then and there renewed our vows to be true to its starry folds, though starvation, and laying our bodies in southern soil, be the penalty.

Chaplain Dixon, 16th Connecticut, opened with prayer. Speeches were made by Captain Ives, 10th Massachusetts; Lieutenant Ogden, 1st Wisconsin Cavalry; Captain Lee, 5th Michigan Cavalry; Chaplain Whitney, 104th Ohio; Lieutenant Kellogg, 6th Michigan, and Colonel Thorpe, 1st New York Dragoons, interspersed with the songs we loved to sing. Colonel Thorpe made a rousing speech, full of the highest patriotism, and every man was at a white heat of excitement; everything was ripe for trouble; a spark would have exploded the magazine of enthusiasm, and made those 1,800 men rise as one; only a leader was wanted, and an attempt would have been made to capture the stockade. At this juncture a Rebel officer appeared in the doorway supported by a guard with fixed bayonets. Every eye followed his as he gazed at our flag, which continued to wave over us. He was pale as death, and for a moment uncertain what course to pursue. To have attempted the capture of that flag meant certain death; every drop of blood in our veins was loyal to its sacred folds, and death would have been welcome before the dishonor of its capture. The captain recognized the time and situation and forebore any reference to the flag,

but calmly asked that the celebration be stopped, showing us the possible danger of its continuance, and at once retired.

A hot discussion ensued, but discretion prevailed, and after another soul-stirring cheer, we concluded with singing the "Star Spangled Banner" in full chorus, and separated, each little group continuing the celebration in its own quiet way.

July 29th found us again on the cars and our next prison proved to be a stockade adjoining the old United States Marine Hospital at Savannah, and here we found the prisoners' paradise. Our commandant, Colonel Wayne, 1st Georgia, stated that he and his command had been prisoners in the north and had been well treated, and while under his command, we should have everything in his power to secure, and nobly did he redeem that promise. In no other prison, during the war, were prisoners as well fed and treated, as here.

We had cornmeal, rice, fresh and salt meat in abundance; tents, with lumber for bunks, and straw to sleep on. Brick for ovens and plenty of water; in fact, we had everything but liberty; to secure that, the boys tunneled, but owing to the nature of the ground, but few escaped. Then we got what we did not want and had not asked for, fever and ague. The hospital being limited in capacity, was soon filled, leaving many to be cared for in camp. In a few days, one returned from the hospital, cured, and his report nearly created a riot in camp. "Why, boys!" said he, "the first thing they did was to give me a bath;" (cheers), "then they gave me a clean white shirt" (more cheers); "then they put me in a bed with white sheets and a mattress;" but that was carrying the joke a little too far, as such a thing as a white sheet or mattress was beyond the memory of anyone present they naturally treated the story with derision and were about to disperse, when he cried out, "Hold on, boys, I ain't through yet; we had real tea, vegetables, soup, chicken, and nice Union ladies to wait on us." Then rose such cheers as only the boys can give when

occasion demands, and when, in conclusion, the comrade reported that the whiskey bitters, which were regularly administered, were not so awfully bitter, there was silence that could be felt; at sick call, the next morning, there was the most woe-begone crowd of Union soldiers it was ever my unhappy lot to witness, and truth compels me to say, that I was probably the sickest man in the lot.

Well, all things come to those who endure to the end; though somewhat improved in health—except at sick call—I finally reached the haven and found almost everything as represented. Bath, bed, mattress, food, and the Union ladies, God bless them for their untiring devotion to the sick ones; but there was one misrepresentation. One sip of the bitters convinced me that either the comrade's taste was abnormally bad, or he was a base falsifier. I could not endure the bitters. A comrade whose bed adjoined mine, noticed that I did not partake and when informed that there was too much quinine in them for the amount of fever and ague I had concealed about me, and not enough whiskey to offset the quinine, suggested that I make no objection to the bitters and he would see they were not wasted. So I kept what little ague I had about me, not that I enjoyed the ague, but I did enjoy the bath and bed, in fact, was thoroughly content with the detail.

August 22.—The letters we started north some time ago have been returned for postage, as the Cornfederacy cannot afford to carry the letters of prisoners of war, unless prepaid. Well, the end must soon come, and when it does there will be no more cornmeal in ours, that's certain.

After only nine days in paradise, I was ordered, on September 13th, to pack up and move. It did not require a dray to transport my baggage. A dilapidated suit of clothes, including shoes also dilapidated, my one and only shirt, which would have beat "Joseph's coat" out of sight in artistic patchwork, a Rebel cap (my hat having been snatched from my head by a Rebel soldier as

we were en route to Savannah), a pair of blankets, a tin cup, plate and spoon, with a small valise, completed my belongings.

On the evening of the same day, after a not unpleasant ride along the coast, we marched through the grass grown streets of Charleston, and noted many buildings which Uncle Sam's shot and shell had interviewed to the manifest detriment of the building, and were finally located in the jail yard.

The change from good bed, plenty of good food and humane treatment, to a bed on the ground, without shelter, in the foulest smelling hole ever used as a prison, miserable food and but little of it, with brutal officers to match, was too much for my weak condition and pampered hospital tastes, and I became very much depressed. I got so hungry that the sight of a package of sweet potatoes under the head of a brother officer fairly demoralized me. I rose in the dead of night, made a raid, captured two potatoes, ate them raw—I remember yet how good they tasted—and laid down on my sand couch, appetite appeased, conscience satisfied; because I reasoned, how much better and nobler to eat and live, than to starve and die; and when in confidence I related the circumstance to a friend—a “fresh fish”—he said, “Oh, that’s all right, for according to the newly revised army regulations, the taking of two potatoes does not constitute a theft;” then I thanked the Giver of all good that I was not like those wicked soldiers who prowl around nights and steal.

But amid these scenes of starvation and distress, there was an inspiration, every hour renewed, which kept our hearts in touch with the Union. At regular intervals, day and night, came the screech of the shell, and later the report from the famous “Swamp Angel” on Morris Island, saying to us, “Keep up good cheer, boys, here’s a message from home,” and as the shell burst in the air over or beyond us, we were sustained by the thought that “Old Glory” and the boys in blue were but six short miles away, and though out of sight, were calling to us in thunder tones, “Stand by your principles and your country,

and in good time the flag for which you now suffer, shall float triumphant over all this fair land, and those who remain steadfast, shall win the plaudits of a free and united people."

After two weeks in this pestilent hole, we were removed to Roper Hospital, where with better food and shelter, spacious grounds well interspersed with trees and shrubbery, our lot was far more endurable.

Here speculative citizens came to us with a proposition which opened up a perfect "Klondike." For a triple exchange gold draft on New York, made for \$100, they gave us \$500 in Confederate money, and you may be assured we worked the scheme for all it was worth. There was no limit, either to drafts or to Confederate money. The first few drafts were genuine and most of them paid, netting the speculators a mint of money, as all the Confederate money cost them was the printing. It was really worth about five cents on the dollar, so we made up the difference, later on, by giving drafts on people in the north who had not honored us with their acquaintance, and I guess we got nearly even; anyway there was no kick on either side, both were satisfied. I got \$1,000, equal to fifteen or twenty good meals, and I had them, too.

Yellow fever now became epidemic in the city and invaded our prison; it found us illy prepared to withstand its fiery touch and many died from the dread disease. One, out of the six in my room, being a victim. The Sisters of Charity—God bless them for their unselfish devotion—cared for the sick and dying as best they could, but the disease spreading among the Rebels, they were compelled to remove us to the interior of the State, and on October 5th we were put on the cars, bound for Columbia, where we arrived on the morning of the 6th. No provision had been made for food or shelter, and at night we were compelled to lie in the street in a drenching rain, a hungry and disconsolate lot. Lieutenant Glazier, with Lieutenant J. Arthur Richardson, also of the 2nd New York Cavalry, and myself, now joined

forces and blankets, and if the water had not risen six inches in the streets, would have had a fairly good night's rest; as it was we got a soaking.

October 7th.—Went into camp to-day in an open field, on high ground, overlooking, and two miles from the city. We have no shelter, but we have a guard line and a dead line, and that covers the necessities of the case from a Rebel standpoint. The weather has turned very cold, and though we hug our small fires closely day and night, it is almost impossible to keep warm. No rations yet, looks as though they had brought us up here to starve.

October 15th.—Commenced raining early this morning and continued nearly all day. Having but little shelter, our enthusiasm became somewhat dampened—ourselves also. Not a pound of meat issued yet, and but little else, but the sutler has plenty of beef at \$3 a pound and bacon at \$7, bread at \$1.50 a loaf, and sweet potatoes at \$5 a quart; no danger of anyone starving here except possibly the Yanks, and they don't count.

Why it is called Camp Sorghum, I don't know, unless because sorghum is a very important item of our rations, cornmeal being the other item. It is the usual custom in our little messes or squads, when meal time comes, to hang a kettle over the fire—when we have a kettle—fill it partly full of water—of which the ration is ample, though not very filling—then stir in cornmeal until the necessary consistency is reached—providing the cornmeal holds out; when cooked, the breakfast bell is rung, and it does not require a church bell either, as every member of the mess has carefully watched every movement from a very close standpoint. The mush is equally divided, the cook reserving the right to kettle scrapings; each receives his share of sorghum, and we eat our sumptuous meal, pitying the poor devils who are compelled to live on cornmeal alone.

At supper time the routine of breakfast is religiously repeated. Dinner is waived by unanimous consent, as three meals

a day is currently reported to breed gout germs, and being still in Uncle Sam's service, it was thought to be dishonorable to in any manner jeopardize our future usefulness as soldiers. I tell you, boys, those were days that tried men's stomachs; I have been hungry—at times—ever since.

October 17.—This has been a red letter day, for with many others, I have cast my first vote for President, and while it can have no effect on the result—not being regular—it will have an effect on the Rebels, who hoped and expected we would all vote for McClellan, and thereby endorse his policy, "that the war was a failure." The result, Lincoln (for whom my vote was cast) 1,024, McClellan 143, proves that the men who are enduring the hardships and horrors of southern prisons, uphold the President in a vigorous prosecution of the war, though their lives be forfeited. It proves that patriotism, that love of country and the Old Flag, are predominating features of their lives, and is a warning to the south, that the Union army is a unit in feeling, whether in prison pen or at the front. The vote for McClellan is no reflection on any man's patriotism, but a personal tribute by men who have served under and adore the general, but who are ready at any moment to peril their lives for the preservation of the Union. The result of the election was never published in the south.

Guard running was the principal diversion in Camp Sorghum. It was simple and not very dangerous. Selecting a dark or cloudy night, two or more of the prisoners watch when the guards are farthest apart and then crawl out near the dead line. Suddenly they make a break for the woods, the guards firing all along the line; then a dozen or more rush across the dead line before the guards can reload, and also disappear in the woods. In the morning, bloodhounds are put on their track, and after a few days many are brought back, usually none the worse for their escapade, while quite a number succeed in reaching our lines.

October 20.—A singular accident happened to a couple of bloodhounds who strayed into camp this morning, and were afterwards found in a shallow well covered with dirt and their necks broken. I cannot understand how such a short fall could prove fatal, nor how dead dogs could pull so much dirt over themselves; neither could the owner, who was in a towering rage, and vowed the next Yankee he caught outside, should never see the camp again.

October 21.—As a party of us were sitting around the fire near our quarters last evening, passing the time in story telling and song, a shot was heard from the guard line near by, and Lieutenant Young, 2nd Pennsylvania Cavalry, fell to the ground. As he was laughing heartily at the time, we did not connect him with the shot until, not rising, we discovered he was dying, and in a short time breathed his last. He was a brave soldier, a genial companion, and his untimely death is universally regretted. Whether his death was intentional or an accident, is of course unknown to us, but as it is by no means the first of the kind, we believe it to be a case of deliberate murder, for which there is neither remedy nor punishment. It is said a guard receives a furlough for killing a Yankee; this is the third prisoner killed so far, in this camp.

November 12.—Early this morning a hog wandered into camp; supposing our meat rations were now being issued on foot—they had not been issued in any other way for months—we carefully surrounded the representative from the Corn District, and at the command charge, such an exhibition of speed and lofty tumbling took place, as has never before been my lot to witness. Consider for a moment the situation. Fifteen hundred hungry men, one hog; scarcely a hair apiece. Within thirty minutes, not even a hair could be found, and when the owner made inquiry, not a soul in camp had seen a hog; but my messmate Richardson, who had seized a leg and held on with all the tenacity of a New York cavalryman, came out of

the melee with more fresh pork than our mess had interviewed for many long months.

November 20.—Finished our house to-day, and we pride ourselves on having, not exactly an artistic success, but a very comfortable "lean to." The roof is covered with brush and dirt; front and sides thatched with evergreens, while a mud and stick chimney completes the dwelling. It is very comfortable when not too cold, and dry except when it rains; then—well, it is no wetter inside the house than on the outside.

November 26. Lieutenant Glazier succeeded, with Captain Lemon, in eluding the guards and made his escape to-day. He has been watching his chance for some time and making what preparations were possible. The mess contributing what it could from its scanty supplies of food and clothing. We could equip but one, and as Glazier was best fitted physically, he has made the attempt to reach our lines, two hundred miles away, with the blessing and God speed of his friends who are left to suffer.

After twenty-seven days of intense suffering and many thrilling adventures, including recapture and a second escape, Lieutenant Glazier reached the Union lines near Savannah, where he received a hearty welcome, and after a well earned rest was promoted to a Captaincy in recognition of his gallant services.

December 12.—Owing to the severe cold weather, we were today removed to Camp Asylum, in the city. There is a moderate supply of tents and we are promised lumber with which to build barracks. Richardson and I have secured a snug berth under a building, and when we get some boards to shut out the cold wind, will be quite comfortable.

We have a quartette of musicians in camp, called "Chandler's String Band" (not our genial George); they have a bass viol, two violins and a flute, and daily entertain us with lovely music. Every afternoon when weather permits, we have a dance and enjoy it immensely. There are many good voices in camp, and patriotic songs are a prominent feature of our afternoon's

amusement. The song, "Sherman's March to the Sea," was composed in this camp by S. H. M. Byers, Adjutant 5th Iowa, and sung amid loud applause by Major Jno. H. Isett, 8th Iowa Cavalry, to music arranged by J. O. Rockwell, Lieutenant 97th New York. Ladies from the city often grace our entertainments by standing on the stockade with the guards, and hear good Union music, which they really seem to enjoy.

New Year's Day, 1865, was the coldest day of our imprisonment; so cold the band could not play. Richardson and I having fallen heir to \$600 Confederate money, concluded to celebrate the day if it took every cent. Being constitutionally hungry, our extravagance naturally took the form of something to eat, and what a dinner that was! soup, vegetables, eggs, wheat bread and butter, with a good cigar for a finish; a feast fit for the gods, and eaten by princes of the royal (blue) blood. What did it cost? only a trifle, \$100, and was worth it, too; I will never enjoy another equal to it. The balance of our money procured for each of us a pair of shoes, \$150 each, a shirt and two pairs of socks, and we blossomed out as two of the best looking, anyway among the best dressed officers of the United States army and navy then stationed at Columbia, S. C.

It has often been a query from comrades who were not so fortunate (?) as to spend their vacations with our friends, "the enemy," what we did to pass away the time. The answer is easy, "eating and sleeping," largely, with most of us, sleeping; the place of imprisonment had much to do with it.

In "Libby," with the rooms somewhat crowded and space correspondingly limited, chess, checkers and cards, while discussion of exchange rumors occupied much of our waking hours.

At Macon, exercise was possible and more indulged in. Drilling, to a moderate extent, exercise with wooden swords, running races, base ball, with tunnelling, helped to work off the surplus energy.

At Savannah, "working the doctor" for a chance to get into

the hospital, kept some of us pretty busy; at odd spells we just had an ague chill to show our contempt for hot weather, and incidentally to get a cinch on those "whiskey bitters."

In the jail yard at Charleston, we spent considerable time drying our clothes after the numerous rain storms, and admiring the wisdom of army regulations, in declaring that "taking two potatoes does not constitute a theft;" the balance of the time was mostly spent looking for sweet potatoes.

At Camp Sorghum, running the guard, getting in our winter supplies of pork, house building and trying to keep warm and dry, kept us busy.

The temperament of the individual made his imprisonment a curse, or enabled him to endure its hardships and privations philosophically, and even to pass many pleasant hours.

Those of active temperament were ceaselessly busy, and were naturally the healthy ones; while the indolent and despondent, filled the hospitals and southern graves.

Some always carried "Paddy's chip" on the shoulder, and were ready to fight or argue at a moment's notice; others lived within themselves, had few, if any friends, and were scarcely missed when borne to their last resting place. It was in prison, as in every-day life: those who willed, won; those lacking will power, lost.

February 4th.—The following notice was posted to-day:

C. S. Military Prison, Columbia, S. C.,

Feb. 4, 1865.

Prisoners of war will take notice, that I am directed by Gen. Winder to say, that in case any more tunneling takes place in this prison, he will remove all the tents and barracks, so that it will be the fault of the prisoners themselves if they have no covering from the weather. They will further take notice that if any injury is done to any fellow prisoner suspected of giving information, I shall use force for force, and the guilty parties shall be punished.

E. GRISWOLD, Maj. Commanding.

If we find traitors in our camp, we will make sure of their punishment anyway.

February 13.—For the third time during my imprisonment,

I to-day heard Union guns, with hopes of release. We know that Sherman is not far away, and it seems as though with "Uncle Billy" almost in sight our release must be certain. We are all packed up and ready to join the Union at a moment's notice.

February 14.—St. Valentine did not prove to be our patron saint, for instead of waiting for Sherman, the Rebels hustled us aboard the cars, destined for Charlotte, N. C. There is, however, one consolation not before accorded us, we are headed north this time, and our hopes are visibly brightened.

Personally, my valentine came all right, in the shape of a long delayed letter, the receipt of which made me very happy. From the tone of the letter, the "concensus of opinion is," that the "girl I left behind me" believes in life partnership. She will be given an opportunity to accept one the day I arrive in York State. Incidentally I might remark, she did not decline.

The end was now rapidly approaching. The day of jubilee was almost come. We were not strictly guarded while at Charlotte, and could easily have made our escape, but we believed we would soon be free, and took no chances. This belief was strengthened, when in a few days we were removed to Raleigh and signed our paroles.

On the 27th we went to Goldsborough; on the 28th to the Exchange Station, and about 8 o'clock in the morning, on the 1st day of March, after an imprisonment of one year and ten days, I passed through the lines of blue, which completed our release, and as the old flag once more guarded and sheltered us, we cheered and laughed and cried; we feasted our eyes on "Old Glory," we danced and hugged one another and were so happy. The band played "Yankee Doodle" and we went crazy again. We now filled up on Uncle Sam's soft tack, beef and coffee. How that coffee touched the spot, and the wheat bread and beef; but words fail me. After breakfast, I walked the nine miles into Wilmington, consuming a good portion of the day;

arrived all right, pretty well tired out, but had sufficient strength to beg a dollar from a stranger comrade in blue; spent it for a seat in the theater, after which, tired, but happy, I went to my quarters—the pulpit of a church—laid down a free man once more, and with the closing of my eyes in sleep, ended a day never to be forgotten.

BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY GUS F. SMITH,
1ST LIEUT. 111TH OHIO INFANTRY.

(Read April 7, 1898.)

When Sherman cut loose from Atlanta on the 12th of November, 1864, after investing General Thomas with the command of the department, his orders were to get together all the troops possible—enough to equal Hood's forces—and fight him at every point, while he made his way to Savannah. He left Atlanta on the morning of the 15th of November, after destroying everything there that could be of any use to the enemy. The Confederate Government placed General Beauregard in command of the department of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, and as soon as he heard of Sherman's advance ordered Hood into Tennessee to make the contemplated movement on Nashville. Thomas in the meantime was hurrying forward all troops possible, concentrating, them at Nashville for the approaching battle. With all the time possible given us for preparation we came upon the field of Franklin with only half as many men as Hood. There were 85 regiments belonging to the 4th and the 23rd Corps, while Hood had 204 regiments including some few battalions. Hood's cavalry was largely superior to ours in numbers, but we have no means of ascertaining the actual fighting force. We had 11 batteries and the Confederates had 27, or in guns we had 66 and the Confederates 108. Of our forces on the field, General Beatty's Division of the 4th Corps was on the north side of the river and not engaged. General Kimball's 1st Division of the 4th Corps was on our right flank, and with the exception of firing a few volleys was not engaged. I find on examination of the muster-out rolls of the Ohio regiments of that division that they do not show a single casualty at the battle of Franklin.

The two brigades of Lane and Conrad of Wagner's Division of the 4th Corps would have been of more use to us had they been back at Nashville, because of the blunder of holding them in front so long that our firing was prevented until the enemy had nearly reached our works. It is safe to say that the enemy would never have reached our line at all if Lane and Conrad had been out of our way.

The troops which did the effective fighting were the 3rd Division of the 23d Corps, and Opdycke's Brigade of Wagner's Division of the 4th Corps, and Moore's and Mehringer's Brigade of our 2nd Division of the 23rd Corps. Against these six brigades of 24 regiments, or if we count Wagner's two brigades, eight brigades of 36 regiments, came Stewart's and Cheatham's two corps, and Johnson's Division of Lee's Corps, which by accurate count contained 12 regiments and 3 battalions from Georgia, 36 regiments from Tennessee, 2 regiments from North Carolina, 4 regiments from South Carolina, 12 regiments from Texas, 18 regiments from Alabama, 32 regiments and 3 battalions from Mississippi, 15 regiments from Arkansas, 5 regiments from Florida, and 3 Confederate regiments, all infantry, aggregating 139 regiments, and adding the 6 battalions they had the equivalent of 142 regiments, only lacking 2 of having four times our number of regiments. On the Union side the Battle of Franklin was almost entirely fought by troops from the middle west. Such were the forces gathered together for the great battle of Franklin on the 30th day of November.

Historians and officers in command have discussed the battle from many and various positions, all agreeing that the losses on both sides were the most terrible according to numbers actually engaged of any battle of the war. On the side of the Confederates it was one of such terrible slaughter that it forever deadened the hearts of Hood's veterans, and whenever we met them afterward victory was easy.

It is not my intention to criticise or to show the mistakes

made by those in command, or detract from the many deeds of bravery which were displayed by the various commands in the terrible struggle, but to try and interest you by stating the facts as I saw them while acting in the line of duty on that memorable occasion.

Companions, I know you will bear me out in my assertion by your own experiences on similar occasions, when I say that the memories, which were burned so vividly into my brain on that occasion, and are recalled to my mind in these days, make me wonder if it really could have happened, or were these occurrences only some passing fancy. You will excuse me, companions, from being somewhat personal, as I can hardly cover the ground properly unless I refer somewhat to my own command. I believe I am excusable, as articles written to be read before our family circle are supposed to be personal experiences.

I was a member of the 111th Ohio Infantry, known as one of the 300 fighting regiments of the war. Ohio's history of the war recites, so I understand, that the loss of this regiment was the greatest of any regiment from the State of Ohio, with her 225,000 troops, with one exception, the 7th, of which our esteemed Companion Sterling was a member. I shall not go into the history of this regiment through its various campaigns and battles, but shall endeavor to recite its movements from the 27th of November until the close of the battle of Franklin on the 30th, three days afterward. On the 27th of November, 1864, our regiment was sent down the river to the west of Columbia Pike, at Columbia, Tenn., to guard a ford and hold the enemy from crossing and flanking us on the right. We were distributed along the high bluffs behind rocks and timbers, and our position was a most excellent one to cover quite a large portion of the river frontage, perhaps from one-half to three-quarters of a mile in length. This position was ably defended by our regiment. We succeeded in holding the enemy in check until on the afternoon

of the 29th, when, being in command of an outpost down the river, I observed on our extreme right a detachment of cavalry approaching, probably about 30 men. Facing my men to the right and posting them behind trees, logs and boulders, we were ready for the attack. They came thundering down upon us with the customary rebel yell, but found us prepared for them; the rebel yell was answered with the Yankee cheer, and from behind our rocks and timbers they received a deadly volley which emptied many of their saddles and sent them back down the river from whence they came, two of my men being slightly wounded. Our firing was heard up the river at regimental headquarters, and the colonel, attended by his orderly, was soon upon the ground; from observation it was apprehended that the enemy had crossed the river in force, and it was time for us to retire if we expected to get away. Fortunately for us darkness soon came, and we were ordered by the colonel to join the regiment, which by that time had retired up the river, guarding the bridge near the center. This was about 9:30 p. m. on the 29th. We joined the regiment in good order—our two wounded being gotten off the field by pressing in a pair of old cavalry horses marked "C. S.," and which had been left with a friendly Confederate to recruit for the future use of Forrest's command. You know, companions, there is a class of men in every command who are taken suddenly with the stomach ache at the first sound of a bullet. I had a case of this kind in my company at that battle; as the first shot was fired by the charging cavalry, he fled to the rear and reported to the regiment that our command had been captured, colonel and all, and he was the only hero that had escaped. However, I had the satisfaction since then, when he applied for a pension and wished me to indorse his papers, of stating these facts to the Pension Department; I do not know whether he got the pension or not, but I do know he never got it through any indorsement of mine.

When we joined the regiment a glad shout went up from the

comrades that we were still alive and with them. Soon after joining the regiment near Columbia the bridge crossing Duck river was set on fire, and we were dodging shells and bullets which the rebels were firing into us as we rapidly fell back and joined the rest of our brigade.

About 3:30 a. m. on the morning of the 30th we came in view of a great light in the heavens in our front, and somewhat to our right. This light was reflected from the camp fire of Hood's veterans, who supposed they had cut off all troops which were left guarding fords down the river by the position which they occupied. As we came in sight of this light a whispered word went down the line, "It is Hood's whole army, and now we must try to steal by them." We could have shot their men down as they sat by their camp fires; no doubt talking about the great victory promised them by the President of the Confederacy. In his speeches a few days before he had told them that "from that time on their battle cry would be Nashville and then Cincinnati." Not a word was said while silently in the darkness of the early morning we crept by Hood's veteran legions. All little wooden bridges which spanned the creek that ran across Columbia Pike were covered with the blankets hastily taken from our knapsacks that the tread of our feet and the sound of the horses might not be heard by their outposts. We rapidly left the lights of their camp fires behind us, and heaved a sigh of relief as the last one disappeared from view. In the early morning, as the streaks of sunlight commenced to show themselves behind the hills in the eastern sky, we came upon the outpost of Wagner's Division of the 4th Corps, who were the rear guard. When we came in sight of them a shout went up along the line, echoing over the hill sides and down the valley, carrying news to the camp of Hood's veterans that we had escaped through the mouth of the bag and would respond "present for duty" that afternoon at Franklin. We gathered around the camp fires of Wagner's men and coffee was made, hard tack was brought forth from our old

greasy knapsacks, the dust was rubbed off our coat sleeves, and soon we were feasting on the best of the land. Immediately after being refreshed we were ordered to resume the march and try and join our corps which had passed there some three or four hours before, but we became so mixed up with Wagner's men and teams on the highways in the early morning that it was almost an impossibility to keep regimental order or organization. We were instructed by the colonel to go as we pleased, get by the wagons if possible and join the brigade at Franklin. I here wish to ask a question, which has never to my knowledge been explained or answered by any one in command, or who had anything to do with the battle of Franklin, "Why was this regiment left to guard this ford and bridge without any instructions to fall back or retreat with the rest of the army?"

In the middle of the forenoon of the 30th, while passing by teams of Wagner's Division, suddenly from right over a hill a mile or two south of Spring Hill came Forrest's cavalry swooping down upon us like a "Kansas cyclone," yelling and shouting at the top of their voices, thinking no doubt of the trail of death and devastation that would soon be left in their wake as they struck our wagon train, but they reckoned without their host. Soon a line was formed between our wagons and the hilltop, the stragglers from the different commands came rushing around our colors and a line of battle was formed and a charge made. Where our men came from and what commands they belonged to I know not, but I do know that Forrest's cavalry was hurled from the hill side as fast as they came down. In Forrest's report of the attack he claims that Wood's whole division stood there in line of battle—the probabilities are that we had three or four hundred men. This incident demonstrates what can be done by a few intrepid leaders realizing their position at an opportune moment. Shortly after one o'clock we reached our line at Franklin. We could see that Schofield must give battle in order to save his army from being annihilated, and before he could form a junction with

Thomas. Having joined our brigade and being assigned to the extreme right of the same next to Strickland, we at once commenced to throw dirt with the usual impetuosity of those who had fought through the Atlanta campaign. Every man was an engineer. While some may not have been as expert as others, yet it is a well known fact that from out of the ranks came many who developed wonderful ability in that line. Our 108 days of fighting from Ringgold to the fall of Atlanta had fixed in the minds of every soldier the very important fact that one shovel of dirt often saved a valuable life; consequently, for an hour or more, picks, shovels, old tin cans, pieces of canteens, boards and sticks were used to pile up dirt. Owing to the energy displayed as the clock ticked off the minutes of a half hour or more, we who are here to-night, can thank those comrades who so energetically worked in piling up dirt, that we are with you. Guns were examined, ammunition was piled up behind us, and grim determination settled upon the faces of all the men; yet never in the most desperate moment of that great battle did I hear one word of complaint or discouragement that we would not win in the end. As my watch ticked 3:30, by some change of the regimental lines, I was placed in command of the left company, thus being upon the extreme left of Moore's brigade and next to Strickland's.

You who have read the history of the battle of Franklin, and you who were upon the field know what that position was, and that I am spared to be with you to-night is something miraculous. At about 3:45 the first shot was fired from Fort Granger, on the north side of the Harpeth river, upon the advancing Confederates. Soon the battle commenced in dead earnest. Batteries to the right and left soon opened upon the charging columns of gray. The batteries in our immediate vicinity and to our left were unable to fire upon the advancing columns without killing a large number of Wagner's men in front. Suddenly the cry went up along our line, "My God! why doesn't Wagner send

his two brigades back." The rush of horsemen to and fro, of staff and general officers up and down the Columbia Pike was terrific; still the retreat was not sounded, the two brigades of Lane and Conrad still holding their position with their flanks in air. Those who occupied the line of works could plainly see that it would be only a moment before our comrades in front would be obliged to fall back and with them would come the whole of the rebel army. Soon Wagner's gallant boys, who had fought from Shiloh to Atlanta were seen to reel, fall and wither away, and the rush to the rear commenced; on they came and with them came the rebel host. Their cry was, "Into the works with them, and we will drive them into the river." Such was the battle cry that echoed along the line of gray as it rushed recklessly upon our works, carrying with it Strickland's almost entire brigade and a large portion of Reilly's on the right and left of Columbia Pike. Again was demonstrated the advantage of having engineers in the rank and file of the army. Tangents had been run out at the exposed points of our line. A second line of works in rear of the first had been hastily thrown up by men without any instruction from any engineer, by a surplus of men who could not get into the first line of Strickland's brigade front. It was done largely for their own protection in case of battle. These facts I know, as I was over the second line of works before there was a shot fired. The second line was made up largely of rails, old timbers and any other available protection which could be hastily thrown together. Upon this line the broken remnants of Strickland's brigade and the survivors of Wagner's front line gathered. Reinforced by the gallant charge of Opdycke this line was held and maintained until the end of the fight. Our regiment was slowly pressed to the left along the line of the works, and there two or three left companies, or what was left of them, were faced to the east, their front being covered by the tangent which had been run out from our extreme left before the battle commenced. At this angle, which has been known among the survivors of that point

as the fatal angle, charge after charge was made, many claiming that 13 distinct charges were made upon this, our right center. It has been claimed by some that the first line of works was retaken when the charge of Opdycke's and Strickland's men combined, but such is not the fact. I was with the command next to Strickland's line and remained there until 10:30, when wounded and taken from the field. It is a well-known fact that after 10:30 p. m. there was very little firing anywhere.

If I would attempt to describe the battle as it occurred in our immediate vicinity I would attempt an impossibility; suffice it to say, the desperate deeds of valor and bravery which took place in the six hours of fight at that point have never been excelled.

As a man was killed in the line of works his body was rolled to the rear and another from the right or left flank took his place. The guns and ammunition of our dead comrades were hastily brought into use. The wounded and dying were left to care for themselves; desperation and determination marked the act of every soldier. Grim with powder and the smoke of battle, covered with the blood of our dying comrades and of our enemies, we stood like the stag at bay determined that "Old Glory" should win. History makes no mention of the preparation made for the engagement. Quietly, silently, the line of battle was established, a certain grimness and desperation seemed to cover every movement and act of the great battle of Franklin. There was no man in that line of works from the extreme right to the extreme left, but knew of the desperate undertaking before him. The pomps and ceremonies of war were missing in this battle, yet in the few hours which were marked off by time in the peaceful valley of the Harpeth on that November afternoon, it was burned into the hearts of Hood's veterans that the "penalty of treason is death." On the morning of December 1st 7,000 of Hood's veterans failed to answer "here" at roll call. Thirteen of her general officers were either killed or wounded, brigades and divisions were left without a commander of a higher rank than captain. Some his-

torians have called this a "drawn battle," but more drawn battles of this nature at the early part of the war might have saved two or three years of fighting.

A closing incident of this great battle was a remnant of the enemy who had recruited themselves behind our line of works, determined to break through at all hazards. They made a desperate charge to that effect, rushing upon and over our works, and nearly accomplished their object in our immediate front. From one of them I received a bayonet thrust, and he fell pierced with many bullets by my side. This, I understand, was the last effort made to break our lines.

The battle of Franklin had been fought. So far as military results were concerned it was, since Mission Ridge, the greatest Union victory won by the western army. In Virginia, Grant raised his slouched hat, and a hundred shotted guns around Richmond sent intelligence to Lee's beleagured battalions that morning was beginning to dawn along the loyal lines of the nation. While Hood had been confidently moving northward, it seemed as though the boast "that he would carry the war to the banks of the Ohio" was rapidly ripening into an accepted prophecy. Now about 7,000 veterans of the Atlanta campaign had been subtracted from his list of present for duty, and 13 commanders of brigades, divisions and corps were among the dead and wounded. Bonfires blazed in northern cities, and it was a time for both congratulations and crape.

The great Pat Cleburne, the most desperate fighter of the Confederacy and division commander, lay dead on the Columbia Pike. Brown's division of Cheatham's corps had assaulted that part of the works, extending from our front eastwardly to the turnpike, and Strahl's brigade of that division crossed bayonets with us on the narrow line of works. Brown, the rebel division commander, was disabled on the first charge. Strahl assumed charge until he was seriously wounded, and while he was being

borne from the field was again struck and killed. Colonel Stafford thereupon assumed command.

Of the original brigade commanders of Brown's division, Gordon was in our hands a prisoner, Generals Gist and Strahl were dead, and Colonel Carter lay within a stone's throw of his father's house mortally wounded.

At this stage of the battle the gap in our front line extending from the left flank of our regiment, to a point near the Carter house at the center, was regarded by the enemy as the weakest point of the line. Taking advantage of this, Johnson's division of Lee's corps was thrown forward about nightfall for the attack. Our deadly volleys drove back the division before it reached the works, leaving General Manigault wounded on the field.

Immediately in our front the rebel Colonel Stafford stood upon his feet dead; the bodies around him, piled one upon another, prevented him from falling.

Upon our return after the battle of Nashville, we found a veritable city of the dead planted outside of our defences. From our front around to the eastward were lines of graves as close together as they could be made, extending from 50 to 200 feet away. It was the upturned faces of these dead thousands, ghastly and grim in the next morning's sunshine, which made victory so easy for us at Brentwood Hills.

Since the close of the war it has been my pleasure to meet a Confederate, Major Catlin, who served on the staff of General Lee at the battle of Franklin. I asked him this question, "Major, what was, in your estimation, the most desperate fought battle of the war." He immediately spoke up and said, "The battle of Franklin. Never in my experience as officer in the Confederate army, either in the eastern or western army, did I see such fighting."

General Cox, on the battle of Franklin, quoting from General Walthall's report, says: "Both officers and men seemed fully alive to the importance of beating the enemy here at any cost, and the

line moved steadily forward until it neared his outer works, and then fell upon them so impetuously that the opposing force gave away without even retarding the advance, and retired in disorder to the strong intrenchments in the rear. There was an extensive open and almost unbroken plain between the outer and inner lines, across which we must pass to reach the latter. This was done under far the most deadly fire of small arms and artillery that I have ever seen troops subjected to. Terribly torn at every step by an oblique fire from a battery advantageously posted at the enemy's left, not less than by the destructive fire in front, the line moved on and did not falter 'til, just to the right of the pike, it reached the abattis fronting the works. Over this no organized force could go, and here the main body of my command, both front line and reserve, was repulsed in confusion; but over this obstacle, impassable for a solid line, many officers and men (among the former Brigadier-General Shelly) made their way, and some, crossing the ditch in its rear, were captured, and others killed and wounded in the effort to mount the embankment. Numbers of every brigade gained the ditch and there continued the struggle, with but the earthwork separating them from the enemy, until late in the night." General Stewart, Commander of Corps, reports, "Major-General Walthall had two horses killed, and was himself severely bruised. General Quarles was severely wounded in the advance, all his staff officers with him on the field were killed, and the losses were so heavy in his command that when the battle ended the officer highest in rank was a captain."

I next quote from the report of General Stephen Lee, Corps Commander, in speaking of Johnson's division, which made the charge immediately in front of Moore's Brigade, 2nd Division, 23rd Corps. He says, "This division moved against the enemy's breastworks under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, gallantly driving the enemy from portions of his line. The brigades of Sharp and Brantley (Mississippians) and Deas' (Alabamians) particularly distinguished themselves. Their dead were mostly

in the trenches and on the works of the enemy, where they nobly fell in a desperate hand to hand conflict. Sharp captured three stands of colors. Brantley was exposed to a severe enfilading fire. These noble brigades never faltered in this terrible night struggle. Brigadier-General Manigault was severely wounded while gallantly leading his troops to the fight."

General George W. Gordon, who was taken prisoner by us, delivered an address at the unveiling of a statue of General Cleburne in 1891, which is full of valuable matter given from his own experience in this battle. He described the formation of Hood's army on each side of the Columbia Pike, Cleburne's and Brown's divisions of Cheatham's corps advancing, the one on the east and the other on the west of the highway, which was the left guide of Cleburne and the right guide of Brown. He says, "As the array, with a front of two miles or more in length, moved steadily down the heights and into the valley below with flying banners, beating drums, and bristling guns, it presented a scene of the most imposing grandeur and magnificence. When we had arrived within about 400 paces of the enemy's advanced line of intrenchments, our columns were halted and deployed into two lines of battle preparatory to the charge. This advanced position of the enemy was not a continuous, but a detached line, manned by two brigades, and situated about 600 paces in front of his main line of formidable works, and was immediately in front of Cleburne's left and Cheatham's (Brown's) right. When all was ready the charge was ordered. With a wild shout we dashed forward upon this line. The enemy delivered one volley at our rushing ranks, and precipitately fled for refuge to his main and rear line. The shout was raised, "Go into the works with them." This cry was taken up and vociferated from a thousand throats as we rushed on after the flying forces we had routed,—sustaining but small losses ourselves until we arrived within about one hundred paces of their main line and stronghold, when it seemed to me that hell itself had exploded in our faces. The

enemy had thus long reserved their fire for the safety of their routed comrades who were flying to them for protection, and who were just in front of and mingled with the pursuing Confederates. When it became no longer safe for themselves to reserve their fire they opened upon us (regardless of their own men who were mingled with us), such a hailstorm of shot and shell, musketry and canister, that the very atmosphere was hideous with the shrieks of the messengers of death. The booming of cannon, the bursting of bombs, the rattle of musketry, the shrieking of shells, the whizzing of bullets, the shouting of hosts, and the falling of men in their struggle for victory, all made a scene of surpassing terror and awful grandeur. Amid this scene General Cleburne came charging down our line to the left, and diagonally toward the enemy's works, his horse running at full-speed, and if I had not personally checked my pace as I ran on foot, he would have plunged over and trampled me to the earth. On he dashed, but for an instant longer, when rider and horse both fell, pierced with many bullets, within a few paces of the enemy's works. On we rushed, his men of Gransbury's brigade and mine having mingled as we closed on the line, until we reached the enemy's works; but being now so exhausted and so few in numbers, we halted in the ditch on the outside of the breastworks among the dead and dying men, both Federals and Confederates. A few charged over, but were clubbed down with muskets or pierced with bayonets. For some time we fought them across the breastworks, both sides lying low and putting their guns under the head-logs upon the works, firing rapidly and at random, and not exposing any part of the body except the hand that fired the gun. Suffering from fire in every direction,—front, flanks and rear, we finally shouted to the men within the works that we would surrender."

Captain W. E. Cunningham, of Strahl's brigade, says: "The remnants of Strahl and Gordon held the works in pure desperation. It was certain death to retreat across that plain, and

equally as bad to remain. The men fought doggedly across the works without officers, and with no light save the lurid glare of the enemy's artillery, which seemed to sear the eyeballs. This portion of the works was held against every attack of the enemy to regain them. The thicket had been cut down as if by a mowing machine, and the ground was all in deep furrows. About nine o'clock the firing gradually dwindled into a slight skirmish. Those who were able walked or crawled back from under the works."

Sergeant-Major Cunningham, of the same regiment (a near kinsman of the captain) has also left a truthful picture of this doomed and dwindling remnant, when, as he says, "There was not an efficient man left between this group and the turnpike, and among themselves hardly enough to hand up guns to the short and thin line firing from the outside of the parapet. It was evident that we could not hold out much longer, and it was thought that none of us would be left alive. It seemed expedient that we should either surrender or try and get away; when the general (Strahl) was asked he responded, 'keep firing,' and just as the man to my right was shot and fell against me with terrible and loud groans, General Strahl was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and we thought him dead; but in asking the dying man, who still rested against my shoulder, where he was wounded, our general, not dead, thinking my question was to him, raised up, saying he was shot in the head, and called for Colonel Stafford to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead, the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Colonel Stafford was. His staff officers started to carry him to the rear, but he received another shot, and directly a third, which killed him instantly." Thus, in conclusion, it seems, from all the evidence which we are able to obtain, that this battle was fought with desperate determination on the part of both sides, and that the bravery displayed by each was only what could be expected from the intelligent soldiers of our country.

THE BATTLE OF CORINTH.

BY LAURENS W. WOLCOTT,
1ST LIEUT. 52D ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

(Read May 5, 1868.)

The battle of Corinth was fought October 3rd and 4th, 1862. In point of numbers engaged it does not rank among the great battles of the Civil War, though the contending armies were but slightly less than those engaged at Marengo.

It is notable as the first, if not the only, battle of the war wherein the Confederates admitted unqualified defeat by a force not claimed to be superior in numbers, discipline or armament, and without any very material advantage of position or intrenchments.

Its results were highly important. In the words of General Grant, "It was a crushing blow to the enemy, and felt by him much more than was appreciated at the North."

But Antietam still engrossed public attention in the East, Bragg was close to the gates of Louisville, and Cincinnati was working with desperate energy to complete its fortifications and render itself secure from attack by Kirby Smith.

For these reasons, or others, the battle of Corinth failed at the time to receive from the public the share of attention that was properly its due, and to the present day many well informed people confuse it with the so-called siege of Corinth, which ended the previous May. Its story has never been faithfully and dispassionately told, and this lack it is the purpose of this paper to supply.

Shortly after the capture of Corinth, the great army of General Halleck was divided; about half going eastward into northern Alabama and southeastern Tennessee, under command of General Buell, while the remainder, under General Grant, was

split up into detachments distributed at different points in west Tennessee and northern Mississippi, extending from Memphis to the Tennessee river.

The rebel army under General Beauregard, after its retreat from Corinth, was also divided; the larger fraction under General Bragg marching eastward to Chattanooga and thence north across Tennessee and Kentucky, almost to Louisville, while the remainder, under Price and Van Dorn, remained in Mississippi, confronting the forces under General Grant.

In September General Price occupied Iuka on the Memphis and Charleston Railway, some twenty-five miles east of Corinth, and a few days later, after a sharp action between two of his brigades and General Rosecrans' head of column, he slipped away to the south and west, and at Ripley joined his forces to those of General Van Dorn, forming an army of 23,000 effective men.

With this force, in excellent condition and high spirits, Van Dorn and Price felt strong enough to assume the offensive against any post held by the Federal forces west of the Tennessee river.

Corinth was the point selected for attack. It was believed by General Van Dorn that the troops holding it were about 15,000 strong, and a considerable part of them were known to be at different outposts within a dozen miles. These outposts were mostly southerly or southeasterly from Corinth. By moving directly on Bolivar, and appearing to threaten that point, or Jackson, Van Dorn and Price expected to divert attention from their real objective, approach Corinth from the northwest and carry it by sudden attack before the outposts could be drawn in to aid in its defence. The outposts would fall an easy prey, as their only line of retreat would be cut off; and they disposed of, the remaining Federal forces west of the Tennessee could only escape destruction by hasty concentration and retreat.

The Confederate generals might well expect to either defeat

and capture these forces or drive their shattered remnants to seek safety north of the Ohio.

Though General Grant and his lieutenants were promptly informed that the rebel army was concentrated and in motion northward, the uncertainty as to the point to be attacked was not dispelled until the enemy had occupied all roads by which reinforcements might reach Corinth, and heavy fighting was in progress within two miles of the town.

On the 2d day of October Rosecrans had drawn in his outposts and had nearly his entire force sufficiently concentrated.

It consisted of the 2nd and 6th Divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, veterans who had stormed the works at Fort Donelson and held the "Hornets' Nest" at Shiloh, and the 2nd and 3rd Divisions of the Army of the Mississippi, fresh from the bloody and desperate conflict at Iuka. General Thomas A. Davies was in command of the 2nd Division and General Thomas J. McKean of the 6th Division of the Army of the Tennessee, while General David S. Stanley and General Charles S. Hamilton commanded the 2nd and 3rd Divisions of the Army of the Mississippi.

There was also present a brigade of cavalry, composed of the 7th and 11th Illinois, 2nd Iowa, 7th Kansas, 3rd Michigan and four companies of the 5th Ohio, the whole force amounting to some 20,000 effectives.

On the morning of October 3rd it was known that the enemy in some considerable force was advancing from the northwest, on the Chewalla road, driving before him the brigade of Colonel Oliver of McKean's Division, but it was not certain that this movement was more than a demonstration intended as a diversion to cover an attack from a different quarter, or to mask the enemy's columns while passing to the northward. The densely wooded character of the country and scarcity of roads and clearings made concealment easy and observation extremely difficult.

About eight o'clock General McArthur, with the 1st Brigade of McKean's Division, re-inforced Colonel Oliver, and, assuming

command of the two brigades, made a stand a short distance outside the old rebel rifle pits and about three miles from Corinth. Finding himself hard pressed by superior numbers, he slowly retreated and called for help. The 3rd Brigade of Davies' Division was sent to his aid, while the rest of this division was formed in the rebel works, some considerable distance from McArthur's right, stretching to the right as far as its line would extend and prolonging this line with skirmishers to the Mobile & Ohio Railroad.

Hamilton's Division was east of this railroad and northeast of Corinth, while Stanley with his division was west of Corinth and nearly or quite five miles distant from Hamilton.

About eleven o'clock McArthur was sharply attacked, but he firmly held his ground, repulsing every effort of the enemy to dislodge him from his position until noon, when the enemy passed through the interval between his right and the left of Davies, he was assailed in flank and front and compelled to retreat. This attack extended to Oglesby's Brigade of Davies' Division, which, weakened by its endeavor to cover too broad a space, after a desperate resistance, was forced back with a loss of two guns.

No reserves being at hand, the whole line was retired nearly a mile, position was taken about one mile from Corinth, and preparations for a renewal of the struggle were made.

It was nearly two o'clock before the enemy appeared in front of this position. The day was excessively hot and the men suffered greatly for want of water. During this interval of inaction a soldier of my company volunteered to take as many canteens as he could carry and go to a gully some distance in front of the lines in search of water. A negro hanger-on of the company took a like number and went with him. They found water and filled the canteens, but on starting to return found the rebel skirmishers advancing and much closer than was agreeable. They ran the gauntlet of their fire and reached our lines

unhurt, though the soldier fell exhausted and fainting just as he reached us. He had stuck to his canteens and brought us the much needed water. The darkey had promptly abandoned his canteens, and in reply to the abuse which the disgusted men heaped upon him for so doing, he said, "De rebels was right dar. I seed 'em a comin' up all in rows."

However fully convinced the darkey may have been that the enemy was present in force, it would appear that General Rosecrans was still in doubt. Hamilton, with his division, was far to the right and a mile or more to the front of this line. Stanley was too far to the left and rear to be within supporting distance. Davies and McKean stretched out their entire force in one line, and even then the right of Davies lacked some three hundred yards of reaching the swamp through which ran the Mobile & Ohio Railroad.

After the enemy had appeared several lines deep in the broad open field in front of Davies' right, the right regiment of his line, the 52nd Illinois, was marched by the right flank along the edge of the woods bordering this open field, in plain view of the enemy, down into the swamp until hidden from sight. Then it counter-marched, just far enough back in the woods to be concealed from view, and resumed its old position in line.

By this movement, whether merely a ruse or not, it was made to appear that the right of our line extended into the swamp, and no attempt was made to turn the unprotected flank.

About two o'clock the attack opened with great vigor, on the entire front of Davies. The repulse of one line was followed by the advance of a second, which shared the lot of the first. Again and again the attack was renewed and maintained with great obstinacy, but without success. One after another Davies lost his three brigade commanders—General Hackleman was killed, General Oglesby was desperately wounded, and Colonel Baldwin was wounded and disabled for the time, but his division main-

tained its position with unshaken firmness, though suffering heavy loss.

About four o'clock Mower's brigade of Stanley's division came to its aid, and a little later Sullivan's brigade of Hamilton's division advanced to the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, on the left and rear of the forces engaged in the attack on Davies, captured about 100 of the enemy's skirmishers and created such a scare that the effort against Davies suddenly ceased.

Davies and McKean thereupon withdrew their troops to the outskirts of Corinth, where a belt of timber had been felled for an abattis and a few lunettes had been constructed as the beginning of projected intrenchments, and the fighting of the day was over.

During the night Rosecrans concentrated and re-formed his troops preparatory for the work of the morrow.

His line fronted nearly northwest and extended from rather more than half a mile northeastward of the railroad depot, southwesterly beyond the brick college building, a distance of nearly a mile and a half.

Sullivan's brigade of Hamilton's division was on the extreme right, its left resting on a half finished lunette called Battery Powell. To the left of Battery Powell were the 1st and 3rd Brigades of Davies' Division, extending along the ridge now covered by the most attractive homes in the City of Corinth, nearly to the Mobile & Ohio Railroad.

Stanley's Division was next in line, having Battery Robinette near its center, and McKean's Division formed the left and reached beyond the brick college.

While the results of the first day's fighting were wholly indecisive, they were so far encouraging to the enemy that he suspected Rosecrans was preparing to retreat, and to test the matter, about four o'clock in the morning he opened fire upon the town from a battery posted not over five hundred yards in front of Battery Robinette and perhaps half a mile from the railroad de-

pot. His shells struck the Tishomingo Hotel, then filled with wounded, and created somewhat of a panic among the wounded and their attendants, but this battery was soon silenced and forced to decamp by the fire of Battery Robinette and Battery Powell. It was withdrawn in such haste that one gun was left behind, to be picked up by our skirmishers and brought in after daylight. The Confederates employed the early hours of the morning in getting troops into position and making final preparations for the decisive effort.

During this period Colonel Mower was ordered to advance his skirmishers and feel the enemy. He executed the order with energy and promptness, but mistaking a detachment of Confederates for his own men, he was wounded and captured.

The fire of the skirmish lines gradually increased, but no movement in force occurred until about ten o'clock.

A sudden quickening of the skirmish fire sent our skirmishers running back to lie down with the main line, and the artillery of Davies and Sullivan opened. A moment later the rebel lines emerged from the woods a couple of hundred yards in front of Sullivan's Brigade, and in spite of the heavy fire of Sullivan's infantry, aided by the 6th Wisconsin battery, they slowly and steadily pressed forward, clambering over the abattis and showing great steadiness and spirit. Unfortunately for Sullivan, the lines of the enemy, far overlapping his right flank, turned it and forced him to retreat in haste and disorder. Buford's Brigade of Hamilton's Division was in reserve some 300 or 400 yards to the rear of Sullivan, formed in line facing to the east of north, and from its position incapable of covering his flank. Why Sullivan's flank was left exposed when ample forces to cover it were at hand, has never been explained.

The mistake was serious and narrowly escaped proving fatal.

The attack, begun by the extreme left of Hebert's Division, was taken up successively by his remaining brigades and those of Maury's Division, and speedily involved the entire front of Davies and Stanley.

The brown ranks of the Confederates emerged from the woods in front of Davies just as the caissons and limbers of Sullivan's artillery, for the most part without postillions, were racing madly to the left and rear, followed by his broken regiments of infantry. Before the enemy in front had advanced sufficiently to press Davies at all heavily, the forces which had flanked Sullivan had reached the right and rear of Davies and scourged his right regiments with a fire far more severe than that from the front.

Disconcerted by the appearance of the enemy in this unlooked-for quarter, the commanders of the regiments on Davies' right endeavored to extricate their commands from exposure to fire to which they could not reply with effect, and ordered a retreat which speedily became confused and disorderly.

The troops farther to the left in their turn were amazed by the sudden break of those on the right, without visible cause, and the enemy in their front having made their way through the abattis and, advancing just at this moment in a general charge, they, too, fell back in some confusion. Battery Powell and its eight guns, Dillon's 6th Wisconsin battery and the 3d Michigan battery fell into the hands of the enemy. His troops, now sure of victory, pressed forward into Corinth as far as the house occupied by General Rosecrans as headquarters, and some few reached the reserve artillery.

But here the flood was stayed. Davies' and Sullivan's men, who had retreated in disorder some 200 yards, suddenly stopped, faced about and with but a moment of delay charged their pursuers with a vim that nothing could withstand. The enemy were swept before them like chaff until they found a cover behind the logs and stumps of the abattis. Into this their pursuers did not follow, but halting at the edge of the felled timber they poured in a fire which at length completely crushed that of the enemy. The guns of Battery Powell had been turned by their captors, and some of them had been loaded, but they were retaken before they could be fired, and, manned at first largely by infantrymen,

they opened and added their canister to the fire of the infantry till all return fire ceased and the enemy disappeared.

In this splendid rally and counter-charge every regiment of Davies' Division and of Sullivan's Brigade took part, and were efficiently supported by the prompt advance of Hamilton's reserve brigade.

About the time of the grand rally Chapman's Battery opened fire from a low hill to the east of the town upon the enemy in possession of our lines near Battery Powell, and, failing to notice the advance of our troops, continued to direct its fire to the same ground after they had driven the enemy back and retaken the position. A number of Davies' men were killed by the fire of this battery. Some of the infantry, also, who had failed to join in the charge, kept up a fire in the rear which did some damage. As one instance, a soldier at the front, and so close to me that I could at the moment have laid my hand on his shoulder, was struck in the back by a rifle ball from the rear and severely wounded.

But the troops were too intent on the work before them to pay much attention to the misdirected efforts of their friends in the rear. The enemy, though forced back in disorder into the abattis, was still making a desperate fight to maintain his ground, and until this fight was ended no attention could be spared for minor matters.

Nearly simultaneously with the beginning of the repulse of the attack on Davies; Phifer's and Moore's Brigades of Maury's Division advanced most gallantly to the assault of Stanley.

The position of Stanley was upon the comparatively high ground between the Mobile & Ohio and the Memphis & Charleston railroads, some 400 or 500 yards north of Corinth. Viewed from Davies' line it appeared like a boldly salient angle, his right wing facing northeasterly, Battery Robinette near the center, and his left facing nearly northwest.

Battery Robinette was a small lunette, open at the rear and

wholly without rifle pits or intrenchments on either flank. Its guns looked directly up the Chewalla road until it disappeared in the forest some 250 yards distant. This space, except for the narrow roadway, was covered with a dense abattis of felled trees, through which it was a work of time and difficulty to force a way. On the evening of the previous day my company was sent out as skirmishers in front of Battery Robinette, and it took nearly or quite ten minutes to advance 200 yards through the tangled tree-tops. Farther to the left the obstruction was less, but at every point it was sufficient to greatly impede advancing troops.

Over this ground and over these obstructions Maury's brigades advanced with dauntless energy; swept by storms of canister and withered by deadly musketry, the heavy columns steadily closed up and pushed forward, led by Colonel Rogers of the 2nd Texas, bearing the colors of his regiment, to the summit of the parapet of Battery Robinette. The gunners could no longer work their pieces, but with hastily snatched muskets and even with swabsticks they fought hand to hand with the few of the enemy who had mounted the works and were entering the embrasures.

Fuller's Brigade of Stanley's Division, from the first appearance of the enemy's columns, had met them with a steady and murderous fire, which grew more and more deadly as the advance of the enemy brought him closer to Fuller's line. At last a portion of this line, thinned by its losses, was forced to give ground, but the 11th Missouri, which had been in reserve, came to its relief, delivered a destructive volley and charging with the 27th and 63rd Ohio, broke the enemy's desperate advance and forced him to retreat. The fire of the infantry had, in the meantime, cleared Battery Robinette of its bold assailants, and its guns opened fire upon the fleeing remnants of the Confederate columns until they disappeared in the woods, leaving in Stanley's hands some 300 prisoners and a stand of colors.

Colonel Rogers, who had planted the colors upon the parapet

of Battery Robinette, was among the dead who covered its front and filled its ditch.

Along the front of Davies and Sullivan, immediately after firing had ceased, a curious scene was enacted. No pursuit of the enemy was allowed; not even a skirmish line was suffered to follow, but a few soldiers were permitted to advance from each regiment into the abattis on its front. They soon returned each with a longer or shorter string of prisoners behind him. One man would have half a dozen, another ten or a dozen, and one, by actual count, had twenty-two.

When the resistance of the Confederates had ceased, the unwounded survivors lying under cover of the logs and stumps were in a bad position for escape. The effort to retreat would expose them to the deliberate fire of a thousand rifles at close range as they laboriously climbed over or crawled through the broad abattis. Hence many decided to lie close until a better way out could be perceived. When the few Federal soldiers went down among them they made all haste to surrender and gain a position of safety.

The Confederate forces engaged had not been merely repulsed and defeated, but almost destroyed. Of the twenty-four regiments participating in the attack on Davies and Sullivan, eleven left their colors on the ground. Davies' division secured ten of these colors and 1,362 prisoners, of whom 693 were wounded. Sullivan's brigade captured one stand of colors and a considerable number of prisoners.

It is interesting to note how this action appeared, as viewed from the Confederate side.

An officer of General Maury's staff, writing General Beauregard just after the battle, said: "We scarcely got in when we met and were overwhelmed by the enemy's massive reserves. Our lines melted under their fire like snow in a thaw. The fragments who escaped formed again before we got beyond the fire of their batteries, and Lovell came over and became the rear

guard, and we fell back nine miles that night. Our division did not number 800 men." (Maury's division went into action 3,900 strong.)

"The enemy's force I do not know, but he swallowed up seven brigades of as good troops as I ever saw in twenty minutes."

As the heavy fighting began about ten o'clock and ended about twelve, the swallowing up process occupied some two hours, instead of twenty minutes. Most men who have participated in severe battle are aware that time slips by unnoticed, and the duration of an engagement is usually far greater than it seems.

It was now noon. Seven brigades of the Confederate forces had been substantially destroyed. Only four remained in serviceable condition. At least an equal number of Rosecrans' troops had not been engaged at all, or but slightly, and every regiment which had been engaged was ready and eager to follow up and complete the work so auspiciously begun. Not a regiment had marched a mile that day, and the elation of victory more than made up for the fatigue of fighting.

It was apparent that a prompt advance must result in completing the destruction of Van Dorn's army, but no advance was made.

The troops were kept standing in line as if awaiting another attack, for some hours, then they stacked arms and bivouacked on the field that night, affording the enemy ample time to retreat unmolested.

Early next morning pursuit was begun, but the golden opportunity had been neglected, and the results of the pursuit, though continued some fifty miles, were but trifling.

There were no roads parallel to the one upon which the rebel column was retreating. A small rear guard, well handled, so delayed Rosecrans' advance that not even the loss of several hours, occasioned by the action at Hatchie Bridge, where Ord and Hurlburt met and defeated the fleeing forces and forced them

to retrace their way some three or four miles and take a cross road leading west, was sufficient to seriously embarrass the retreat, much less endanger it.

Much camp equipage was abandoned; some arms were destroyed and thrown away; some caissons lightened by strewing ammunition along the road and by cutting off and leaving the spare wheels; but beyond this and the loss of 200 or 300 stragglers, the retreat of the shattered Confederate forces was accomplished without danger from the pursuing army.

The lost opportunity could not be regained. The blow which, promptly repeated, might have crushed, had only crippled and stunned.

General Rosecrans reported his losses in killed, wounded and missing as 2,520; also that he captured fourteen stands of colors and 2,268 prisoners, and that 1,423 Confederate dead were buried by his burial parties.

General Van Dorn reported his losses at 505 killed, 2,150 wounded and 2,183 missing, a total of 4,838. While there were doubtless many of the Confederate killed and wounded included in the number reported by General Van Dorn as missing, it is certain that there is a mistake in the number of Confederate killed reported by General Rosecrans. Probably the returns of some of the burial parties were counted more than once, and the actual number of Confederate killed would fall not far from midway between the number given by General Rosecrans and that given by General Van Dorn, or from 900 to 1,000.

The Confederates never recovered from the effects of this defeat. From this time forward to the close of the war they were never again able seriously to assume the offensive in Mississippi or West Tennessee, while for the Federal forces the victory at Corinth opened the door for the campaign which resulted so gloriously in the capture of Vicksburg on the 4th of July next following.

THE STORY OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MIS- SIONARY RIDGE.*

BY JOHN ATKINSON,
LT.-COLONEL 3RD MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

(Read May 3, 1894.)

The year 1863 was one of feverish excitement for the American people. It had opened with the battle of Stone River, in which both armies claimed to be victors. A number of other equally indecisive battles had been fought during the previous year. Nothing important was accomplished through the winter. The Army of the Potomac was put upon the defensive by the disaster at Chancellorsville in May. Grant was trying to get his army to a point east of the Mississippi from which to attack Vicksburg.

When the first six months of the year closed, it looked as if little had been accomplished. Many thought the northern armies had really lost ground. On the first of July, Lee was in Pennsylvania and the enemies of the Union were boasting that the northern people would have war brought to their very doors. Morgan with his raiders had passed by the armies in the south and was already in Kentucky on his way to Indiana and Ohio. Vicksburg still held its own against all the assaults of Grant's army and seemed as safe as ever to the Confederacy. Bragg had fallen back upon Chattanooga, which was regarded as impregnable. He was waiting there, apparently, desirous of drawing Rosecrans into the mountains so as to crush his army.

We had great armies under Grant, Banks, Rosecrans and

*The reason this paper does not appear in its proper place in the order of its reading is, it was not received until the preceding papers were in type.

Meade. There had been no concert of action among them. Grant had been urging Rosecrans to press Bragg so as to compel a withdrawal of the forces in his own immediate front. Rosecrans was taking his time. The armies in the east had accomplished less than nothing. The question of changing commanders was, as it has always been, attracting a great deal of attention.

On the first day of July, the battle of Gettysburg began. At the end of the first day's fighting, both parties claimed to have won a victory. The second day was no more decisive. The third ended in a great triumph for the Union armies, and, while the people were celebrating it on the 4th, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant.

The time had come when a union of action was possible. Grant's achievements had placed him so far above the other commanders that the eyes of the Nation were turned toward him as the man of destiny.

But changes take time. Meade had lost more than twenty thousand men at Gettysburg. His army needed rest. Grant's victory resulted in relieving many of the Confederate troops which had been held in the vicinity of Vicksburg. Rosecrans by wonderful skill, maneuvered Bragg out of Chattanooga, but found himself almost a prisoner after he entered it. The only way he could hold it was to move farther south and fight the enemy. Lee, through Meade's inaction, found it possible to send Longstreet to Bragg with twenty-five thousand of the best troops in the Army of Virginia. The troops from near Vicksburg also joined him. The battle of Chickamauga followed on the 19th and 20th of September. It resulted in a Confederate victory and the loss to the Union army of over fifteen thousand soldiers. Rosecrans was compelled to fall back upon Chattanooga and prepare to stand a siege.

Chattanooga, in the Indian language, signifies "The Crow's Nest." It was regarded by the Indians, as it has been by the

white man, as a point of great importance. It was the home of the Cherokees, where they felt safe from the Iroquois on the north and the still more savage tribes which occupied the coast country to the south. The town of Chattanooga, as it existed in 1863, stood on the south side of the Tennessee. The river, at that point, runs nearly westward until it passes the town, then southerly till it touches the base of Lookout Mountain, again westerly and northerly, inclosing in its winding a tract of country resembling a shoe in shape and called "Moccasin Point."

This point was "country" in 1863. It has since become a thriving suburb. It was covered with heavy timber with the exception of a few fields, which indicated rude attempts at farming.

To the east of Chattanooga is a range of hills, something like five hundred feet in height, called "Missionary Ridge," a spot of great historic interest. The name comes from the old Franciscan mission. Away back when it was not known whether the country belonged to the Dutch Colony of New Amsterdam, the French Colony of Canada, the English Colony of Virginia, or the Spanish Colony of Florida, the Franciscans had gathered around them a large number of Christian Indians. They had a chapel and a mission house upon these hills. In 1761, nearly six hundred children were attending their schools. The monks had been teaching the Cherokees how to build houses, to sow seed in the spring time and reap their harvests. The Indians were rapidly forgetting their old habits and becoming attached to permanent homes.

One of the tragedies of history occurred. England and Spain were at war. An English army crossed the mountains from North Carolina, attacked the mission, killed the monks and took the attending children prisoners. They were afterward sold as slaves in North Carolina and Virginia. Their large aquiline noses and high cheek bones have left their mark on the negroes of the coast with whose blood their own mingled.

In Irving's "Life of Columbus" he describes the wonder with which the Indians looked upon the first fight between white men. Up to that time they had regarded them as superior beings, not subject like themselves to wounds and death. But when they saw them quarrel among themselves and fight and kill each other, they lost all respect for them. It was so with the Indians when they saw two Christian nations warring with each other and fighting over the slight differences in their creeds, while they both professed to believe in the same God and the same Redeemer. They lost all respect for Christianity, and soon relapsed into their old barbarous habits. The outrage which had been committed upon them, in robbing them of their children, made them swear eternal enmity to the whites. From that time until 1814 Indian wars raged with more or less intensity around Chattanooga. In the great battle of Tallapoosa, Jackson finally destroyed the Indian power and made the region safe for white settlers.

The defeat of Chickamauga lost General Rosecrans the confidence of the north. It attracted national attention to General Thomas. While the right and left of the Army of the Cumberland under McCook and Crittenden had been routed, Thomas in the center had held his own, repulsing every attack and winning the name of "The Rock of Chickamauga."

Rosecrans retreated to Chattanooga and was closely followed by the Confederate troops. His only railroad ran along the southerly bank of the river under the brow of Lookout Mountain and along its sides to Bridgeport, Alabama, where it crossed to Tennessee and turned towards Nashville. Bragg occupied Lookout and held the railroad as far as Bridgeport. Rosecrans was thus deprived of railroad communications and compelled to supply his army over a mountain road more than sixty miles long. In many places it was almost impassable for footmen, much less for teams. It had to be made, repaired and protected for use.

I passed over this road shortly after the battle of Chickamauga. It was crowded with stragglers who had lost their regiments, with ambulances bringing back the wounded, with wagons trying to get ammunition and food to the army and with reinforcements which were being pressed forward. Every man facing northward was a herald of disaster. Some represented the army as annihilated, some placed the loss at fifty thousand, some at twenty thousand. Many were unable to explain why they were retreating and were turned about and made to move the other way.

At Bridgeport I met Colonel Sanborn, of the 22nd Regiment, to which I belonged. He was badly wounded, suffering intense pain, but spoke clearly and cheerfully of all that happened. He hardly knew what had become of the regiment. He had seen some of the men who were near him fall. When he was carried to the rear, the lines were still intact, but, when the rolls were called next morning, less than one hundred of the five hundred answered to their names. The others were marked "missing." This was all that was required to account for them on the rolls. In their northern homes, the word meant all that can be summed up in anxiety, hope, grief and despair. The fate of many is still shrouded in mystery. Some died and were buried on the battle-ground. Some were made prisoners and suffered long months of torture in Libby and Andersonville. Many died there. Some returned broken in spirit with a settled gloom upon their hearts which has never lifted.

Two days were passed in reaching Chattanooga from Bridgeport. It was night and the rain was falling heavily, nothing could be seen beyond the glimmer of light here and there which only made the darkness more intense. In the morning when the sun came up, we could see our surroundings. We were on the toe of the Moccasin. South of us and a mile away, Lookout rose until we seemed to rest in its very shadow. The river lay between. The Rebel guns were in plain sight and

now and then sent a shell shrieking through our camp. To the east and some three miles distant, Missionary Ridge presented a living mass of men. Bragg's main army occupied it. The gunners seemed to be trying distances and occasionally reached our position.

It is astonishing how little harm is done by artillery. We remained in this exposed position for several weeks. Hundreds of shells must have exploded within our guard lines, and yet I cannot recall that a single man was injured.

Between us and the Ridge, and beyond the river, were Chattanooga and the Union camp. The Rebel lines touched the river above and below, leaving the Union army in a valley about three miles wide and five or six miles long. It had the Tennessee, at that point nearly a mile wide, behind it, and only a single bridge over which to retreat in case of disaster. Hospital tents abounded, the wounded receiving excellent care. The Quartermaster and Commissary had done their work well and food was still abundant.

It was surprising, in view of the accounts received, to find that no feeling of disaster or discouragement existed in the ranks. The confidence in the commanding general was unbounded. The Army of the Cumberland did not know it had been beaten.

The next few days were very busy ones. Saw mills were improvised and set to work to make lumber for bridges and pontoons. Earthworks were thrown up, guns were placed in position, and everything indicated that the army was settling down for a considerable period. If, as has been frequently said, the commanding general was contemplating a retreat, there was certainly nothing to indicate it to the eye of one not in his confidence.

As the weeks passed on, provisions began to be very scarce. The animals were growing thin; it was evident they were being scantily fed. The rations dealt out to the army were at first bad

in quality, indicating that they were the remains of stores from which the best had been taken. Foraging parties were sent out to gather corn in the valleys towards the north, which were open to us. Soon half rations were issued to the men; a little later there was a further reduction until, in the end, they were receiving one-eighth of the ordinary allowance.

The Confederate authorities were pleased with the situation. Jefferson Davis visited the army. Standing on the brow of Lookout, he viewed the Union forces in the valley below him. They were hemmed in on three sides, and on the other he could see that they had mountains and rivers between them and any possible assistance. In his exultation, he pronounced the situation absolutely satisfactory. He was so confident of the position that he was in no hurry to force a surrender. He concluded to leave the work to famine.

In the meantime, Knoxville was in the way of an invasion of the north from east Tennessee. Burnside had taken possession of it on the 1st of September, with a small force belonging to the Army of the Ohio. Bragg sent Longstreet with twenty thousand troops to capture Knoxville.

The Government at Washington became intensely anxious. Secretary Stanton never liked Rosecrans. He had not shown the promptness of movement which the Secretary desired. There was, in fact, no excuse for the long stay at Murfreesboro from January until June, when a vigorous movement forward might have helped Grant at Vicksburg and weakened the armies under Lee. Assistant Secretary Dana was sent to Nashville. Mr. Stanton himself went to Louisville and held a conference with General Grant. The military division of the Mississippi was created and Grant assigned to the command. The division embraced the armies of the Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio. Sherman took Grant's old place as Commander of the Army of the Tennessee; Burnside retained his own. Grant was given his choice, either to retain Rosecrans or have him superceded by

Thomas as Commander of the Army of the Cumberland.

On the evening of Grant's appointment, a dispatch was received at Louisville from Dana, saying that Rosecrans would, unless prevented, retreat. Grant decided to have Thomas instead of Rosecrans and immediately telegraphed him to hold Chattanooga until assistance should reach him. Thomas replied, "I will hold the town until we starve." This was no mere figure of speech. Provisions were so low that famine already seemed to be ready for its work. Apparently, there was no escape. There would have been none had the army been left to itself under its old organization. But in the Division of the Mississippi a new force had been created and was beginning to operate. Grant, instead of commanding one of the western armies, had the three subject to his will. General Hooker, with two corps from the Army of the Potomac, had already been ordered west. Grant immediately ordered Sherman to start for Chattanooga and Burnside to hold Knoxville until assistance should reach him.

The order to relieve Rosecrans and appointing Thomas to the command of the Army of the Cumberland was not received with much enthusiasm. The army loved Rosecrans. He was a man of magnetic and attractive presence. When he reviewed a division it seemed to every man as if he had had a personal conversation with him. He had shown great skill at Iuka in September, 1862, and great heroism at Stone River in December and January. He was a man of the purest character, a religious enthusiast and a strategist of the highest order. The consolation for his loss as a commander was in his successor. Thomas had been second in command for nearly a year. He was a man whom the Government, at first, scarcely trusted. He was a Virginian and stories were told of his having suffered a mental conflict as to whether the State or Nation was first entitled to his allegiance. He had never commanded an army, but at Stone River, as at Chickamauga, he had somehow reached the

point of danger at the very moment when disaster was imminent and had on both occasions prevented it. He had always maintained his ground. He was known to be slow in giving battle, but had never made mistakes. He had a reputation of having never unnecessarily sacrificed a life. He was a familiar figure to the army, a giant in stature, a man who made one think of Washington. He was known to be very true to Rosecrans. He was considerate always to those under him. He provoked no antipathies, but he was cold. The men loved Rosecrans and trusted Thomas. The meanest private in the ranks would have scouted the idea that the new commander would allow any one to compel him to do what he did not wish to. "The old man will stay when he puts his foot down," was the way in which the men talked about him.

The Army of the Cumberland was not enthusiastic about General Grant. They had heard in a general way of his great victories, but knew less of him than those who had been at home and who had an opportunity to read the papers. His appointment from another army seemed to be a reflection upon their own. When he came to Chattanooga, he was crippled. His leg had been hurt by his horse falling. He had made the long distance from Bridgeport over the mountains in two days. He suffered so much from his injuries that he had to be carried over rough places, not being able to endure the movement of his horse. He was thin and wore a look of intense anxiety upon his face. He was, at that time, but forty-one years of age, but looked much older. He was very far from being an ideal soldier. He wore his uniform more like a civilian than a graduate of West Point. His military coat was never buttoned up to the neck. He sat his horse carelessly, although securely. He walked with his head down and without the slightest suggestion of a military step. Neither his face nor his figure was imposing. He arrived at Chattanooga on the 23rd of October. There was less than a week's provisions, even on short allowance of rations, left.

Ten thousand animals had already perished hauling wagons over the road; those that remained had no strength. No hay could be obtained, and the animals were receiving the shortest possible allowance of corn.

There had been no change in the troops in and around Chattanooga. Hooker's corps had already reached Bridgeport and was ordered to remain there by Thomas.

Four days after Grant's arrival, eighteen hundred men under General Hazen were placed in sixty pontoons and under the darkness of the night allowed to float down the Tennessee. They passed silently and unobserved between the pickets of the two armies, under the frowning guns of Lookout and down to a point opposite Chattanooga and on the other side of the Moccasin called Brown's Ferry. Here the men landed and captured the Rebel pickets. Within an hour a pontoon bridge had been constructed and a division of the 14th corps under General Palmer had crossed the river and was moving towards Bridgeport. Hooker, at the same time, had crossed at Bridgeport and was marching in a direction to meet Palmer. By night fall of the next day a junction had been formed. The "Cracker Line," as it was called, was opened. Within twenty-four hours afterwards immense trains of wagons loaded with supplies were entering Chattanooga. The beleaguered and half-famished army were again given full rations. There was great rejoicing. Everybody began to feel that the presence of General Grant meant victory. This was the result of his first week.

The new road which had been opened was only twenty-eight miles in length. It secured possession of the Tennessee from Bridgeport to Brown's Ferry. There were two small steamers available. They were used, as far as their capacity permitted, to supply the army. The road for the most part lay along a line of hills running parallel to Lookout and separated from the mountain by what is known as Lookout Valley, through which a creek of the same name makes its way to the Tennessee.

The Confederates had evidently been completely surprised by this movement and determined, at all hazards, to break the line by which it was guarded. The night after the line had been opened, an attack was made by a brigade of Longstreet's corps upon a small body of troops under General Geary at a point about midway between Chattanooga and Bridgeport. A remarkable thing happened. Geary's men were guarding a large train of mules and were resting for the night. They were completely surprised by the attack and fled in consternation. The mules belonging to the train became frightened at the noise and being abandoned by their drivers stampeded directly toward the Confederate line. The Confederate troops in turn mistook the mules for a cavalry charge, and in the darkness broke and fled. In the morning the Union troops were surprised to find the mules in possession of the field.

As soon as it was ascertained that Longstreet had been detached and sent against Knoxville, Grant determined to attack the enemy on Mission Ridge. The attack was to be made on the 7th of November. A reconnaissance, however, convinced the General that his forces were not sufficient and that he would have to wait for Sherman's arrival. Sherman was on his way from the west, and it was hoped to have him in Chattanooga by the 20th. Through unforeseen delays, however, he arrived two days later. General Bragg, in a dispatch to the Confederate Government, announced his arrival on the 19th. Evidently, some other troops were seen moving and were mistaken for Sherman's army.

By the 20th of November every one was looking for some decisive move. General Bragg, in a letter to Jefferson Davis, said: "Our fate may be decided here, the enemy is at least double our strength."

On the morning of November 23rd Hooker had fifteen thousand men occupying the mountains west of Lookout and separated from it by Lookout Valley. Sherman had six thousand on Moc-

casin Point near Brown's Ferry. Thomas had forty thousand in and around Chattanooga. These composed the Union army. The plan was to have Hooker pass by Lookout, come into Chattanooga and take his place on the right of Thomas. Sherman was to march up to the North Chickamauga and cross the river at night so as to be on the enemy's flank on the morning of the 24th when the battle was to begin.

Grant had established his headquarters on Orchard Knob, a hill between Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge. It was as nearly as could be the center of the position. Immediately in front of him the lines of the Army of the Cumberland stretched for a mile and a half each way. Sherman was expected by next morning to be about four miles to his left, and Hooker to occupy nearly the same position on his right. He was directly in front of Missionary Ridge and had a good view of the Confederate Army on its sides and summit. He could also observe what was going on on Lookout Mountain. The 23rd was a day of great preparation. Sherman marched unobserved by the enemy to his position. At nightfall a pontoon train started from Brown's Ferry to furnish him with the means of crossing. There were about one hundred wagons. On each of which there was a pontoon—a small scow about sixteen feet long and eight wide. The roads were very muddy. Rain had been pouring down for days. The wheels went in to the hubs. As many men as could, assisted in lifting them out. It was a night to be remembered. No lights were allowed, for it was important that the enemy should not see us.

Every mule driver becomes profane with practice. Ours were already experts.

By midnight we reached the North Chickamauga. The boats were taken by Sherman's men and placed in the creek. They were lashed together. Thirty men got into each. The lines were thrown off and the pontoons floated down the Chickamauga to its confluence with the Tennessee. In some way they were

guided so as to cross the stream. We could hear the men rising and jumping out as they touched the other shore. There was a shot from a picket, but only one. The boat which first touched was fastened. The current swung the rest around until they formed a bridge. Lines were thrown out and fastened to trees and in twenty minutes Sherman's troops were marching over.

The 23rd witnessed another remarkable event. Grant had learned that Bragg was sending troops to the rear. He did not know whether he was about to retreat or reinforcing Long-street at Knoxville.

He ordered Thomas to move forward and develop the enemy's strength.

The Army of the Cumberland for the first time stood in line of battle under the eye of the new Commander. There was a rumor in the ranks that Grant distrusted it; that Sherman was to commence the fight so as to encourage it. The men were determined to give a good account of themselves. Grant watched them as they moved forward. They carried the first line of Rebel rifle pits and captured two hundred prisoners when they were halted. The General telegraphed that night to the War Department: "The troops moved under fire with all the precision of veterans on parade."

Bragg reported to Richmond: "The enemy advanced in heavy force at 2 p. m. and drove in our pickets. He is still in line of battle in our front, but does not advance and all firing has ceased." Bragg hurriedly brought back the troops which he had been sending away and began preparations for the 24th. The 24th was a cloudy day. After our weary work with the pontoons we rested. I spent most of the day at the signal station upon a hill north of Chattanooga and on the opposite side of the river. It afforded a complete view of the field of operations. Looking to the south we had the north end of Lookout directly in front. Both sides were in sight for miles. To the east Sherman's lines had formed at right angles to Missionary Ridge on Bragg's

right flank. To the southeast looking over the town we could almost count the Army of the Cumberland and the Rebel hosts in front of it on Missionary Ridge. Sherman was fighting by daylight, and fought all day long. There were charges and countercharges, advances and retreats; but when night came he had captured the rocky heights at the north end of the Ridge.

Turning to the south, we could see the brow only of Lookout. The base was wrapped in clouds. The rain had prevented Hooker from crossing the river and he had been ordered to come by Lookout. Up, as it seemed, out of the clouds along the west slope we could discover lines of men creeping as it were toward the summit. Towards evening they swept around the point. The roar of cannon from the Confederate batteries and the flash of musketry indicated a fierce struggle. But the blue lines moved on. The sun came out and made the clouds below look like a white sea in which the hills were islands. The batteries from Moccasin Point opened on the Confederates. The men in gray ran down the east side. The mountains were ours.

During the whole day the Army of the Cumberland was in line. It was in plain sight of the enemy. Now and then the line seemed in motion but only for a moment. It deployed to the left until it united with Sherman and down the river until it touched hands with Hooker. When night closed the army which the day before was in separate parts was all in one. At six o'clock Grant telegraphed to Washington: "The fight to-day progressed favorably. Sherman carried the end of Missionary Ridge, and his right is now at the tunnel, and left at Chickamauga Creek. Troops from Lookout Valley carried the point of the mountain, and now hold the eastern slope and point high up. I cannot yet tell the amount of casualties, but our loss is not heavy. Hooker reports 2,000 prisoners taken, besides which a small number have fallen into our hands from Missionary Ridge." Bragg telegraphed to Richmond: "We have had a prolonged struggle for Lookout Mountain to-day and sustained

considerable loss in one division. Elsewhere the enemy has only maneuvered for position. Nothing from the northeast. Telegraph not working. Jones should press on."

We watched the new lines of camp-fires on Lookout. They stretched upward from the west and downward toward the east, looking like a wreath of stars thrown over the brow of the great mountain.

The 25th was another cloudy day. Sherman's artillery was in place and commenced early to shell the Ridge. Hooker had disappeared from view on his way to attack Bragg's left flank. The Army of the Cumberland was again in line. Sherman seemed to be doing all the fighting and making little headway. Hooker was delayed and did not emerge from cover until late in the day.

Bragg began to mass his troops to meet Sherman.

Grant saw that the lines in his immediate front were being weakened and ordered Thomas to advance. The great line began to move and swing over the rough ground toward Missionary Ridge. It was under the immediate command of Thomas, and under him among others was Sheridan, whom Grant at a later day pronounced the greatest soldier in the world.

I cannot tell the story as well as to quote from Grant's report: "These troops moved forward, drove the enemy from the rifle pits at the base of the Ridge like bees from a hive—stopped but a moment until the whole were in line—and commenced the ascent of the mountain from right to left almost simultaneously, following closely the retreating enemy, without further orders. They encountered a fearful volley of grape and canister from nearly thirty pieces of artillery and musketry from still well filled rifle pits on the summit of the Ridge. Not a waver, however, was seen in all that long line of brave men. Their progress was steadily onward until the summit was in their possession."

The Ridge was ours. The Confederate guns were turned

upon those who had so recently manned them. Sheridan forgot that night had come and followed in hot pursuit for many miles.

Grant at 7:15 telegraphed to Washington: "Although the battle lasted from early dawn till dark this evening, I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg. Lookout Mountain top, all the rifle pits in Chattanooga Valley, and Missionary Ridge entire have been carried, and now held by us. I have no idea of finding Bragg here to-morrow."

Bragg telegraphed to Richmond from Chickamauga: "After several unsuccessful assaults on our lines to-day, the enemy carried the left center about 4 o'clock. The whole left soon gave way in considerable disorder. The right maintained its ground, repelling every attack. I am withdrawing all to this point."

The battle was over. The victory was complete. An inventory was hurriedly taken. We had 40 cannon, 69 artillery carriages, 7,000 muskets and 6,142 prisoners to turn over to the Government. But when our own rolls were called 5,616 men failed to answer to their names. They were the dead and wounded.

Great bonfires blazed in every town of the north, but they were looked upon by eyes filled with tears—as well as those which glowed with victory. Many a family was wrecked. Many a home was made desolate. Many a heart was broken.

"But things like this you know must be
In every famous victory."

The victory over Bragg had marvellous effects. It opened the way to the Sea over which Sherman marched in 1864. It cut the South in two.

Bragg's prophesy that the fate of the Confederacy would be decided there was fulfilled. From that moment, the South fought against hope, and, although her soldiers displayed great valor, they never won another victory.

The effects upon the prominent men engaged were also

very great. Before the battle Bragg was one of the two most trusted Generals in the South. His victory at Chickamauga had made him very popular. He was already credited with the destruction of the army at Chattanooga for it was regarded as only a matter of time. Knoxville, too, was regarded as good as won. His star was at its zenith. In a week it had set forever in gloom. The 26th passed in gathering the remnants of his army near Ringgold. He was too broken in spirit to even telegraph to his superiors. On the 27th, he telegraphed from Ringgold: "We could make no stand at Chickamauga against the enemy's superior forces and fell back yesterday. Our rear guard was heavily pressed about half way. Hope to make this our front."

But Sheridan was on his heels. He got no rest. The 28th found him fighting for dear life to even preserve the semblance of his organization. On the 29th he sent a dispatch which sounds like the wail of a broken heart: "Our advance last night was at Tunnel Hill, the enemy just this side of Ringgold. We hope to maintain this position. Our inferiority in numbers, heavy loss in artillery, small arms, organization, and morale, renders an earlier halt impossible; and should the enemy press on promptly we may have to cross the Oostanaula. I have tried to communicate with Longstreet. By prompt movement he can be saved. Burnside's force is far inferior to him. If necessary, he can go on and join Jones' forces. Communication may be opened with him by the East Tennessee route. My first estimate of our disaster was not too large, and time only can restore order and morale. All possible aid should be pushed on to Resaca, and I deem it due to the cause and to myself to ask for relief from command and an investigation into the cause of the defeat."

He was a favorite of Jefferson Davis, but even he had lost faith and promptly relieved him. His glory was gone. He retired in disgrace. The next day, the 30th, he used in making a formal report of his hopes and failures. He tried to tell how

Lookout was lost, but concluded by saying the disaster is "yet unexplained."

The situation on the last day he describes with admirable clearness: "About 11 a. m. the enemy's forces were being moved in heavy masses from Lookout and beyond to our front, while those in front extended to our right. They formed their lines with great deliberation just beyond the range of our guns and in plain view of our position. Though greatly outnumbered, such was the strength of our position that no doubt was entertained of our ability to hold it, and every disposition was made for that purpose."

Having given the result of the charge on the Ridge, he says: "No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops on the left in allowing their line to be penetrated. The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column, and wherever resistance was made the enemy fled in disorder after suffering heavy loss. Those who reached the Ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them. Having secured much of our artillery, they soon availed themselves of our panic, and, turning our guns upon us, enfiladed the line, both right and left, rendering them entirely untenable.

"Had all parts of the line been maintained with equal gallantry and persistence no enemy could have ever dislodged us, and but one possible reason presents itself to my mind in explanation of this bad conduct in veteran troops who had never before failed in any duty assigned them, however difficult and hazardous. They had for two days confronted the enemy, marshaling his immense forces in plain view, and exhibiting to their sight such a superiority in numbers as may have intimidated weak-minded and untried soldiers; but our veterans had so often encountered similar hosts when the strength of position

was against us, and with perfect success, that not a doubt crossed my mind. As yet I am not fully informed as to the commands which first fled and brought this great disaster and disgrace upon arms. Investigation will bring out the truth, however, and full justice shall be done to the good and the bad."

But how differently matters were going with Grant. Before the smoke had cleared away from Missionary Ridge, he had a corps and two divisions on their way to relieve Burnside. Sherman was their Commander and Grant supplied him with explicit orders and a plan of campaign perfect in all its details. On the 26th he was crowding Bragg in all directions. Not a detail was omitted. Hooker, Sherman, Thomas—all received explicit instructions. Not a moment was lost. It would be wearisome to go over the work done. When Lincoln recovered from his astonishment, he telegraphed his thanks and asked Grant to remember Burnside. It had already been done. Longstreet was no longer threatening Burnside, but trying to plan an escape for himself.

In a few weeks Grant was in command of all the armies of the Union—Sheridan was commanding all the cavalry. Inactivity had forever passed away. Every day was occupied and witnessed something done. At last came Appomattox. The two contending hosts met face to face—one to surrender, the other to forgive. The war was over. Peace had come. Slavery had perished. Liberty was there to be crowned. The perpetuity of the Union was assured.

In telling you this story, I have only named the most prominent actors. Sixty thousand men shared the dangers and the glory of those three days. Sixty thousand stories could be told, many much more thrilling than this.

In reading the records, as printed by Congress, one is struck with this remarkable fact: Everything worked as Grant planned it. Bragg's plans all miscarried. He was surprised by Hooker's movement on his left, by Sherman's movement on his right, and

by Thomas in his center. And yet, his positions were such that he could see every movement of the Union forces. The God of battles was with us.

Time has softened our hearts so that we can better judge the motives of our enemies. There is a sad side to every great victory. There is a pathos in defeat.

Braxton Bragg was a man of great parts. He came out of the Mexican War with distinguished honor. He was highly esteemed by his comrades of the 3rd Artillery to which he belonged. He and Thomas had been comrades. Stories are current that while their armies confronted each other, they had friendly meetings and under the cover of the night, talked over old times.

Bragg was devoted to military life. To fail there was to fail entirely. He had nothing left. In his private life he was honorable and upright. He had a pleasant manner and a warm heart. My story leaves him as he is bidding his army good-bye. He is to go back over the road which he had traveled a few months before. Then, at every little station, men cheered him and women presented him with flowers. But now, no one cares for him. He will be jostled by no cheering crowds. No men will press forward to shake his hand, no women to bless him. Success would have made him immortal. But he failed, and failure made people treat him, while yet living, as if he was dead.

Thirty years have come and gone. Grant, Sheridan, Hooker, Sherman, Thomas, are all dead. Chattanooga is no longer a hamlet, but a great city. Missionary Ridge is dotted with beautiful homes. There are vineyards on its rocky sides over which our heroes marched to victory. Lookout has been degraded by the railroads which wind around it and reach its very summit. The echoes of the great battle have ceased to reverberate among the mountains. The Confederacy has become a memory. The Union flag floats everywhere in triumph.

The Crow's nest has become the Eagle's.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GETTYSBURG.*

BY L. A. SMITH,
FIRST LIEUT. 136TH N. Y. INFANTRY.

(Read May 3, 1894.)

This paper is not historical, does not intend to deal with strategic movements, plans or accidents of the great battle. These are all matters of history. Its purpose is to narrate incidents as I now recall them, of what I saw, heard and felt in the necessarily limited sphere of a soldier who carried a musket, and attended to his own duties.

Ordinarily I should apologize for the personality which such a paper necessitates, but in this presence, before men (or the sons of men) who have alike hazarded their lives for their country, and who could individually write a book of personal experience, one feels the greatest possible liberty.

The soldier who advances step by step up the various grades from a private to the command of his company, especially if that company is composed wholly or in part of men who were the playmates and companions of his youth, is ever in the closest sympathy and touch with them; knows the fiber of which they are made, woof and warp; saw many fall by the wayside because of the hardships and privations of a soldier's life; was with them when the strain passed endurance and the lamp of life went out; knew from whence emanated that personal magnetism which like an electric current passed along the line when the shock of battle came, and nerved men at its crisis to almost superhuman effort; saw the gallant men as they fell, cut down in the flower of youthful manhood; watched over them as they were borne to

*The reason this paper does not appear in its proper place in the order of its reading is, it was not received until the preceding papers were in type.

a soldier's honored grave, and now feels that he can speak of them and himself without ostentation.

The rapid march from Stafford Court House, Va., the forced march from Hagerstown to Frederick City, and on the ensuing day to Emmittsburg, with forty extra rounds of ammunition in our knapsacks had tried us sorely; compensated, however, in some measure by the delight the boys felt when they beheld the magnificent fields of waving grain, well stocked pastures and thrifty farm buildings of beautiful Maryland, as contrasted with the barren fields and red clay wastes of old Virginia.

I recall an incident as we passed one of these farm houses; one of our company was seen marching with fixed bayonet up and down before an outdoor oven by the garden fence; knowing, as Orderly Sergeant, that no such detail had been made, I hailed him. He made no reply, but pointing to the oven and patting his stomach resumed his march. In a short time he overtook us with his arms full of steaming hot bread. You have been soldiers yourselves and do not need to be told that the Orderly was remembered.

The march from Emmittsburg on the morning of July 1 was exceedingly nagging, as it was made in quick time. The distant booming of cannon soon increased the heart beat. The heavy Enfield rifle, accoutrements, knapsack, haversack and canteen were no longer burdensome. Tired limbs, blistered feet and sore muscles no longer absorbed our thoughts or drew upon the will power; the whole man was changed as by magic; quickened and apparently refreshed to a degree not explainable, and hardly to be appreciated by those who have never experienced the wondrous power of a battle already begun, and toward which one is rapidly marching.

Nothing escapes observation; every fence and field, the whole topography of the country, the expression on comrades' faces, the tone of command, all are indelibly stamped on mind and memory to a degree that time itself does not efface.

We were ordered to "double quick," first taking the side of the road, giving the right of way to the much needed artillery, then as the necessity for our presence upon the field of battle became pressing we took to the fields and over the fences. Just as we came up the slope and passed over the brow of Cemetery Ridge we saw an artilleryman killed. As he was carrying ammunition from the caisson a cannon ball passed to the right of our regiment and so close to the man that he whirled around and around and fell upon his face dead. The concussion killed him.

About midway down the Cemetery we were halted to regain our breath and our first thoughts were of the seeming desecration, as we trod beneath our feet the grass-grown mounds which marked the resting place of the dead, but other thoughts and scenes soon engrossed our attention.

Looking up and around, what a magnificent panorama was here presented. As far as the eye could reach, until the earth touched the heavens in their convergence, was one expanse of ever-varying field and wood, hill and dale, interspersed here and there with farm houses, while from over the hills in every direction roads came trailing down into the village of Gettysburg; here and there scattered hamlets peeped out from among clusters of trees and thickets of shrubbery, presenting a scene to have reveled in for hours under other circumstances, but not for us, as our minds are riveted, our whole being absorbed by the one purpose for which all these mighty hosts are assembling.

It required but a glance to see that our cavalry, the First Corps, and the First and Third Divisions of our own (Eleventh) Corps were contending against unequal odds.

To the right and beyond the village as we stood facing it were large bodies of cavalry, some dismounted and deployed firing, others moving rapidly as if to secure vantage ground, while to the left and beyond the village our infantry were being pushed back by the enemy, who greatly outnumbered them on both flanks and front.

Great clouds of dust rose from the roads leading up the hills to the left, showing the route by which the Confederacy was concentrating its forces into the valley below.

Wounded men and stragglers now began to pass to the rear, their numbers constantly increasing, including broken detachments of regiments enquiring for their commands. Among them we recognized men from our home who had gone out under a previous call for troops. As they passed by they called out the names of neighbor friends who had been killed, wounded or taken prisoner. A Captain on General Reynold's staff, also from our village, informed us with much feeling of the death of his gallant commander.

General Doubleday rode up, made an enquiry and then rode rapidly back to the front. His horse was covered with foam and the flushed face of the General bespoke the tremendous strain under which he was laboring.

We marched to the arched entrance to the Cemetery and formed in line of battle at right angles to the road leading to it. General Sickles, at the head of the Third Corps, passed in our rear and disappeared down the hill to our right. General Hancock rode up and enquired of our Colonel what regiment he commanded and if it could be trusted. Receiving a satisfactory answer, our position was changed to one along the road in front of the Cemetery.

After dark we were again formed in line of battle considerably in advance of our former position, our left resting on the road leading to the Cemetery, and were ordered to lie down in open file to allow our men to pass through, but under orders to resist the enemy's advance at all hazards.

The firing in our front now became spirited. A few, not many, of our men passed by and shortly the firing ceased, when we resumed our position along the road, our right nearly opposite the entrance to the Cemetery.

On the morning of July 2 my company was detailed on the

skirmish line. Our position was about one-fourth of the distance across the second field in front of the regiment. Though somewhat sheltered by a slight rise of ground, one of our sergeants was shot and died instantly. He was somewhat conspicuous in the company through having hired a man to pass the medical examination, being himself ineligible. Thus it was that Company G, 136th Regiment, New York Volunteers, made its first sacrifice for the perpetuity of the Union, on the very spot where the Great Rebellion received its mortal blow, and where within thirty hours Pickett's brave but misguided men were sacrificed in their desperate struggle.

During the forenoon we were ordered to advance as skirmishers. This meant a useless sacrifice of life, as we could see that no preparation had been made for our support, but at the word of command we advanced rapidly, the enemy's skirmishers falling back to their support. As we nearly reached the extremity of the field we were suddenly confronted by a regiment rising up in our front from what appeared to be an abandoned railroad cut. They advanced in line of battle and there was no alternative but retreat. We had scarcely started when they fired a volley. Just at this instant I fell down. I did not stumble, but my mind was so intensely alive to the exigencies of the situation that I was physically unable to meet its requirements. The fall was providential and undoubtedly saved my life, as several of our men were killed, some were wounded and one taken prisoner.

The enemy not advancing beyond the fence, we resumed our original position and were shortly relieved by a company commanded by a messmate who had just been placed in command. He was a noble fellow, brave almost to rashness (subsequently losing a leg at Peach Tree Creek). Seeing a wounded man in front move, and concluding he was another of our messmates, he called a man to go with him and together they made a rush for the man. The enemy must have divined their intention, for with that chivalrous spirit which characterized brave men, they ceased firing while the man was being brought into our lines.

A detail was ordered to carry him to the hospital, and I went to the left of the regiment to meet him. They set the stretcher down for an instant. Turning his face toward me, with a look of pity, he exclaimed: "I am sorry for you." I replied: "Why sorry for me? I am all right, but my heart is almost breaking with sorrow for you." He said: "It is all over with me, but you little know what you have to go through with." I inferred that he thought we might be defeated in the battle. We were of the same name, except the middle letter, and after the war, when I went back to my village home, I was greatly annoyed by people staring at me with a frightened look, believing it was I who had been killed at Gettysburg.

A corporal on the right of the company said, after his exchange, it was a great mystery to him how I escaped capture, as the last time he saw me I was more than a rod in advance of him, but I made up my mind, after my experience at Chancellorsville, that I would never be taken prisoner, and this thought, ever uppermost in my mind, nerved me to desperate efforts on several occasions.

The morning of the 3d was hot and sultry. The sun came up over the eastern hills like a great ball of fire; the stillness was oppressive and ominous; every man felt that the day might decide the battle and perhaps the destiny of the nation.

All the forenoon we could see the enemy passing toward our left. About noon there arose a puff of smoke from a battery in the yard of the Seminary building. The projectile was a long piece of iron which as it came end over end caused us to conclude they were firing pieces of railroad iron. This was followed by another and another, and then pandemonium broke loose. All along the enemy's line you could see great puffs of white smoke, while the air was filled with screeching, howling, hissing missives, some going far above us, some falling short and others bursting in mid-air; but this was nothing compared to the agony in store for us when our own batteries replied, which they did

instantly. It is a terrible experience to support batteries when located in their front. In many other engagements we supported batteries from their rear or in the works by their side, especially during the Atlanta campaign, where the guns were of much larger caliber. There you could soon adjust yourself to the situation, and even get snatches of sleep; but at Gettysburg it was different. I don't believe men ever suffered more in the same time than those who lay along the road in front of the Cemetery on that memorable day.

If we could have had something to do, even though it had been to charge the enemy's batteries, it would have been a welcome relief.

History says the artillery duel lasted about two hours. It seemed an age to us; it was an age if you count time, not by minutes and seconds, but by the amount of nervous suffering and mental agony that can be condensed into a given period. The sun could have no more stood still in its going down for Joshua, than it did in effect for us at Gettysburg. In spite of all a soldier's ingenuity in adjusting himself to the situation there was no relief; the last condition was always worse than the preceding. If you laid down on the ground and put your fingers in your ears you got, in addition to the crash in the air, the full effect of the earth's tremor and its additional force as a conductor.

One of our men found afterward that his teeth were loose and within a few days nearly all of them dropped out. No amount of argument in anatomy would convince him they were not shaken out by the cannonading. If you rolled over on your back and looked up into the heavens, fairly black with missiles exploding continually and sending their broken fragments in every direction, the situation was not more assuring.

If you sat down with your back to the stone wall and looked over into the Cemetery, you saw long, fiery tongues leaping toward you, thick clouds of sulphurous smoke settle down around you, blackening the countenance almost beyond recognition.

If you turned around and looked over the wall toward the enemy each cannon ball seemed directed toward that particular spot. One of the color guard had a fragment of rock driven into his head, causing instant death, while other casualties were continually occurring. The most of us hugged the wall closely, occasionally peeping over, but a single glance usually sufficed.

History says the Rebels had 150 cannon, which concentrated their fire on Cemetery Ridge. We counted 103. We estimated there were 80 cannon in our rear and at our left, but history says there were 100.

All this time our nerves were strung to the highest pitch; water ran from every pore in the skin like squeezing a wet sponge, and our clothes were wringing wet. It was nature's provision for our safety, as it prevented a total collapse of the nervous system, and the mind from going out in darkness.

I have read that 75 per cent of man was composed of water. It would have been a valuable contribution to science to have weighed one of us before and after this ordeal.

Suddenly all our cannon ceased firing, and in a few moments the enemy were also silent. We stood up and, in the phraseology of more modern time, "pulled ourselves together." Directly a heavy line of skirmishers came out from among the trees along the enemy's line. This was followed by a line of battle; then another, followed by a third and a fourth. Their left center was about opposite our position when they began their advance. We looked one another in the face, examined our muskets and said, "Now we are in for it sure." Our cannon commenced firing with unmerciful accuracy; men went down like grain before the reaper. The lines of the enemy would stagger apart as our cannon cut a wide human swath, then close in again, never for a moment halting in their rapid advance.

As they reached the field where we had been skirmishing the day before they changed direction by a quarter wheel to the right, advancing their left. When nearly across the field they

halted a few seconds, apparently to reform their lines, again advancing their left, which took them from our front and us out of the fight.

Evidently a battery which was placed considerably to our left and front was their objective point. Had they charged our position, which appeared to be their original intention, this battery would have had an enfilading fire, which would have been terribly destructive.

Suddenly a body of men whom we had not before noticed (two Vermont regiments) attacked their right, followed by Hancock's Corps. A portion of the enemy changed front and faced them. The fighting along a fence which ran at right angles to the road was of the most desperate character. A large part of the Rebel Army pushed on up the hill toward the battery. The excitement of that moment was intense. Our cannoniers were nearly stripped of clothing. With bare arms they forced grape and canister into their guns; the firing was incessant.

Still on and up the hill came those brave men, though the grape and canister at close range mowed them down like grass. Some of their officers rode up to the wall and some of the men sprang upon it; a few came over and mingled with the cannoniers, who beat them back with their rammers. But the effort failed. Those who survived were but a remnant of the proud, well-organized army who, but a few moments before, seemingly had victory within their grasp, but were now realizing the bitterness of defeat.

Their retreat was hastened by our cannon, which kept up a constant fire with murderous accuracy.

Night came on apace, covering with its mantle of darkness the living and the dead; covering with charity the agony and the field of blood. Early in the evening my company was detailed for picket duty, our position being along a fence that intersected the field at our left, about on a line with our position as skirmishers on the previous day. Why we were thus placed with both flanks

"in the air" is one of the unrevealed mysteries to me. We had to keep well covered, as the enemy's picket kept up a constant firing. In the field to our left and rear the havoc had been frightful. Looking down upon the field before the night closed in reminded one of a flock of sheep lying in a pasture. The dead and wounded lay, here thickly bunched together, there scattered, here and there isolated, and again in ghastly groups, so thickly bunched as to almost cover the ground; altogether a night of horror, which the lapse of time has not altogether obliterated from memory.

Well was it for us that our sensibilities had become benumbed and our hearts almost drained of sympathy with our physical endurance strained to its utmost tension. Had fresh men, unaccustomed to such sights, been dropped down in our places they could not have endured such a night without danger of a total collapse.

The wails of the dying, the prayers and curses of the wounded, the agonizing cries everywhere for "Water, water For God's sake, give me water!" The call of comrades by name, the frequent call for mother from men, often of mature years, who in the delirium of pain were carried back to their childhood days, all contributed to make it a night never to be forgotten. Toward morning, as the field became more quiet, the call by comrades for missing friends was incessant. The call started where the line of battle commenced, coming nearer and nearer, then past to our left and back again, becoming more and more plaintive and intense as hopes gave away to despair in the unsuccessful search.

Just before the break of day I laid down and was asleep in an instant, but was shortly awakened by a superabundance of water. Investigation developed the following: I had laid down in a furrow with my head resting on my arms. A rain storm came up and the water, following its natural course, had been dammed by my arms and body until it was of considerable

depth. When I lifted my arms the water rushed the length of my body and at once brought me to a realization of the situation. Jumping up, I found we were near a barn occupied the day before by the enemy's sharpshooters, and prepared to immediately vacate, but looking to the front no enemy was to be seen. We were soon called in and joined the regiment on a reconnaissance. Our course was to the right of the battery on which the Rebels made their charge, and to the left along the fence where our infantry made their flank attack.

The slaughter here had been fearful, and the stench was sickening. The dead were swollen until their strained and torn clothing could hardly contain their bodies; some were very giants in size. We passed by our dead, who still lay where they had fallen in our skirmish on the second day, and I especially remember recognizing a bright young corporal of my company who always carried a large knapsack and was an exemplary soldier.

On reaching the enemy's line we looked to see if we could identify any of their dead. We recognized one, a man of magnificent physique, long jet black hair, full round face, dark complexion and full beard. He had attracted our attention on the previous day by his bravery in action; swinging his soft felt hat, he had cheered on and led his men in a manner worthy a better cause.

As we advanced we found every evidence of a hasty and precipitate retreat. There being no enemy in sight, we counter-marched to our original position, and later in the day took up our line of march toward Harper's Ferry, passing General Meade's headquarters en route.

All day long the rain came down in torrents. We often marched in water ankle deep where the road was depressed, and each little brooklet became a river that required wading. The march was so rapid only a remnant went into camp with us, but many who had fallen out from exhaustion came in before morning.

The battle is ended, with Grant's invincible veterans at Vicksburg we celebrate a glorious double victory. What matters it that we are wet, hungry and tired almost to exhaustion; is not the country saved and "Old Glory" triumphant? And all through the unsurpassed valor of our citizen soldiers.

ADDRESSES

—AT—

ANNUAL BANQUETS

—OF—

THE MICHIGAN COMMANDERY

—OF THE—

MILITARY ORDER

—OF THE—

LOYAL LEGION

—OF THE—

UNITED STATES.

1896-7-8.



INTRODUCTORY.

At the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion at the Russell House, Detroit, May 7, 1896.

BY COMPANION GEO. W. CHANDLER,
Brevet Major U. S. V., Commander.

It becomes my pleasant duty to extend to you a hearty greeting to this the twelfth annual banquet of the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

When I look upon the fresh faces and stalwart forms of the Companions assembled here, I can scarcely realize that thirty-five years have passed since the first gun was fired that called us to arms in defense of our Nation's rights and liberties.

It is not my purpose to give a history of this organization, or to explain its objects; that matter will be ably presented by one of the speakers of the evening. The object of this assemblage is to celebrate our anniversary and to rejoice with one another that we are accorded this privilege; to listen to reminiscences of army life, and participate in the social enjoyments this occasion affords—the annual banquet being one of the established features of the Michigan Commandery.

During the past year the following changes have occurred within our ranks: Twenty-one have been received into membership by election and transfer; seven have responded to the Great Commander's call, and their names are enrolled among the silent majority. This leaves a net gain of fourteen during the year, which places our membership at 295, the highest number attained

since the organization of our commandery. Those who have pitched their tents amid the shadow of the dim unknown are Colonel Shoemaker, Captain Baker, Lieutenant Babcock, ex-Governor Jerome, Commander Heyerman, and the father and son of the Poe family—the son the embodiment of youthful grace and manhood, the sire the representative of all that was noble and brave. It has been well said by one of our companions that "a more manly man never lived than General Orlando M. Poe," the first commander of the Michigan Commandery of Loyal Legion.

We mourn for our fallen heroes, and miss them in their accustomed walks in life, and especially do we miss them on this festive occasion, but we are here to enjoy the pleasures of the evening, and will bid adieu for a time to sorrowful subjects. The inner man having been bountifully supplied with the good things provided by mine host while we listened to the sweet strains of music furnished by the orchestra, the time has arrived for me to turn you over to the tender mercies of the eloquent orators who have been engaged (at great expense) to entertain you with their profound logic and sparkling wit.

INTRODUCTORY.

At the Annual Meeting of the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion, at Hotel Cadillac, Detroit, May 6, 1897.

BY COMPANION HENRY S. DEAN,
Lieut. Colonel, 22d Michigan Infantry, Commander.

Time in its onward march marks the close of another year in the history of the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and while the year just ended, furnishes no startling events for record, yet we would be unworthy the patriotic deeds and memories which are ours, if we failed to recognize and discharge the duties of our membership.

We plowed the fields upon which the seeds of new liberties were sown, and we would be lamentable failures as husbandmen if we should neglect to carefully tend and nurture the product of our own sowing. If for reviewing with just pride the evidences of our own workmanship, we are charged with an undue exhibition of egotism, let us gracefully accept all that may justly attach to us by reason of such a criticism, but as long as life lasts, while the memory of the Old Flag remains, while companions live for us to love and cherish, or the names of our heroic dead are legible on the tablets of our hearts, let us meet and repeat the story of our common dangers, shared from common impulses, which resulted in achieving our common glory. It is easier to found than to save a nation. More difficult to control disorganizing forces than to inspire an inexperienced desire for liberty. It is not vanity, therefore, but a spirit of patriotism, and a laud-

able pride which impels us to come together and recount the incidents of our national salvation. Besides, we have a just right to feel proud, when the people of a nation we helped to save, selects one of our companions as their chief ruler. Certainly we have a right to rejoice, and congratulate each other, when one thus selected calls a dearly beloved ex-commander of our own commandery to a membership in his cabinet.

We have a right to be proud of Companions like Conline, Breakey and Case, for they were at Antietam, Gettysburg and Petersburg, and they have recounted to us their experiences in those great battles fought in defense of the Union. It is cause for regret that other companions have not favored us with papers giving their personal recollections and experiences in that great struggle. Such papers, written by men giving an account of what they themselves saw and experienced during the war for the maintenance of national supremacy, will be of far greater interest and value to those who in the years to come will constitute the membership of the Loyal Legion, than anything that will ever be written by men who were not participants in that contest.

During the year the commandery has received an addition of nineteen to its membership. Fourteen were elected as members of the first class, and five as first-class members by right of inheritance. Seven of our companions have responded to the summons of the Great Commander and joined the mighty host that has crossed the river. Enshrined in our hearts are enduring and precious memories of each one of them. I know that every companion here present sees them in memory, as we often saw them in life. Chamberlain, Wheeler, Sheldon, Pulford, Hanscomb, Moore and McCreery. If thus in memory you see their forms and features how even more vividly do you remember their qualities of mind and heart, the genial smile, the warm grasp of the hand, the unflinching eye, the brave heart, the clear intellect, fully comprehending danger, but never failing to face it when duty called. Your memories supply a thousand details which

complete and adorn the pictures which have a sacred place among your most precious treasures.

“On Fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.”

The meeting of the Quadrennial Congress of the order, to be held in Detroit, was originally set for last month, but in deference to the wishes of this commandery was postponed to the 2nd of June next, when the City of the Straits, adorned in all the beauty of spring, will supplement the hearty welcome which the Michigan Commandery will extend to the distinguished companions who will be present on that occasion.

The spirit which prompted the organization of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion burned brightly during the year just closed. That we may keep fresh in our memories the fundamental principles which govern the order I venture to repeat them as laid down in our Constitution:

First—“A firm belief and trust in Almighty God; extolling him under whose beneficent guidance the sovereignty and integrity of the Union have been maintained, the honor of the flag vindicated, and the blessings of civil liberty secured, established and enlarged.”

Second—“True allegiance to the United States of America, based upon paramount respect for and fidelity to the National Constitution and Laws, and manifested by discouraging whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, to incite insurrection, treason or rebellion, or to impair in any manner the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions.”

Now, as I transfer the badge of office to my successor, permit me to express the gratification it gives me to place it upon the companion who first suggested the organization of a Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion, and to thank you for the honor you conferred upon me, and for the unvarying kindness with which you have overlooked all my shortcomings.

ADDRESS.

At the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Commandery of the Loyal Legion, at the Morton House, Grand Rapids, May 5th, 1898.

BY COMPANION ALLEN B. MORSE,
1st Lieut. 21st Michigan Infantry.

"OLD GLORY."

"Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valour given,
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven."

I bow in love and reverence to the Old Flag to-night, but I do not like the new name which has been given it as proposed in the toast this evening.

I love it best under the names by which we knew it when we were boys together, when we carried and followed it in the great war for the restoration of the Union. When we camped or marched beneath its folds, when we stood beside it in line of battle, when we followed it in the charge upon the enemy's works, and when, in disaster or defeat, we rallied again and again around its standard. To me it will ever be the "Star-spangled Banner," or the glorious "Stars and Stripes," the emblem of our country, of constitutional rights, of liberty regulated by law, of the equality of man.

"Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us?"

I hope I may never live to see it unfurled for mere conquest or vain glory, or for any other purpose than the protection of

American citizens in their lives and property, the cause of humanity, or the advancement of civilization and freedom; save that on peaceful days it shall float above us to remind us of our love and duty to our country, and the countless blessings that her free institutions have showered upon us and ours.

There is no humanity in war; and war is only excusable in Christian nations to prevent national dishonor or national crimes against manhood.

This flag should speak a message in plain Anglo-Saxon in every foreign port, and upon every foreign sea, a message not to be misunderstood. It should tell that under its protection is every American citizen, however humble, wherever he is; that his rights must be respected, and his person held sacred from assault.

Under that flag, but a little while ago, nearly three hundred brave American sailors and marines went down to sudden death, by the hands of a crafty and treacherous foe, in the harbor of a country supposed to be at peace with us.

Thank God, this dastardly deed has been partially avenged; and in sight of that flag, but in honorable warfare on the part of those fighting under it, but a few days ago, nearly eight hundred Spaniards went to the same watery grave, amid the roar of cannon and the flames of burning and exploding ships.

The prowess, the skill and bravery of our navy has shown, not only to Spain, but to the whole world, that while we are slow to anger and love peaceful pursuits, we are quick to resent treachery, inhumanity and murder; and that we are strong and brave enough to speedily punish those who are guilty of these crimes, and to make the rights and liberties of American citizens respected everywhere. That we are not only willing, but able, to protect them, and to avenge their wrongs.

I care more for the life of one American sailor who perished on the "Maine," than I do for the lives of all the half-Spanish

negroes and Indians in the Island of Cuba, or all the Dons in the world.

The spirit of patriotism has come, as I have often thought and said it would come. I knew when peril assailed our free institutions, when the country was in danger and called for her sons, when men were needed to protect our rights and liberties, or to save our honor as a nation, that the generation which has grown up since we fought in the Rebellion, would be found equal to the emergency, and that the same grand, unselfish patriotism of 1861 would live again in our country's history; and that the young men of our land would flock to this standard, and, under the Stars and Stripes, go forth to deeds of daring and valor, and to conquer. That the old flag would not be dishonored, but would float, as of old, over intelligent and determined men, men willing to make every sacrifice, and to die, if need be, in defence of their country; and that such men would, in the end, as in our day, carry it to glorious victory.

Our free institutions can never die while this spirit of patriotism, this unselfish love of country, is kept alive. It glows to-day brighter, if possible, than ever before in our history. This flag, the symbol of our country, is loved and honored as never before. I am glad that the law prevents its being used to advertise any man's wares. I am glad that it floats above or beside every school house; that it is beloved by everybody; that it decorates to-day almost every business place, and every household; that it is loved by the children and honored by the old; that everywhere it has the love and reverence that we, old soldiers, give it. It means not so much the love of the flag itself, though it seems to me to be the most beautiful banner in Christendom, but it means more the love of country, of our free institutions, the blessed government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," which has blessed our homes and protected us in all the rights that the human heart holds dear.

And we, my comrades, who have braved disease, danger and

death beneath its folds; who have followed it into the red hell of battle; who have seen it torn by shot and shell; who have lived day after day, and night after night, beside it—who have looked to it during four years of warfare for inspiration and courage—when it spoke to us of home and loved ones, of God and country, we love it as no man can love it who has not fought under it.

There is a new radiance in it to us. Its stars and stripes are brighter and its combination of red, white and blue “a thing of beauty and joy forever” to us. It has also to us a memory,—a memory ever to be cherished—never to be forgotten—of our dead comrades who fell beneath it, who died that their country might live.

“The star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!”

ADDRESS.

At the Annual Banquet of the Michigan Com-
mandery of the Loyal Legion at the
Morton House, Grand Rapids,
May 5th, 1898.

BY I. P. POWELL.

1st Lieut. 111th Ohio Infantry.

"CITIZEN SOLDIER."

"Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but prove our might."

"And now, if Spain or all the world asks by what authority we demand the freedom of Cuba, like Ethan Allan we reply: 'In the name of God Almighty and the citizen soldiers of America.'"

Comrades—Once more the tocsin of war has sounded and in quick response we have witnessed the departure of thousands of our young men—worthy sons of the veterans who nearly forty years ago preserved the integrity of our national government. Little did we think that we should ever hear the sound of war again, and least of all men did we desire it. Earnestly did we hope and fervently did we pray that the desired ends might be accomplished without resort to this terrible ordeal. But it has come, and it is certainly with sadness that we watch the departure of our boys, for we know so well what it means. Yet we applaud their manly response to the summons and bid them God-speed, with not the shadow of a doubt as to the result. For we know the stuff that is in them. Old soldiers haven't begotten cowards to shame their gray hairs.

I am asked to speak of our "Citizen Soldiers." They are

much in evidence in this land of ours, and have been during its entire history. Recent events cause that history to pass in review before us, and render much of it so vivid that the intervening years flee as shadows and we are young again.

A soldier is an exponent of power, whether that power be autocratic or democratic, destructive or constructive; selfish or philanthropic. And his gun is charged with the sentiment which he represents. If you would understand the term "soldier," you must first define the national sentiment.

Is it the sentiment of Turkey? Then he is the exponent of a power into whose life the spirit of humanity has never entered.

Is it the sentiment of Spain? Then he is the exponent of a power whose history is written in blood. And which has nothing in all that history of which, in the light of the nineteenth century, it has reason to be proud.

Is it the sentiment of Great Britain? Then, while he is the exponent of the best monarchy in the world, he is also the exponent of a self-satisfied and insatiable spirit of aggrandizement.

Is it the sentiment of our own beloved land? Then he is the exponent of that power whose heart beats in harmony with the calls of humanity.

The American soldier stands guard over the most sacred and hopeful product of history. He is the body-guard of something greater than kings and queens and emperors. He protects the dynasty of freedom and humanity. What must be the character of such soldiers?

It is by no means an easy matter for the student of history to erase from his mind that picture of the soldier which is the synonym of devastation and destruction, and replace it with that American type which is the exponent of peace, and whose only excuse for existence is that the enemies of humanity must be kept at bay.

Such is the professional soldier of America.

But the "citizen soldier," what is he? Citizen first, that su-

preme title of honor with which there is little to compare under any other form of government, and which is not qualified by titles receiving their entire significance from invidious comparisons or fortuitous circumstances.

The American citizen is the government in miniature. He is the government personified. He is the individual guardian of the general welfare. None but republics can speak of "citizens" as we can. Nowhere else does the word mean the same or mean so much; for nowhere else is it the source of authority.

A "citizen soldier" is but a citizen in uniform. He is a storage battery of the sentiment of the nation. A true citizen is always a soldier awaiting only an adequate cause to be a citizen in uniform. Of such material are our armies made, and we must remember this if we would account for their achievements, or estimate their power. They cannot help being the best soldiers in the world. We count upon certain victory in every conflict because of the material composing our army—citizens volunteering to execute their own decrees—not the decrees of a despot or sovereign. And we also count upon victory because to such citizens an adequate appeal is sure to bring a quick response. The song that thrilled us as it echoed over our land nearly forty years ago: "We are coming, Father Abraham," is really the spirit of the nation in every time of need, the response to every adequate appeal. And we are proud to say that the cause of humanity is, and, let us hope, always will be, an "adequate appeal." Let us also hope that we are now setting the pace for the oncoming centuries in that we are waging a war, the first in the history of this world, for humanity—pointing to that golden age when war shall be possible for no other cause. Let the world know and learn to comprehend that such an appeal is adequate, and when made to the American citizens they may expect to see a nation in uniform, whose onrushing charge can shake a hemisphere and bring any monarch in the world to his knees.

This is not the boast of inexperience nor the effervescence of

a theory. For we rely upon the American citizen who has so much to defend and whose metal has been tested in mighty wars and numberless campaigns and battles that have astonished the world. Twice have the uniformed citizens of America faced the trained battalions of England and twice have they won the day. Under the leadership of him, who in uniform was the matchless chieftain and in ordinary attire the incomparable citizen, they accomplished the impossible from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. Of all that unequal struggle not a campaign was ordinary.

The entire history bristles with incidents both of remarkable leadership and individual heroism that have rendered it the most interesting of all the annals of warfare. What the poorly armed citizens of Bunker Hill did in the face of what were considered the finest troops in the world, was but typical of what they have always done under like circumstances and what they will surely do in the conflict just begun. We shall never tire of the stories of '76 or fail to draw inspiration for heroism and self-sacrificing devotion from their achievements. They have given us national heroes who have done much to render the title, "citizen," sacred, and who have so impressed the nation that when a proper occasion arises, their heroism lives again in the citizen soldiers of the present. They have done more—they have educated us to believe that the glory and safety of our land is, that it counts its professional soldiers by the thousands—its citizen soldiers by the million—and that if the time ever comes when a large army of professional soldiers is necessary, it will be when the nation has so degenerated that it is no longer capable of self-government.

So long as the stories of the farmers at Lexington, of Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga, of Prescott and Putnam and Warren at Bunker Hill, of John Stark at Bennington, of Washington at Trenton and Yorktown, are told, and so long as the word "citizen" means what it meant then and means to-day, the spirit of lofty patriotism will live, and at the proper signal an army will appear equal to any emergency. But let us hope that the moral

sense of our citizens will never so degenerate, or their ears become so dull as to mistake the shout of the "Jingo" for an adequate appeal to arms.

I need but refer to the second struggle with Great Britain. It was history repeating itself on a smaller scale. And as for the Mexican war, why, it was but a brilliant walk-over that landed General Taylor in the White House. What else could it have been? What could a people so Spanish in character expect to do with an army of American citizens?

Years pass by and bring with them some of the mightiest problems a nation has ever been called upon to solve. The intelligent moral sentiment of the nation became thoroughly roused. The crisis came and, behold, as by magic we were transformed into a nation of soldiers. "Citizen" was a synonym for "soldier." Think of an army of more than one hundred thousand citizens marching from a single state—future Presidents of the United states, statesmen, judges, scholars, poets, scientists, philanthropists, clergymen, artisans and tillers of the soil. The Almighty God, who makes no mistakes, entrusted the onward march of civilization to the citizen soldiers of America.

And it was really the first time that the American citizens found foemen worthy of their steel. They were pitted against their own brothers in a big family quarrel, and for a time there seemed a fair prospect of national annihilation, not the danger of "a man without a country," but of "a country without a man." There are those who talk of the mistakes of generals, but who discounts the citizen soldiers who fought the battles of the American civil war?

Our blood tingles with honest pride when we recall the days in which we wore the blue, and I confess to an honest pride as I remember the prowess of those who fought against us, for we are of one nation, one family, one flag. Never can I forget that 3d of July, 1863, when, from Little Round Top, I witnessed that almost incomparable charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg.

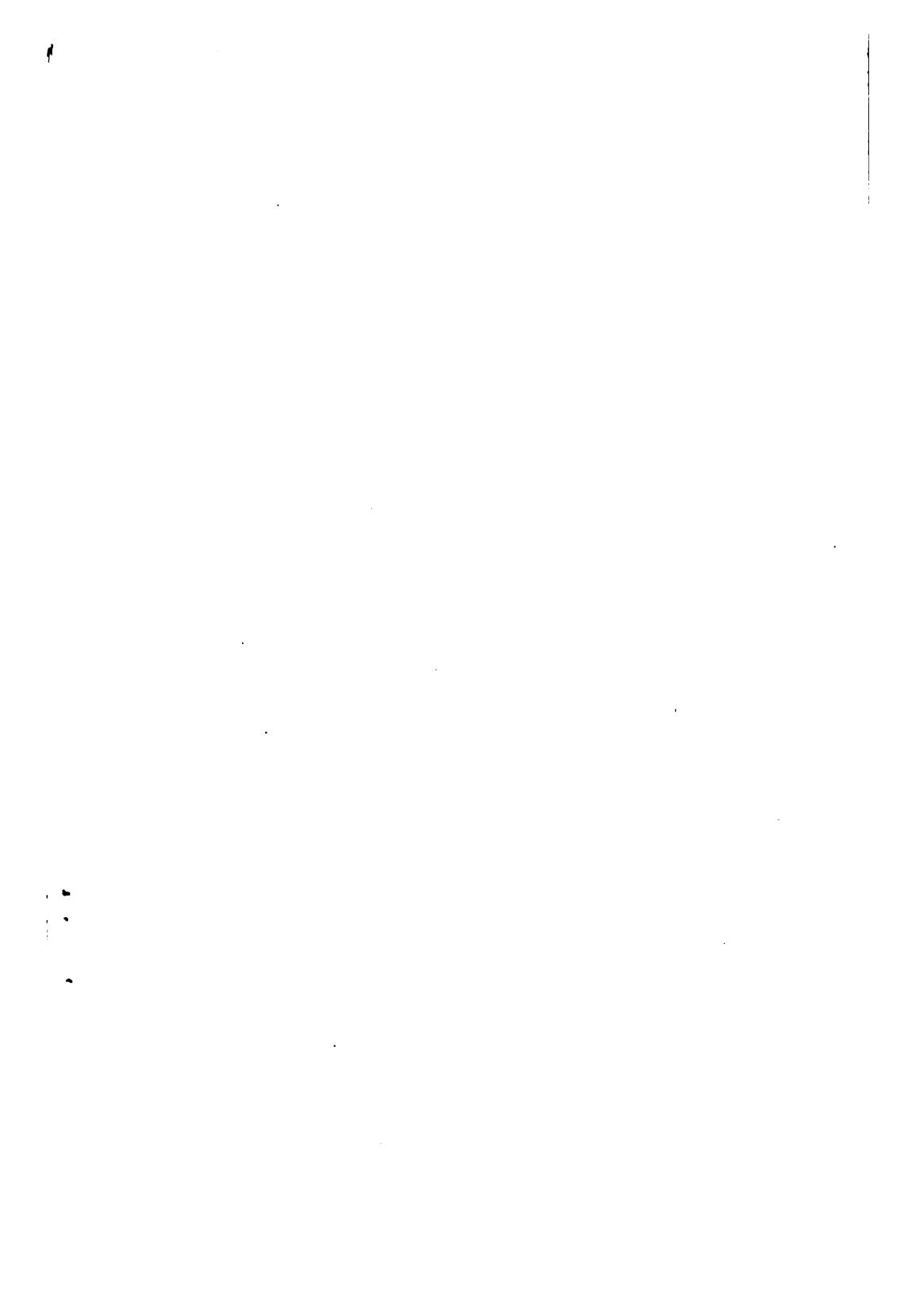
I was proud of those men. They were my countrymen. But I was just a little more proud of the men who resisted them, for they were on the right side.

A single battle is a type of all. Time does not admit of even the briefest review of our achievements—the magnificent achievements of the citizen soldiers of our land. I consider it quite modest to assert that when the great rally took place in Washington at the close of the war, there marched in review a force of American citizens superior to any other army on the face of the earth. And could we have united with them, as we could to-day, the citizens led by Lee, and Beauregard and Johnston, it would have been an army such as no other nation can produce.

We glory in their military achievements, but their success in civil life has been equally marked. As a matter of course such armies, composed of men trained in our schools, our colleges, our universities and our churches, have not only accomplished every task set before them, but when the uniform was laid aside, they have furnished numberless recruits for the best and most responsible positions in our land. Of those who fought, either against a foreign foe, or in those terrible frontier struggles, or in our great civil conflict, eight have been called upon to preside over the destinies of this nation. George Washington, Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Franklin Pierce, Abraham Lincoln, James A. Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, and William McKinley, not to mention those professional soldiers, Zachary Taylor and U. S. Grant.

Comrades, fellow citizens, we are not ashamed of our record. And now if Spain, or all the world asks by what authority we demand the freedom of Cuba, like Ethan Allen we reply: "In the name of God Almighty and the citizen soldiers of America."

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